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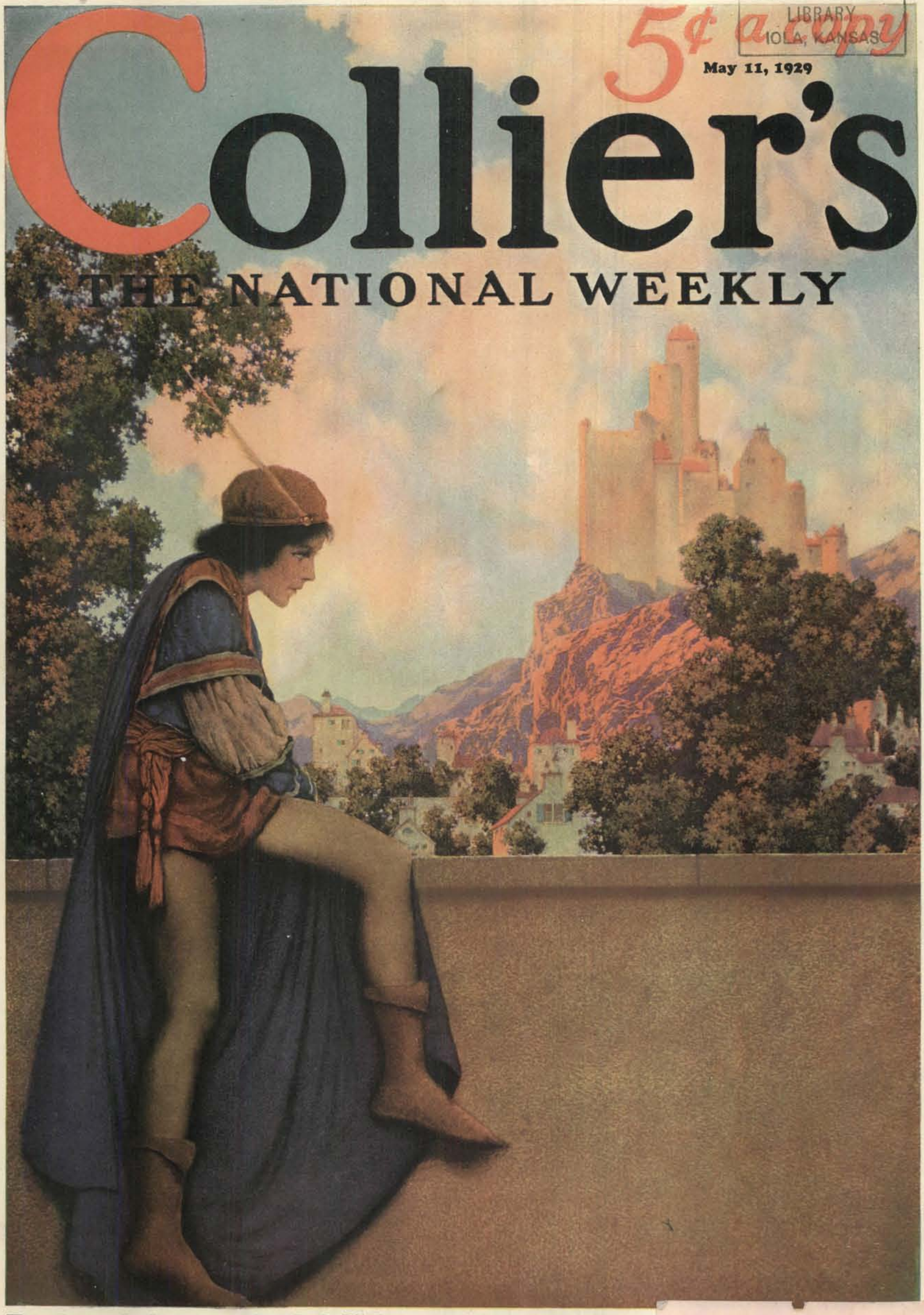
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Richard Connell · H.C. Witwer · Jeffery Farn
Thurston, the Magician · Sax Ro

May 11, 1929

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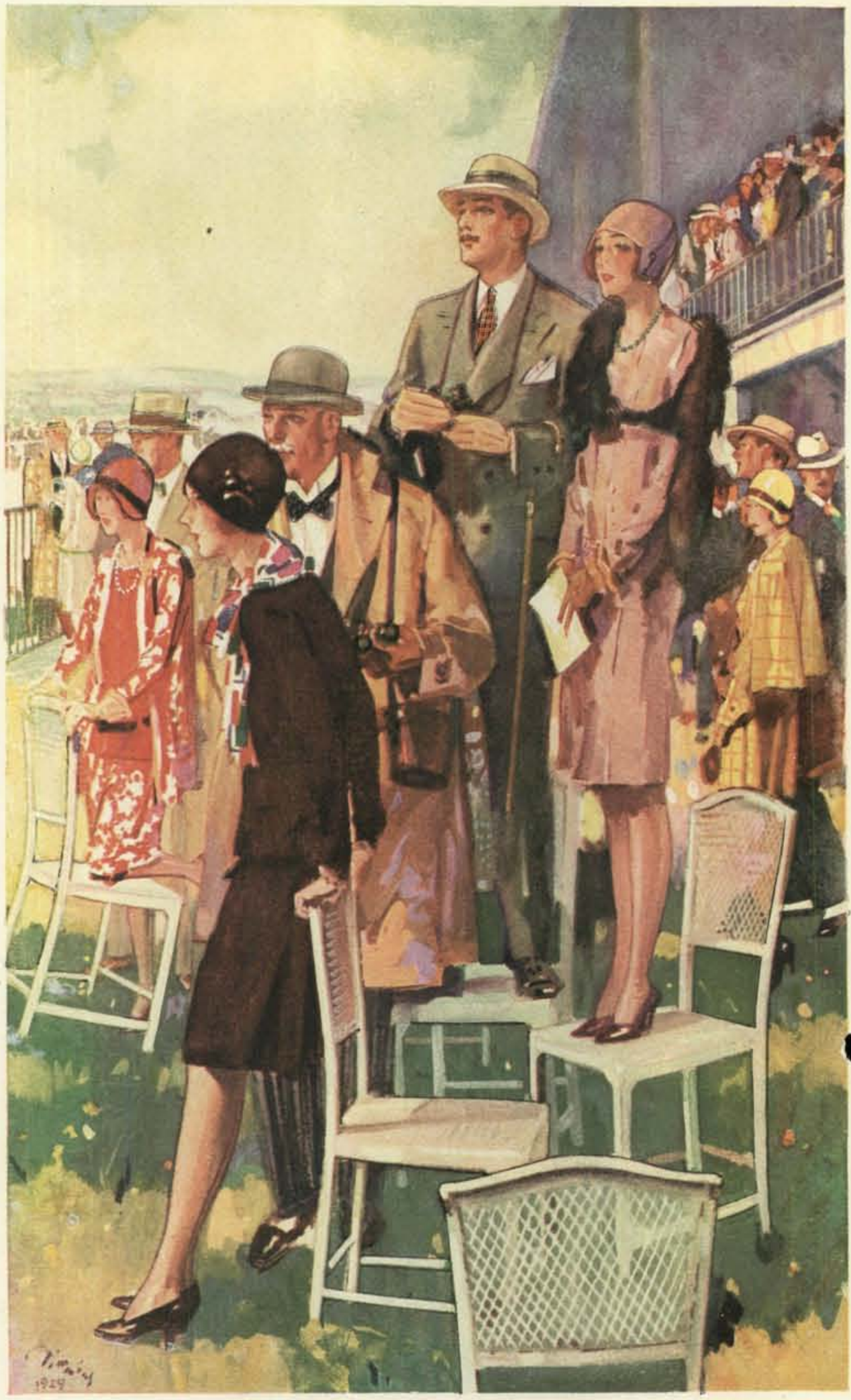
OPENING DAY AT THE RACES...BELMONT PARK

FLEET hoofs, pounding out the cadence of The Sport of Kings . . . a gracious sweep of lawn, gorgeous with gay folk. High spirits—high festival—when beautiful Belmont opens its season. And a glance at the motorpark discovers how high the favor runs for the great straight eights and sixes by Studebaker, Builder of Champions! Holding undisputed *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, these spirited motor cars show their mettle in every liquid line and curve. Low-swung and lithe, these smart new Studebakers are champions in looks as in fact...and in manners. At their One-Profit prices, they make it simpler to own and to drive a champion car than to content oneself with the commonplace. Illustrated is The President Eight Roadster for Four; five wire wheels, standard equipment.



Studebaker

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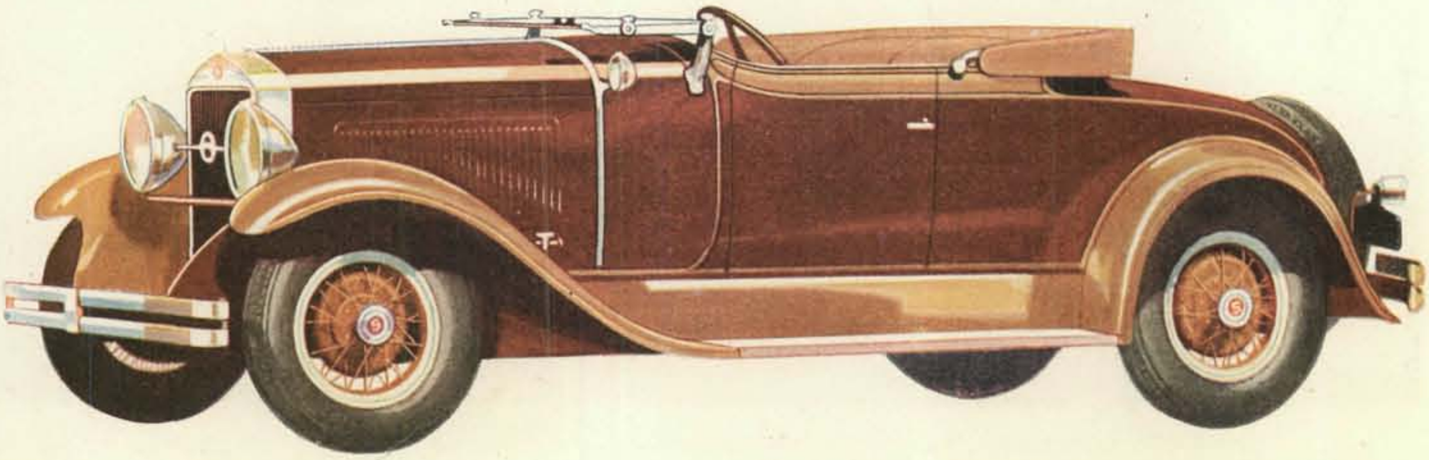

The Subtle French *-always knew*

—they have always given more thought to their underthings than any other women. *Ce qu'on voit est important, mais ce qu'on ne voit pas est essenciel . . . dans la mise.* "What is seen is important," they say, *"but what is not seen is vital—in dress."* And, now with the whole Fashion world pivoting on modern scantiness of apparel, what is worn "underneath" becomes positively dramatic in its significance for every woman. Dainty, rubber paneled lingerie by HICKORY, created solely for we moderns, light as a moonbeam, charmingly appealing—is consequently the talked-of sensation in modern Styledom. The rubber panel makes gowns fall so slimly smooth, affords indispensable protection and *at all times* keeps clothes from that sat-in, wrinkled appearance.

Shown—Charming silk crepe de Chine Step-ins by HICKORY, concealing that protective Hickory rubber panel, $3.75. Other styles and fabrics, 50c and more. If you do not find Hickory Personal Necessities at your favorite notion or corset department write, mentioning name of store. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1163 W. Congress Street, Chicago.

Complete your wardrobe with these
Hickory Personal Necessities:
Shadow Skirts, Step-ins,
Aprons, Belts, Bloomers
and Dress Shields

HICKORY
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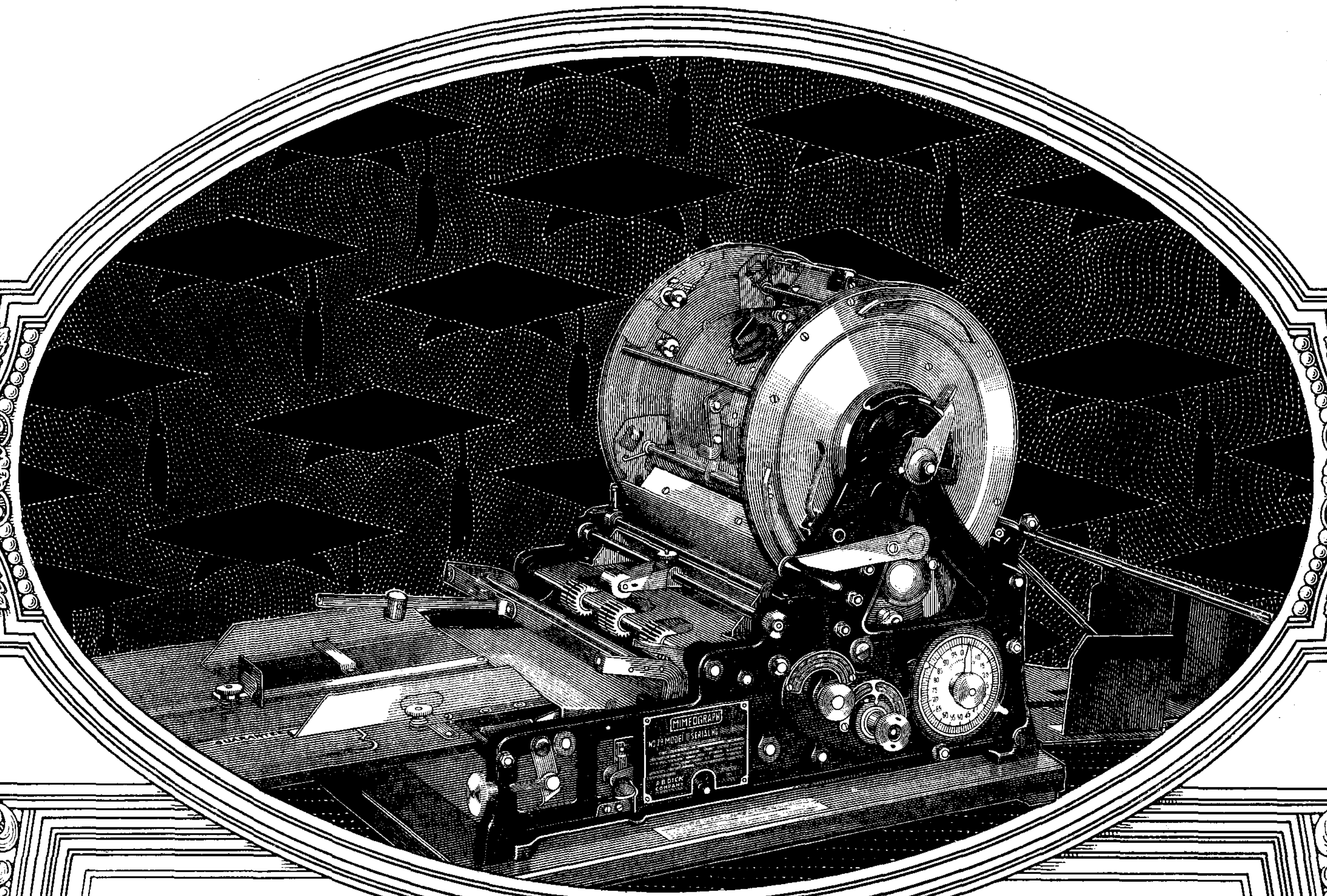

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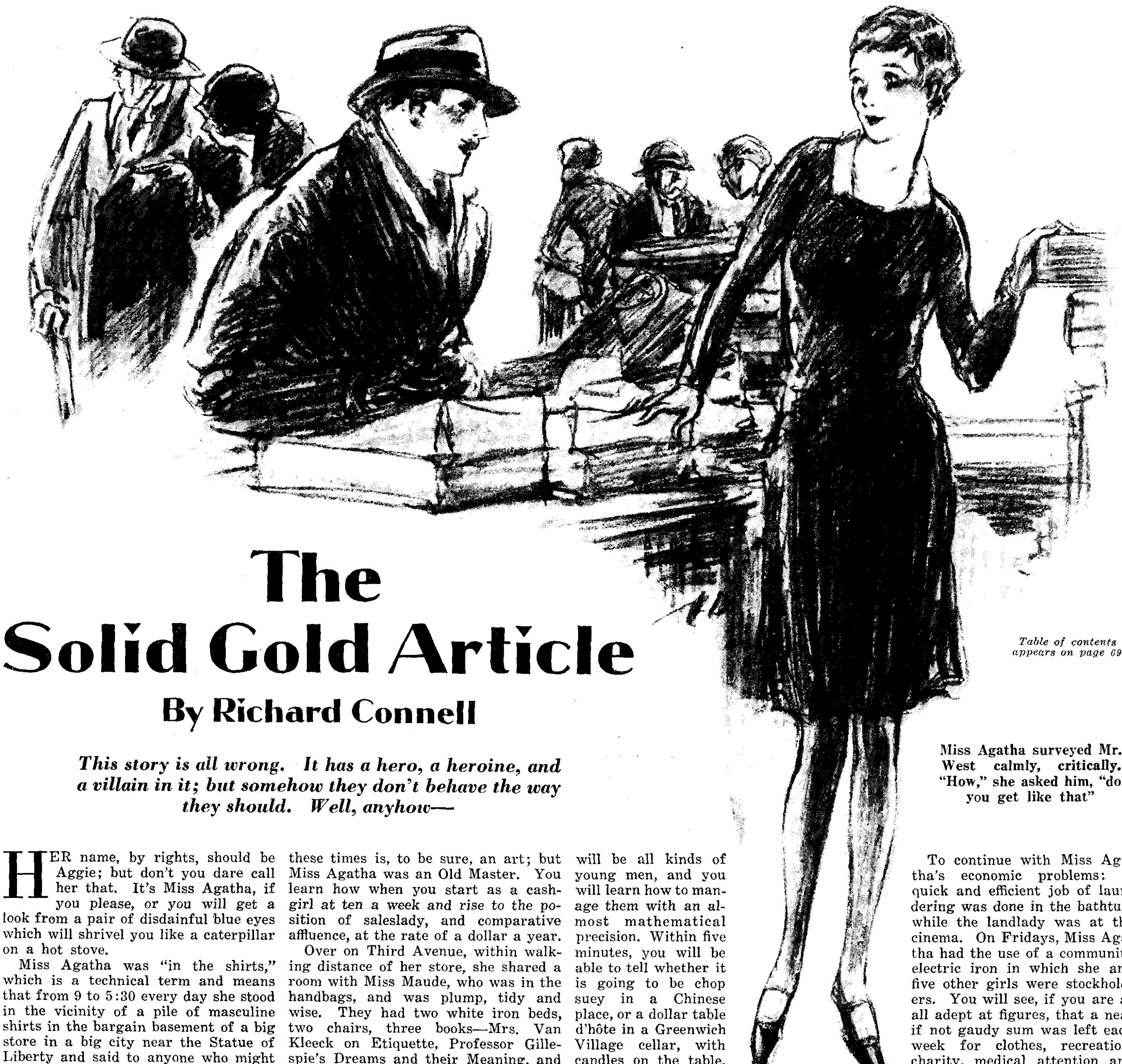

Miss Agatha surveyed Mr. West calmly, critically. "How," she asked him, "do you get like that"

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The Solid Gold Article

By Richard Connell

This story is all wrong. It has a hero, a heroine, and a villain in it; but somehow they don't behave the way they should. Well, anyhow—

HER name, by rights, should be Aggie; but don't you dare call her that. It's Miss Agatha, if you please, or you will get a look from a pair of disdainful blue eyes which will shrivel you like a caterpillar on a hot stove.

Miss Agatha was "in the shirts," which is a technical term and means that from 9 to 5:30 every day she stood in the vicinity of a pile of masculine shirts in the bargain basement of a big store in a big city near the Statue of Liberty and said to anyone who might hover near, "Can I serve you, sir, or madam?" in a polite soprano. It was a cool, pleasant voice, and when she said "shirt" she did not make it rhyme with "quoit." She never chewed gum in her life.

She was twenty-one. Her salary was sixteen dollars a week. By all the rules, laws and conventions she should have been a forlorn little drudge, dragging her shabbily-clad, undernourished body to a cheerless hall-room in the evening, too tired to do anything but rest her aching feet and sob a little over her lot; but if you picture her like that, you are very much mistaken.

Living on sixteen dollars a week in these times is, to be sure, an art; but Miss Agatha was an Old Master. You learn how when you start as a cash-girl at ten a week and rise to the position of saleslady, and comparative affluence, at the rate of a dollar a year.

Over on Third Avenue, within walking distance of her store, she shared a room with Miss Maude, who was in the handbags, and was plump, tidy and wise. They had two white iron beds, two chairs, three books—Mrs. Van Kleeck on Etiquette, Professor Gillespie's Dreams and their Meaning, and The Prisoner of Zenda—a gas ring, a chest of drawers, a mutual closet, a wicker table; and they were only a short kimona-flight from a bathroom.

THEY called it their "apartment" and paid for it seven dollars a week between them. Breakfast was coffee—made on the gas-ring—and a bun or cruller; lunch was a milk-shake and a cream puff at the store's cafeteria; dinner depended on the young man.

When you are young, and rather pretty in face and figure, and have blond hair, and smile easily, and have a gift for repartee, and like to dance, there will always be young men. There will be all kinds of young men, and you will learn how to manage them with an almost mathematical precision. Within five minutes, you will be able to tell whether it is going to be chop suey in a Chinese place, or a dollar table d'hôte in a Greenwich Village cellar, with candles on the table, or perhaps more costly viands in a brownstone house where your escort, to gain admittance, must mutter magic words into a large ear behind an iron door.

You will learn to estimate, too, whether it will be the movies, or a dance hall, or even seats at a show. You will grow expert in being able to tell exactly how fresh that particular young man is going to get in the course of an evening, and you will learn how to put him in his place early and firmly. Four or five, or even six times a week, Miss Agatha exchanged her society for a dinner. Otherwise, it was beans and sausages, brewed over the gas ring.

To continue with Miss Agatha's economic problems: A quick and efficient job of laundering was done in the bathtub, while the landlady was at the cinema. On Fridays, Miss Agatha had the use of a community electric iron in which she and five other girls were stockholders. You will see, if you are at all adept at figures, that a neat if not gaudy sum was left each week for clothes, recreation, charity, medical attention and savings. As the young men provided the recreation, and nature excellent health, Miss Agatha decided to skip charity and savings, and concentrate on clothes.

You can look well on a little, if you can sew, and have some taste. The Fifth Avenue styles of today find their way into the bargain basement tomorrow, and, if the material is not as good, at least it lasts until the style changes. Quite nice things can be bought, too, for a dollar down and a dollar a week.

So, if you were a man, and saw Miss Agatha tripping to her work in her almost-mink coat, her smart little turban (home-made), and her trim shoes (seconds), you could not, probably, tell whether she was from Third Avenue, or Park. A woman could tell, but a fat lot Miss Agatha cared for the opinion of any woman.

Miss Agatha was like the girls on Park Avenue, and on Main Street, too, in this respect: She was waiting for the right man to come along. Until that happy moment, it seemed sensible to her to work along as cheerfully as she could, and to have as good a time as possible.

Now Charlie enters this narrative, and the life of Miss Agatha. She met him at the annual dance of the Employees' Mutual Benefit Association, whither she had gone, very charming to the eye, in a pink evening dress, copied from one in the window of an elegant shop on Fifty-seventh Street, and made, by her own hands, from a remnant of taffeta which had sunk to the bargain basement. She had gone with Mr. Stahl, who was upstairs in the Oriental rugs; not because she held Mr. Stahl in any particular esteem, but because his wan mustache trembled so piteously when, with many a hem and haw, he invited her to accompany him.

IT WAS instantly apparent to her, when Charlie was presented to her, that he was a person of considerably more magnetism than Mr. Stahl. Charlie had athletic shoulders, bold hazel eyes, a masterful chin, and hair like red astrakhan. It was also instantly apparent to Charlie that Miss Agatha was infinitely more captivating than Miss Clara, from the laces, with whom he had come.

Do not feel sorry for Mr. Stahl and Miss Clara, abandoned, as they shortly were, by their partners. Thrown together, they discovered a mutual passion for chocolate ice-cream, cake, and the same screen star, and they are now happily married and have a bungalow in Leonia, New Jersey.

"Say," remarked Charlie, as he whirled Miss Agatha off in a dance, "I've been angling to meet you ever since I stepped into this joint. You catch the eye, baby. You got this, that and those."

"Fast worker, aren't you?" said Miss Agatha, demurely.

"When I've got something to work for," said Charlie. "From now on you're the only station on my track."

"Oh, I'll bet you've got lots of girls," said Miss Agatha. She knew what to say.

"Had 'em. Dozens," said Charlie. "But they're out. The minute I saw you, they were dead. You got a boy friend, honey?"

"Plenty," said Miss Agatha, "and save the 'honey' for your pancakes."

"Follow this," said Charlie. "From now on you've got only one boy friend, and his name is me. I'm the cream in your coffee, and if I catch any skimmed milk hanging around, I'll knock it sour."

"I thought you'd retired, Mr. Tunney."

"Kidder, ain't you? Well, I'm no millionaire pug, or millionaire anything else. I'm just plain Charlie Root, and I make fifty a week fixing radios. And something else. I know class when I see it, and you've got miles of it. All I want from you is a chance to come around and tell you how wonderful you are."

"I'll put you down on my list," said Miss Agatha.

"I'll make you forget the rest of them," said Charlie. "I suppose you do meet a lot of fellows who want to show you the town."

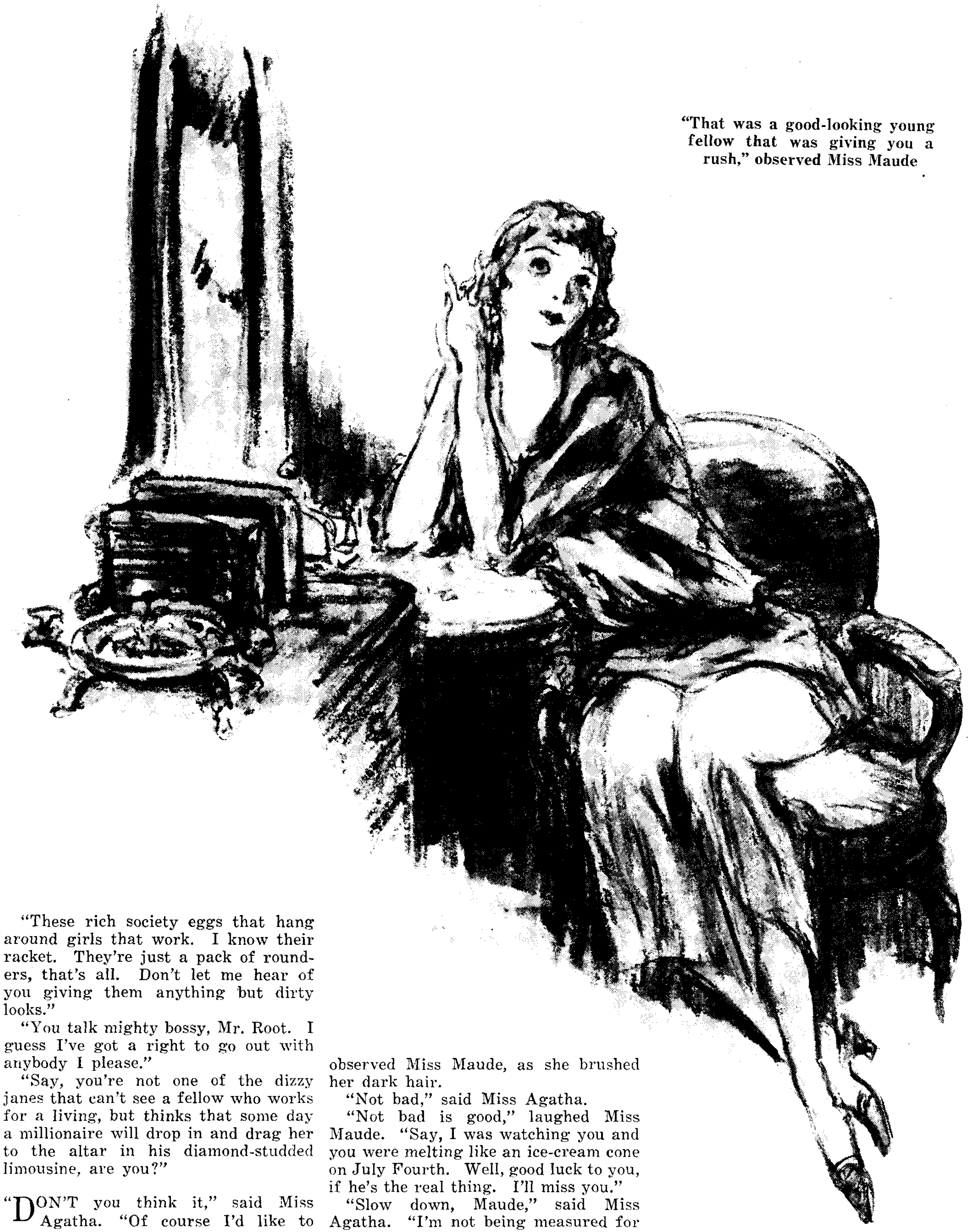
"Oh, sure."

"Rich guys?"

"All sorts."

"I could kill 'em."

"Who?"



"That was a good-looking young fellow that was giving you a rush," observed Miss Maude

"These rich society eggs that hang around girls that work. I know their racket. They're just a pack of rounders, that's all. Don't let me hear of you giving them anything but dirty looks."

"You talk mighty bossy, Mr. Root. I guess I've got a right to go out with anybody I please."

"Say, you're not one of the dizzy janes that can't see a fellow who works for a living, but thinks that some day a millionaire will drop in and drag her to the altar in his diamond-studded limousine, are you?"

"DON'T you think it," said Miss Agatha. "Of course I'd like to marry a man with money. I'm no fool. But I'd have to love him and be sure he loved me. That's all that counts with me, Mr. Root."

"'Charlie' to you," said Mr. Root.

The bleating and the booming of the dance band stopped.

"Let's blow this party," said Charlie. "We'll go out for a little ride and talk things over."

Miss Agatha shook her head.

"Take it easy," she said. "You're young yet. I promised a lot of fellows in the store I'd dance with them. I'm going to stay right here."

"You're going out with me tomorrow night, though," said Charlie.

"Who said so?"

"I did. I'll be waiting for you when the store closes. From now on, baby, you're going to see a lot of me, and like it."

In their room, Miss Agatha and Miss Maude were comparing notes after the party.

"That was a good-looking young fellow that was giving you such a rush," observed Miss Maude, as she brushed her dark hair.

"Not bad," said Miss Agatha.

"Not bad is good," laughed Miss Maude. "Say, I was watching you and you were melting like an ice-cream cone on July Fourth. Well, good luck to you, if he's the real thing. I'll miss you."

"Slow down, Maude," said Miss Agatha. "I'm not being measured for a white veil and a flat in the Bronx yet a while."

"You like him, though, don't you?"

"Sure. He got off to a good start. But I'm not saying 'yes' or even 'maybe' till I see how he stands up. The way he went to work makes me think he hasn't spent all his time fixing radios."

"Fresh?" queried Maude.

"Yes—but in a nice way," said Miss Agatha.

"What's he do?"

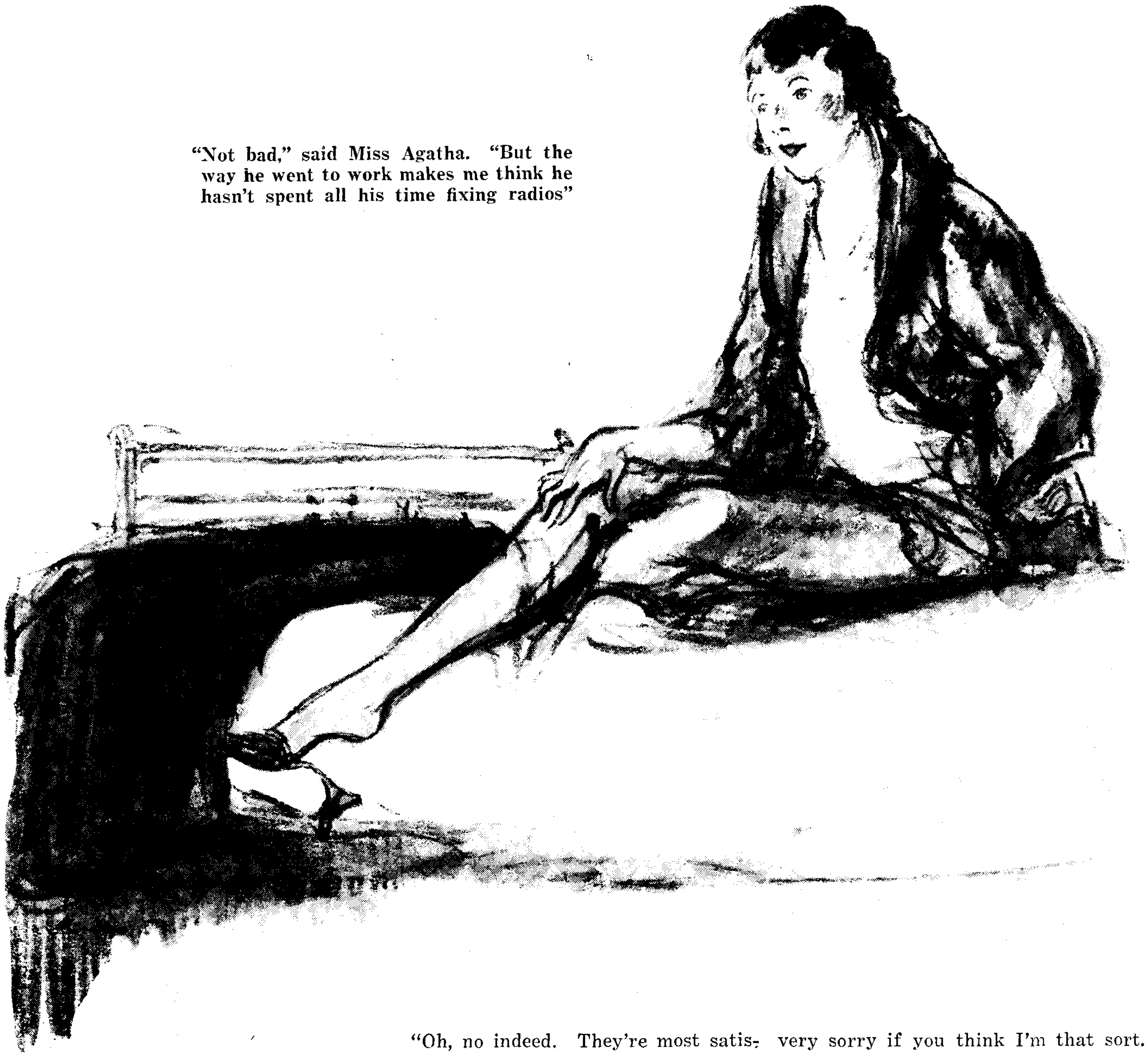
"He's a radio-fixer. Steady work. Fifty per."

"And a swell looker," sighed Miss Maude. "Some people have all the luck."

Miss Agatha went with Charlie Root to an Italian table d'hôte the following night, and with the antipasto he told her she had beautiful eyes, and with the chicken that he was crazy about her. Afterward, they went to a movie, and he held her hand; but she would not let him kiss her good-night. She had several moments of regret about this after he had gone.

Now there enters into the scene and the bargain basement, Mr. Dexter West, millionaire. He is an authentic, bona fide, blown-in-the-glass millionaire, and his father made the money in copper, if you care to know. With one glance you could tell that he was a millionaire, for you have seen him at Newport, Palm Beach, the Opera, the better prize-fights, and on the screen and in stories. He was about forty, slightly bald, slightly plump, and he wore pale gray spats and a black, spiked mustache; in between he wore obviously good dark clothes, with a white gardenia in the buttonhole of the coat.

HOW Mr. West came to be in the bargain basement that day is a mystery, and shall remain one. Certainly he had not come to buy shirts; his were made to order for him in London. The bargain basement of that store was a vast maze, and Mr. West got himself thoroughly lost, and had to pause near the shirts to get his bearings. He was standing there, contemplating without enthusiasm the astonishing values at



"Not bad," said Miss Agatha. "But the way he went to work makes me think he hasn't spent all his time fixing radios"

$1.29, when an attractive voice at his elbow said:

"Can I serve you, sir?"

He turned to behold Miss Agatha in her simple black dress, wearing her professional smile.

"No, thank you very much," said Mr. West.

"You're welcome, I'm sure," said Miss Agatha.

MR. WEST looked intently at Miss Agatha, and then he said:

"Come to think of it, I do need shirts. A lot of shirts."

"Size, please?"

"Fifteen and a half."

"This is the fifteen-and-a-half pile, sir."

"Oh, thanks. Let me see now. Would you advise this blue affair with the pink stripes?"

"It's a very popular number."

"Splendid. I'll take it. And that yellow thing, and this one, and this one—"

For some twenty-eight minutes Mr. West, assisted by Miss Agatha, selected shirts until he had picked out eighteen.

"Will you send them, please," he said.

"Certainly, sir."

He gave his name, and his address, which was a rather impressive one in the East Sixties.

"Thank you for helping me," he said.

"Glad to be of service, I'm sure," said Miss Agatha.

Shortly after the store opened its doors the next morning, Mr. West came back. Miss Agatha favored him with a smile of recognition.

"Anything wrong with the shirts, sir?" she inquired.

"Oh, no indeed. They're most satisfactory," said Mr. West, who had promptly given them to his janitor. "The fact is, I need some more. Quite a few more."

"Fifteen and a half is the size, isn't it, Mr. West?"

"How nice of you to remember."

"Not many gentlemen buy eighteen shirts at a time," smiled Miss Agatha.

"Oh, I see. That's how you did it. You said, 'Here comes the man who bought the eighteen shirts,'" said Mr. West.

Miss Agatha laughed.

"What colors do you want?" she asked.

"Colors? Oh, any colors," said Mr. West. "You see, the fact is, I really came here today to ask a favor of you. I know I'm taking a great liberty, but I wonder if you would have dinner with me?"

Miss Agatha surveyed Mr. West calmly, critically.

"How do you get like that?" she said.

"I'm terribly sorry," said Mr. West. He seemed embarrassed. "I hope you'll forgive me."

"Oh, sure," said Miss Agatha. "It's no insult to be asked out to dinner."

"I'M GLAD you're not angry with me," Mr. West said. "I suppose you think I'm in the habit of doing this sort of thing, but I'm not, really."

"Oh, no?" said Miss Agatha. "I'll bet you're not. I've seen you before."

"Me? Where?"

"I mean men like you."

"Like me? What do you mean?"

"Oh, I mean the fellows that are rich, or claim they are, and have a wife who doesn't understand them or who understands them too well and lives in Paris—"

"You're wrong there," said Mr. West. "I haven't a wife. I never had one. I know the type of man you mean. I'm very sorry if you think I'm that sort. I asked you to dinner because I want a chance to talk to you. I can hardly tell you why I want to. Well, I'm sorry I bothered you, and I'm sorry you won't have dinner with me—"

Miss Agatha had been gazing at him thoughtfully.

"I never said I wouldn't," she said.

"You will then? That's awfully kind of you. I'll call at seven. Where do you live?"

From her post in the handbag trench, Miss Maude commanded a view of the shirt sector, so, at lunch, she remarked to Miss Agatha:

"Well, I see Eighteen-Shirt Eddie was in again."

"You mean Mr. West, I suppose," said Miss Agatha with as much dignity as one can exhibit who is eating a mocha eclair.

"Say, you're not going out with him, are you?" demanded Miss Maude.

"Sure. Why not?"

"It's taking an awful chance," said Miss Maude.

"A girl can always holler for help," said Miss Agatha.

"I didn't mean that way," said Miss Maude. "I mean on account of Charlie. He'll be as sore as a sunburned nose."

"Let him be," said Miss Agatha, loftily. "It'll do him good. I've only known him a couple of weeks, and already he thinks he owns me."

"Ah, I get the idea now," said Miss Maude. "But I'm warning you, Agatha. Middle-aged fellows with spats and mustaches are not to be trusted."

"It makes no difference to me," said Miss Agatha, "whether he has spats and a mustache, or rubber boots and whiskers: I guess I can eat a meal with him without trusting him too much. Shall I wear my black evening dress or the pink one?"

"Wear the pink," advised Miss Maude. "It makes you look more innocent."

WEARING the pink one, Miss Agatha went that evening with Mr. West to a sedate and very expensive restaurant on Park Avenue, and saw more hors d'œuvres and real pearls than she had ever seen in her life, and learned how delicious a sweetbread can be. She enjoyed her dinner, but as she ate it she was deeply puzzled. Mr. West played the rôle of millionaire so badly; he did not seem to know his lines at all. He was so inadequate in his part that he did not even call her "girlie." Nor did he tell her about his prowess in Wall Street, but told her, instead, about the little crooked old streets in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

"I'd love to see them," said Miss Agatha. "I'm crazy to go to Paris. Miss Fox, the buyer, goes every year, and she says it's a dandy town."

"You must go some day," said Mr. West.

"I'd have to swim," said Miss Agatha, "and I don't know how."

"Maybe you won't have to swim," said Mr. West.

"I can't fly either," said Miss Agatha.

"There are still some pretty comfortable liners," said Mr. West.

"When the fare is two dollars, round trip, I'll go," said Miss Agatha.

"Maybe you won't have to wait that long."

"Yes, and maybe they'll move Paris over to Brooklyn."

"It would be fun to show you Paris," said Mr. West. "You're so alive and so interested in things."

"I'll ask Santa Claus to show it to me," said Agatha.

"I'd like to."

"Thanks for calling me up, but you've got the wrong number."

"I'm afraid you're a cynic, Miss Agatha."

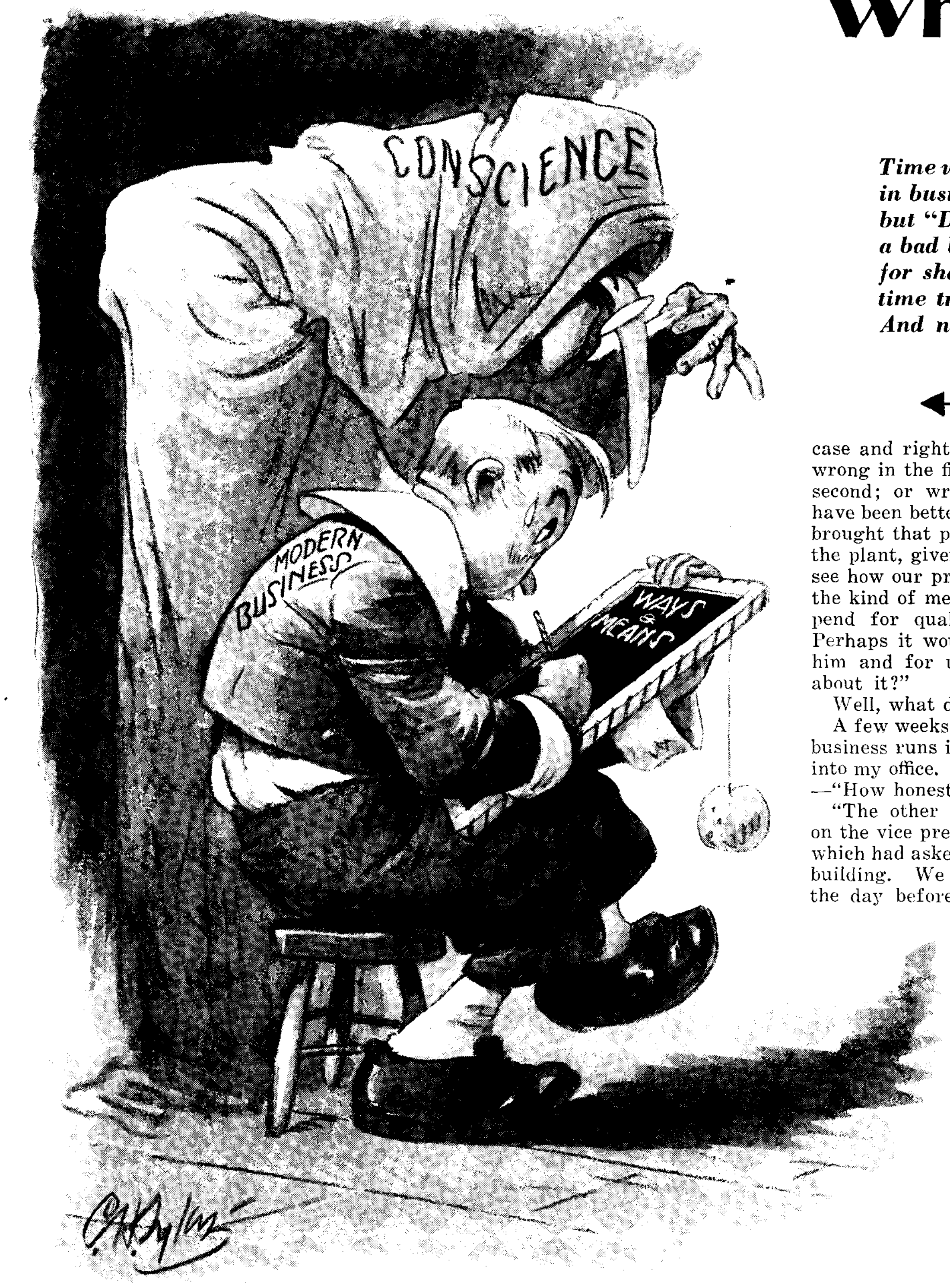
"If that means watching my step, I am," agreed (Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by Henry Davis

What's Honesty?

By Merle Thorpe

Time was when David Harums represented all that was best in business. The question was not "How did you get it?" but "Did you get it?" If you didn't—well, you were just a bad business man. But today Dave would have no time for sharp trading. He'd be down in Washington all the time trying to explain to the Federal Trade Commission. And not getting away with it, either. Mr. Thorpe goes into the subject thoroughly



There is, perhaps, no question that is tormenting business men today so much as this one of business ethics

IT IS not likely that you, an earnest business man, require advice on how to ruin an otherwise promising day. But if you should be out of ways and means to that end, give over your usual routine to a consideration of the degree of commercial honesty that you represent.

For example, how does your personal conception of fair dealing compare with the approved standards of modern business? Is your business structure up to date and your conscience still mired in the last century's bogs—when not only the buyer but the seller had to beware? The subject will stand a lot of thinking.

I discussed these questions with a paint manufacturer recently.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You have brought to my mind two recent experiences. About two months ago a salesman called me by long distance and said we were about to lose an important order and suggested that I invite the purchasing agent down to my home, give him a good golf game, and a poker party. 'He is a fan on both poker and golf,' the salesman told me. 'You will have an excellent opportunity to sell yourself personally to him, and if you do that, I'll guarantee to get the business.'

"I indignantly informed my salesman that I would do no such thing; that I would not resort to such cheap practices, and that if I did have to (he had told me our competitors were doing it) I would go out of the paint business. I felt very righteous, indeed.

"A few weeks later my sales manager came in and said we were about to lose a very big order in a big western city. It meant a lot to us, as it was a key order and would be followed by three or four others. He told me his department had decided that the only thing to do was for me to pack my little bag, hop the train, go out to this western city, see the purchasing agent and the other members of the firm and sell myself to them, both personally and on the quality of the product which we made.

Casual Collusion

"I did as I was told. I packed my bag, hopped the train, spent two days en route and $200 beside and got the order. I felt more righteous than ever.

"Now you have brought up a disturbing question. Was I right in the first case and right in the second; or was I wrong in the first case and right in the second; or wrong in both? Would it have been better practice for me to have brought that purchasing agent down to the plant, given him the opportunity to see how our product was made, to meet the kind of men on whom he had to depend for quality and for deliveries? Perhaps it would have been better for him and for us. What do you think about it?"

Well, what do *you* think about it?

A few weeks later a contractor, whose business runs into the millions, dropped into my office. I put the question to him—"How honest are you?"

"The other day," he said, "I called on the vice president of a large concern which had asked for bids on a $3,000,000 building. We had submitted our bids the day before. I asked him how we stood. He replied; 'You are too high. You'll have to revise your bid. I'd like to see you get the job, but you are too high.' At that point he excused himself and went out of the office. My eye dropped to the conference table at which he had seated me. There in front of me I noted the names of my competitors, and in red ink the amounts of their bids. I could not help seeing them. I have no doubt that he meant that I should see them. I was $25,000 above the lowest bidder.

"He returned shortly and asked me if I was prepared to revise my bid. I told him that I had no intention of making a new estimate, that the one I had made was an honest one and it would have to stand, even if I lost the business. I lost the business."

"You had a fine sense of decency," I exclaimed. "The modern idea of the fairness that should prevail even between competitors."

"Wait a minute," he shot back, "don't be so fast. Wait till you hear the other story.

"About twenty years ago, when I first started out and things were pretty difficult—when a small order was all that kept the sheriff off, I bid on a certain warehouse. I wanted that particular piece of work more than anything I had ever wanted before. Going home on the street car, with my head behind the evening paper, I noticed two men drop into the seat in front of me. I recognized one as a competitor. I was on the point of speaking to him, when, to my surprise, he said to the man with him—who, it developed, was his superintendent:

" 'What did you do on that warehouse job?'

" 'I had to cut it to the bone, but I think we will get the business. I had to put in a bid of $16,000.'

"The next morning I revised my bid to $15,900. I got the business. Now what do you think of me?"

"Well, let's see," I said. "In the first case it offended your sense of fair play to have the purchaser ask you to enter into collusion with him against a fellow contractor. In the other case your competitor, through his carelessness and negligence, in broadcasting to the people in the street car what he had bid on your job, gave you an advantage which you naturally felt you were justified in using.

Commercial Bribery

"There is a difference between the two cases. I think your conscience gave you the right answer each time."

"Thank you," he said. "Anyway, you're kind. I never reasoned it out for myself. Perhaps you are right. As a matter of fact, however, I think that the fear of the sheriff had something to do with the first incident, and that my independent financial position today had something to do with the ethical courage I showed in the other case."

Perhaps there is no question in the business world that is tormenting business men today so much as this one of business ethics. More than one hundred industries have adopted codes—some with teeth in them.

More than one hundred conferences have been held by a hundred industries with the Federal Trade Commission, in an effort to work out a code of practices which would tune in with the year 1929.

Commercial bribery is perhaps the most difficult question with which to deal.

There the twilight zone becomes so dim that the answer is hard to find; two consciences of two men will dictate different conclusions.

Where Does it Begin?

You wish to sell a bill of goods. You give the prospect a cigar. That is all right. Suppose he says to you that this is his favorite cigar and he has been unable to buy it from his regular tobacconist. You make mental note and the next day send him a box. Perhaps this is still in the realm of business courtesy. But suppose you send him a box every Monday morning. Commercial bribery? But where does business courtesy leave off and bribery begin? At the first cigar? The first box? Or where?

I have on my desk a clock. It probably cost ten or twelve dollars. It was sent to me by a firm which wishes very much to get a contract from me. The contract will amount to nearly half a million dollars a year. This gift came to me as a Christmas present. Should I have sent it back? I asked a caller about it. "Some years ago," he replied, "we gave Jones & Co. quite a large contract. A few days later, on Christmas, Jones sent our purchasing agent a handsome umbrella. The purchasing agent, perturbed, told me about it. I asked him what he was going to do. 'I don't know,' he replied, 'I'm sorry he did it. I'm sure he had no bad motives. I don't like to humiliate him—and myself—by returning it. I don't know what to do.'

"He found a happy solution. He sent Jones an umbrella for a New Year's present."

Each year an editor-friend writes to the members of the United States Senate, telling them he would be honored in sending them a complimentary copy of his magazine. One senator, who leads all others in attributing bad motives to power trusts, railway magnates, and chain-store octopuses, always refuses to accept it. He says he cannot have his judgment in any way warped by receiving anything in the nature of a gift. The editor who told me of this added:

"Is his sense of honesty keener than mine? Is he living in the next generation and I in a past generation? Or is he just a plain poseur?"

The cotton-seed industry has a practice which was wished upon it by an earlier and less-squeamish generation: giving a commission to the banker who sends the cotton-seed crusher business. The cotton planter goes to the banker for a loan. The banker asks him where he intends to sell his cotton seed, and suggests such and such a cotton-seed crusher. Perhaps it is only a suggestion, perhaps it is a little bit more than a suggestion.

At any rate ninety per cent of the industry has agreed to cut out this practice. They decided that it had possibilities of intimidation and was, therefore, an unfair practice.

The Government placed its approval upon this renunciation and is now trying to help the industry to enforce it upon the ten per cent who did not sign the agreement.

Eyeing the Gift Horse

I know of a food-product concern which still uses an old-time custom of the baker's dozen. To retailers who buy in lots of a dozen, they give an extra bottle. Those who buy a gross, get an extra dozen bottles. Many members of the industry claim this simply amounts to a quantity discount, which is recognized as a fair practice. Other members of the industry hold—and in this the Government agrees—that any such form of gifts is bad practice.

Certainly when a sales manager gives the purchasing agent an overcoat or a house and lot, it is bad. But if he entertains him and his wife at the theater—what about that? If the manager plays poker with him, and invariably loses to him, although he is a better player, how about that?

This is the well-known "customer's game." So well-known, in fact, that you often hear a man who is winning on the golf course say to his opponent, "Oh, well, you are playing a 'customer's game.'"

Ice-cream manufacturers claim that some of their competitors are giving soda fountains to drug-stores, for using their particular ice cream.

The accused say: "We could ultimately sell our product to this retailer. We could do it by paying out money to a high-class salesman, or by advertising in magazines and newspapers, or by remembrance advertising, or by a dozen other accepted and legitimate methods. But we find that this appropriation for gift equipment is much more economical than the other routes to the prospect's good favor."

Pretty thin argument? Well, you have with you the great majority of ice-cream manufacturers. They think so.

What do you really expect to get when you ask, for example, for Sheffield silver-plated hollow ware? Do you expect something made in Sheffield, England? Or are you satisfied to feel that it conforms to the standard set up by the Sheffield manufacturers two hundred years ago?

This is a question with many other products, such as Castile Soap, Irish Linen, that has troubled the Government and a small army of your fellow citizens in business.

Let's consider Sheffield silver-plated ware. One group of silver manufacturers contend that the name Sheffield should be eliminated entirely. Another group asserts there is no descriptive quality in the name itself, but that it is necessary to establish a standard or definition of quality.

Silver-plated ware originated in England in 1742. The process consisted of welding silver plates on both sides of a sheet of copper which was then rolled out and worked into the desired form. The ware produced by this process was properly known as "copper rolled plate," although the name was not used as a trade-mark or designation in the trade. The name Sheffield was not marked upon the ware.

The process of electroplating was discovered about 1840. It consists of depositing silver by means of an electric current upon a base metal. Electroplating entirely displaced the Sheffield method because of its very much lower cost. The so-called Sheffield ware went out of production and is now found only in antique shops.

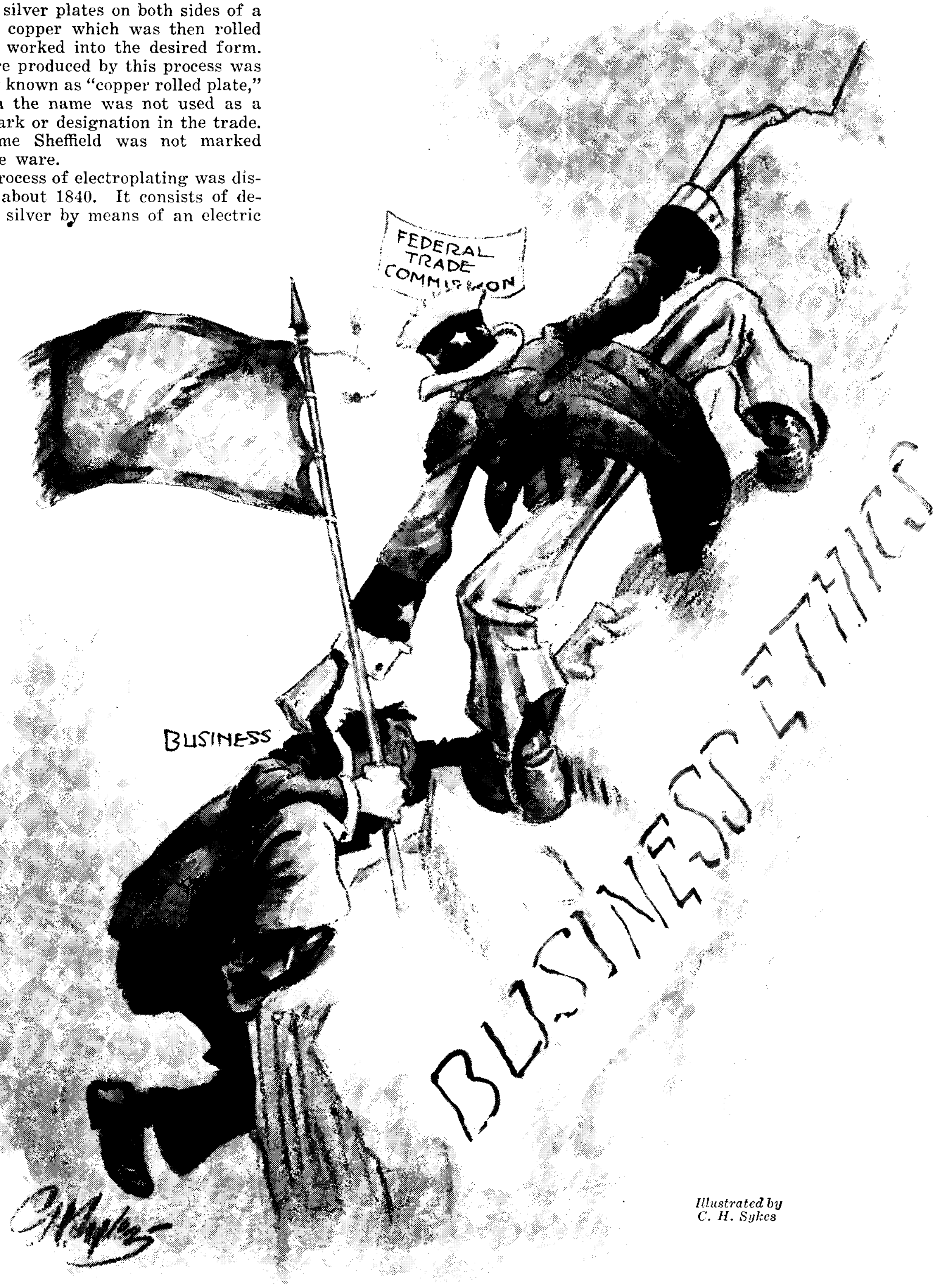
Does "Sheffield" Deceive You?

The difficulty is that the word Sheffield as used in the industry has no real meaning. It is indiscriminately applied to all grades of silver-plated ware, from stamped steel with a thin silver coating, up to the heaviest plating on a nickel-silver base.

The question hinges on what you, the consumer, think you are buying. When the manufacturers of this ware agreed to fix a definite standard of content, the Trade Commission disapproved the use of the word Sheffield, on the ground that its use was "an unfair method of competition" because it tended to deceive and mislead the purchasing public.

The commission has divided itself upon such questions as the direct or indirect lavish entertainment of purchasers; personal gifts to purchasers; giving goods without charge to purchasers; giving accessories; promising or allowing unearned discounts to certain purchasers which are not allowed to the general trade; payment or rebating to certain purchasers; payment of maintenance and refrigerator charges; donating funds or providing banquets or other entertainments for associations; guaranteeing against advance and protection against declines in prices of goods.

Here is another stone to whet your ethical sense. Suppose a Mr. Smith, who manufactures pepper, calls it Smith Pepper. (*Continued on page 61*)



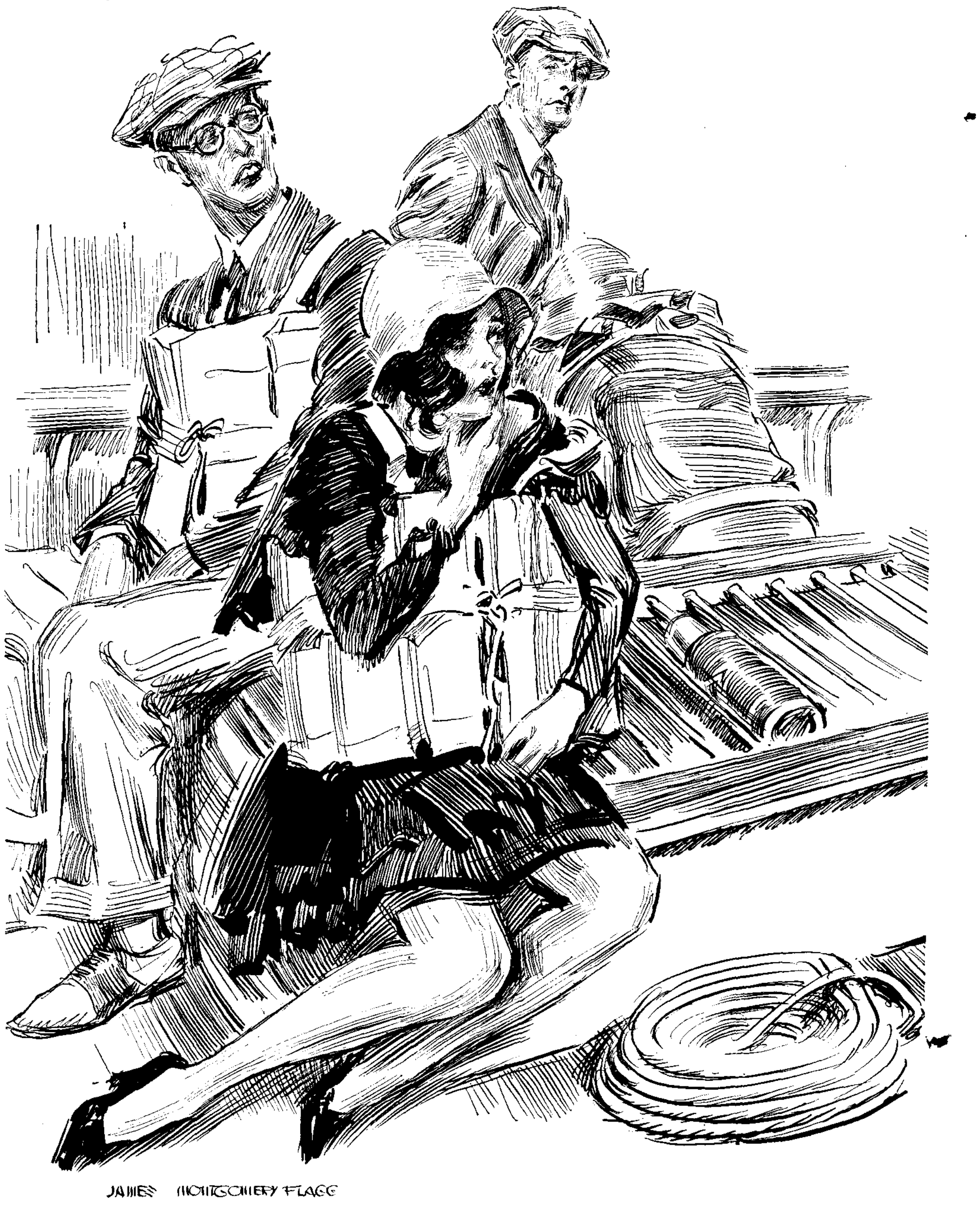
Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

The Government regards an industry as occupying the position of "friend of the court"

Consider the Lily

By H. C. Witwer

In which our friends, Alex the Greater and Handsome Joe Green, make another bet—and Lady Luck steps in to decide it



"THERE are three people every man should go into conference with once every six months, namely, his doctor, his dentist and—himself! His physical well-being attended to, he should ask himself the following questions: Am I prosperous? Am I happy in my life-work? Am I fitted by inclination and natural talent for the thing I'm engaged in or is some other line of endeavor my real forte? Should I write, paint, carve marble, compose operas or sell steel bridges? Does routine paralyze my gifts or is detail my salvation? In a word, am I a success or at least am I headed for it?

"The man who does not take this semi-annual inventory of his position in life is the man who sneers 'Luck, influence, bribery!' at the famous. He's the man who's behind a gent's furnishing counter when he should be a writer of musical comedies or perhaps an actor or an auctioneer. Let me diagnose your case. I have nothing to sell, but *you* have! I'll tell you what it is and find the market—then, it's up to you!"

A swell ad, what?

The above collection of boloney in mass formation was strung together by the wife's cousin, viz, Alexander Hanley, S. D. ("Success Developer"). This remarkable bozo which fled from Vermont to stand Times Square on its ears—and done so—declared the secret of success become public property when without previous experience Noah plunged into the ship-building racket and produced the first Show Boat. Opening a classy suite of offices in one of the big, downtown cloud-bumpers, Alex trolled for inveterate losers, found out their tricks and put 'em over at it, snatching a sweet cut of their take the instant they begin to hit the ball.

Honest to Vishnu, this clown's cruel sales talks would of made a Arab trade his camel for a gondola and when he'd get done promoting them proper Patsys which answered his ad, they'd ankle away in a daze and make good just for a prank. Alex figured he could give whales swimming lessons and teach eagles how to fly and after getting a load of his bed-time stories for a few days, his groggy customers would lay you eight to five he was right!

At this critical point, men and women, I got a good mind to break down and introduce myself, so's this human document will bear the stamps of the nude truth. I'm nothing less than Joe (Handsome) Green, manager of the Wildcats, the greatest aggregation of ball-tossers which ever led the National League or any other league—in consecutive defeats. Every man on my club was a star and for that simple reason was no good what so ever in the daytime when we played, as everybody knows stars only shine o'nights. What a team! However, that's another story, as the suicide cracks whilst falling past the sixteenth floor. What I wish to inject into your mentality this evening is that me and Alice, my blushing bride of ten years but still my friend, parked our forms in a grand duplex apartment, the rent of which was one of the highest compliments I ever been paid in my life.

But we was only *two* of the five interesting inmates of this exorbitant trap, in which they was never a dull minute, as we was all relatives and had turned up our noses at Kellogg's peace pact—and his cornflakes too, for that matter. By a strange coincidence, the other combatants was Alex, his comely dependent Eve and my young and giddy sister-in-law Lily, as beautiful as Niagara Falls and just as exciting to have on the premises.

Well, as Alex was closer than a seventeen-inning game, my part of the fluent overhead in this overcrowded love nest kept me in the red most of the time. I was the kin they loved to touch! But that ain't what give me that distinguished touch of gray about the temples. I could stand for Alice falling prey to the whimsy that she was wed to the guy behind Ford when she went shopping, Eve's sarcastical cracks about my grammar being a insult to all English-speaking peoples rolled off me like water off a mallard's back and even Lily's behaving like a college cutey in a girl-and-tune show was oak with me. In round numbers what made my home life a steal from the comic supplements was Mr. Alexander Hanley, S. D., champion talker of the world at one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Children, from morning till night that prancing gilaygo's well-oiled tongue released a line of hooey which was fast getting me ready to give the alienists a treat! Without asking, I found out fifty times a day how to become a success, how to run my ball team, how to convince Alice she was cold sober when she blew the Winter Garden and married me, how to make important money and how to hoard it. For no reason at all, *I* was the helpless victim on which Monsieur Hanley tried out all his poisonous go-getter talks and radio pep-broadcasts before Rotary, Kiwanis, and sales conventions and the general public got a whiff of 'em.

WHENEVER I'd gag and beg for clemency the girls would turn on me in a fury, telling me to listen to Alex and I'd give my brains the only work-out they'd ever had. They looked on this egg as the most marvelous thing to be placed before the public since Edison managed to make his electric light work, while Alex loudly and heartily agreed with 'em. That odd, grating noise the neighbors' children heard when passing our drum was me gnashing my teeth!

As if I wasn't taking enough cruel and unusual punishment, friends of the air, the Wildcats was becoming the laughingstock of organized baseball. We dropped eleven straight games and then went into a slump, though if I'd just had a few pitchers, fielders and batters they'd of been a different tale to tell, as I'll have you know the uniforms was the best which money could buy. On our first good-will swing around the circuit we lost everything but the franchise and the fuming owners tied into me day and night, while them wise-cracking baseball writers rode me like Fator rides a faltering favorite in the stretch.

To quiet gossip, I traded a set of mock-outfielders for a sensational small-time hurler entitled Wentworth Benton Gillfillian. I re-titled him "Tom" and when he joined us at Chicago I told him to get torrid as we'd just lost three games in succession.

"In succession, hey?" he ponders goofily. "Where's 'at burg?"

This should of been the tip-off to me, but I sent him in that afternoon with a prayer. The Big Ball and Strike Man kept matters well in hand till the third inning, at which point he went to work and stole second with the bases intoxicated and two out. The stands went into hysterics and I went into a fit.

"Keep out of my sight, Dizzy!" I howled at this team-strengthener after the shambles was over. "You started and finished a Big League career this afternoon!"

"Aw, quit squawkin'," grunts my opponent. "Even Mussolini makes mistakes now and again."

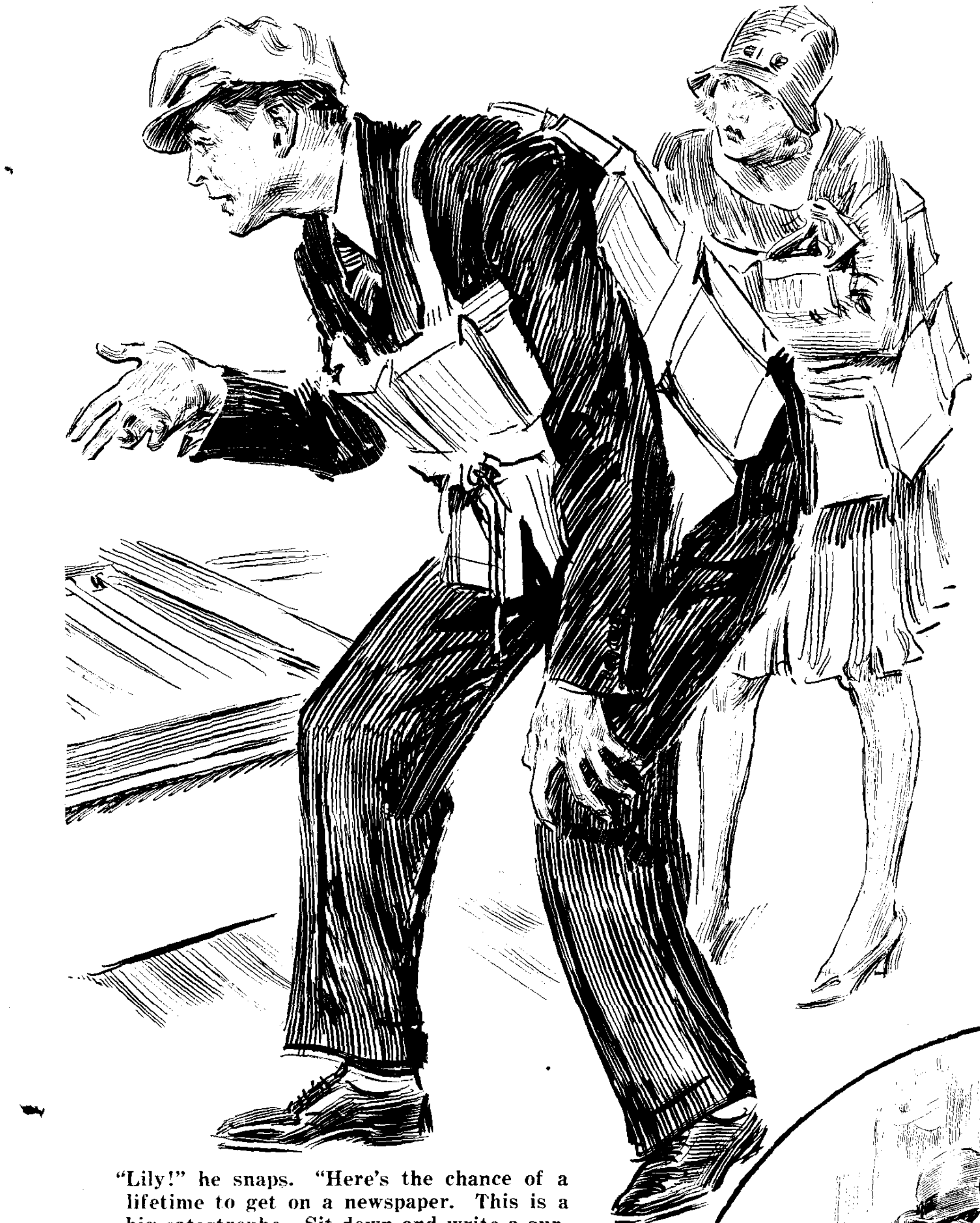
"Do you compare yourself with Mussolini?" I snarls.

"Why not?" he says. "The Eyetalians is as good as *we* are, ain't they?"

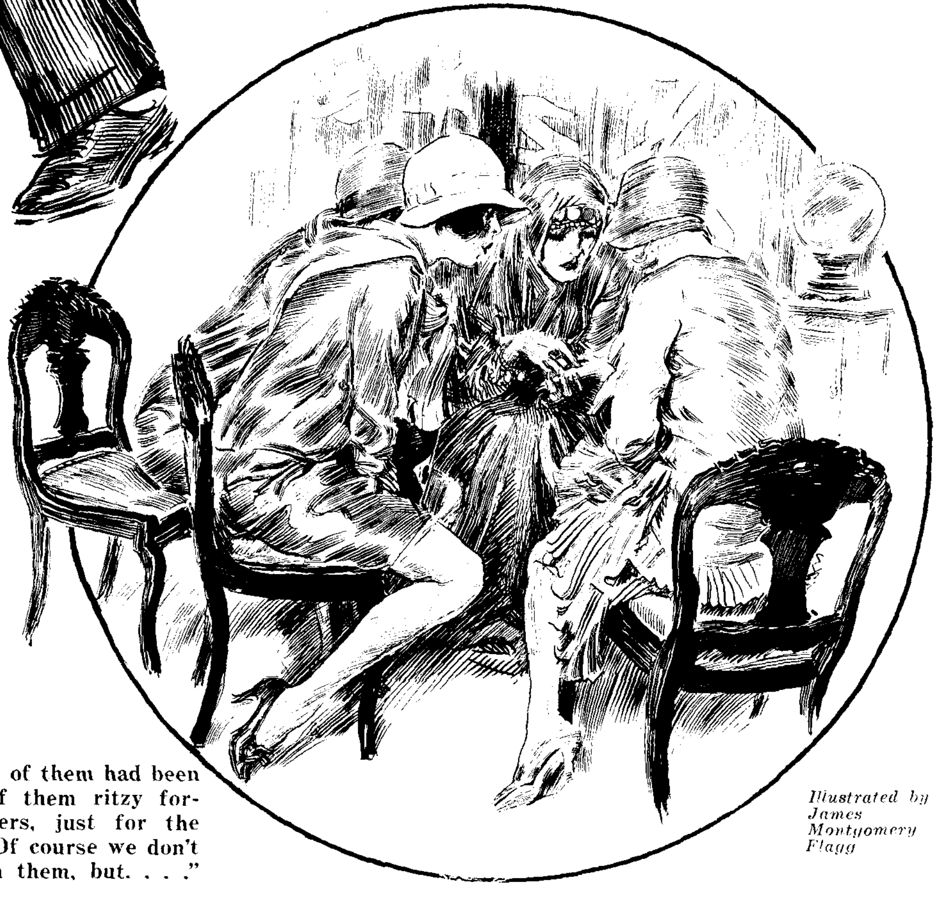
He beat me out of the ball park by a length.

WELL, your worships, I was still running a fever over a wager I'd just blown to Alex when he made a Broadway press agent out of Will Ford, i. e., one of his file clerks and at the time, the weakness of my charming sister-in-law, Lily. With the same play, this Vermont whirlwind had inserted Lily into a Longacre Square smash, following out his recipe of discovering what people do best and making 'em drop everything else and hop to it. Both panting and inexperienced candidates had give tongue to a wild yen for the show business and when I bet Alex two thousand bucks that he could place neither of them, he immediately placed 'em both. This naturally burned me to a crisp and when the Wildcats come home from fattening the percentages of the other seven teams in the league, I'll state I was simply maniacal to cook up some frame to take this beezark!

They was a raft of scandal awaiting for me in my domicile, as full of women as a barber shop, and news bulletins was hurled at me thick and fast. First



"Lily!" he snaps. "Here's the chance of a lifetime to get on a newspaper. This is a big catastrophe. Sit down and write a survivor's account of the collision"



The three of them had been to one of them ritzy fortune tellers, just for the ducks. "Of course we don't believe in them, but. . . ."

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

I learned that the exhibit Will Ford was throwing publicity for was going on the road and sweet William was even then bounding ahead of it making ballyhoo. It seems Willie and Lily had come to harsh words over her bad habit of getting that way about half a dozen boy friends at one and the same time. Will figured he was being slipped a run-around and insisted on being the sole owner of the escort concession or nothing.

Well, Lily give him service. She put on the chill and told him as far as *she* was concerned he was already a triple order of nothing. Giving her back her phone number, Willie promptly walked and right afterwards Lily left the drama flat on its spinal column.

This was over a week ago and she was still "resting," as them funny Lambs Club Westphalians calls being out of work.

"Personally, Lily," I says, after hearing her report. "I think you batted into a double play. Will Ford was too nice a boy to laugh off and I'm afraid you had the chance of a lifetime in that show if you'd played your hand to its strength. Now . . ."

"Don't be quaint!" Lily cuts me off coldly. "That Ford person was just another wet smack who didn't understand me. I mean we simply didn't fuse. As for that opera, I was merely a super in it. I did exactly right!"

"Of course she did!" snaps Alice. "Did you come home to criticize my sister?"

"The idea of *him* criticizing anybody!" remarks Eve. "Can you bear it?"

"Im-agine!" Lily pouts.

"It *does* sound silly, doesn't it?" butts in Alex, reaching for the newspaper I brung in to read myself.

"LISTEN, my admirers," I snarls. "I didn't come back here to get pushed around by a mess of ping-pong and bridge sharks. The only one which likes Lily any better than me is Lily herself, but the nut here is getting too high for my bankroll. Once again we have airy, fairy Lillian on the bench, which means I'll have to lay the pennies on the line for her raiment and nourishment till she goes out without her furs some day and catches work!"

"Well, what of it?" demands the knockout I'm lord and master of—on paper. "She's your sister, ain't she?"

"Pardon you—she's *your* sister," I growls. "And Alex is *your* cousin and Eve is *his* wife. Creeping mackerel, I wish I'd married a orphan!"

"That's a thought for today," smiles Lily. "What put you in such a perfectly lovely humor, Big Boy?"

"Lily, I don't wish to be no crab," I says sternly, "but this business of you having a new job and a new sweetie each and every week is all damp. That won't even get you to first base in the world and the men-folks's leary of girls having the collection of engagement trophies which *you* have. Now, your sister Alice picked out one guy and stuck to him and you know how *we* get along!"

"So do the neighbors," remarks Alex, over the top of the paper.

"See if I care about the neighbors," I grunts. "That Barnaby next door just come in cock-eyed."

"What, drunk?" exclaims the girls in alarm.

"No, born that way," I grins. "Now you tell one."

"Oh, let's sign off and go to the movies," exclaims Alice, which loves 'em, jumping up. "Honestly, this barking and meowing is getting on my nerves. Take that poisonous look off your profile, Joe, and pretend you're glad to be home."

"Yes," chirps Eve, another picture addict. "You know we're all simply convulsed with joy because you're back. Really, it's so dull when you're away that twice we almost picked on each *other!* We'll have a nice dinner, just a comfy family gathering to welcome you home and then we'll all go to that new Swanson talkie."

"Let's don't and act like we did. Them noisys give me a twinge in the thorax," I says, and that was no lie. "What's the matter with catching that mystery drama at the Globe?"

"It folded last night," Alice tells me. "I'm terribly sorry you missed it, Joe, it was a panic!"

"Just my luck," I mutters. "If it was raining soup I'd be there with a knife!"

"As if *that* would stop you," grins Alex.

"What d'ye mean?" I inquires.

"I've seen you eat," he cracks.

No fooling, they's nothing like having a home of your own and your loving kith and kin around you, hey? Keeps a man on his toes, what I mean. I hope all that guy's kids is radio announcers!

WELL, pretty soon the slavey grunts that the old calories and proteins is served and we sit down at the festive board, laughing and kidding with each other like we was chance acquaintances instead of relatives. Following hard on the fruit cocktails (orange mixes best with it now) Alice asked me had I noticed in the public prints how the show business on the Big Apple was as dead as cotillions and the producers was taking punishment in habit-forming quantities. Before I got a chance to open my pan, gentle reader, Alex steps into the box and winds up as usual. He's like something in your eye!

"I can tell the Broadway managers what has caused this definite sales resistance," he declares, banging his fork on the table, a thing I loathe. "The movies, the radio, the traffic in the theatrical district, the outrageous prices the speculators demand for seats, the impossibility of getting them anywhere else and last but not least, the filth that has been presented on our stages under the guise of drama. The public has become nauseated. . . . The worm has finally turned! The producers wail at the swiftly approaching stage censorship—a thing that's inevitable now—and then display perverted sex exhibitions that are about as subtle as thumbing the nose.

"I tell you the pendulum will shortly swing back to common decency and our immoral theaters, movies, literature, dances and present unwholesome manner of living will recoil to the other extreme. Then, prohibition will be tacked not only on liquor, but on everything else, too. The handwriting is on the wall!"

"You're positively right, Alex!" applauds the spell-bound Alice.

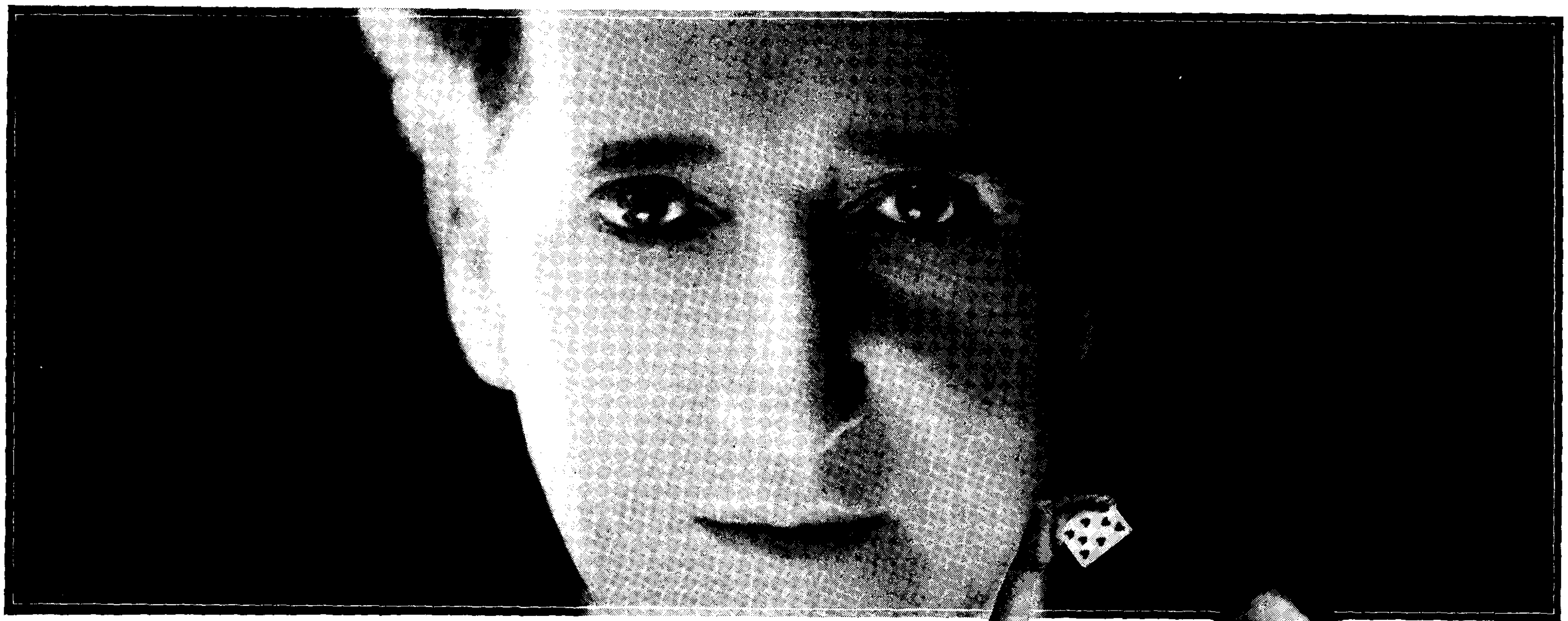
"He *always* is!" says Eve. "And doesn't he sell his stuff beautifully?"

"I'll say!" nods Lily, breathlessly.

"Quit yessing this typographical error, he's no bargain," I growls, holding out my plate. "Chicken me, Alex, and stop the bushwa. You got a memory like a song-writer—I read all that in the same editorial *you* did."

That fanned him and whilst he's being soothed by the worshipping girls, I leaned back in my chair and fell to considering the Lily. She was a beautiful thing, I

(*Continued on page 65*)

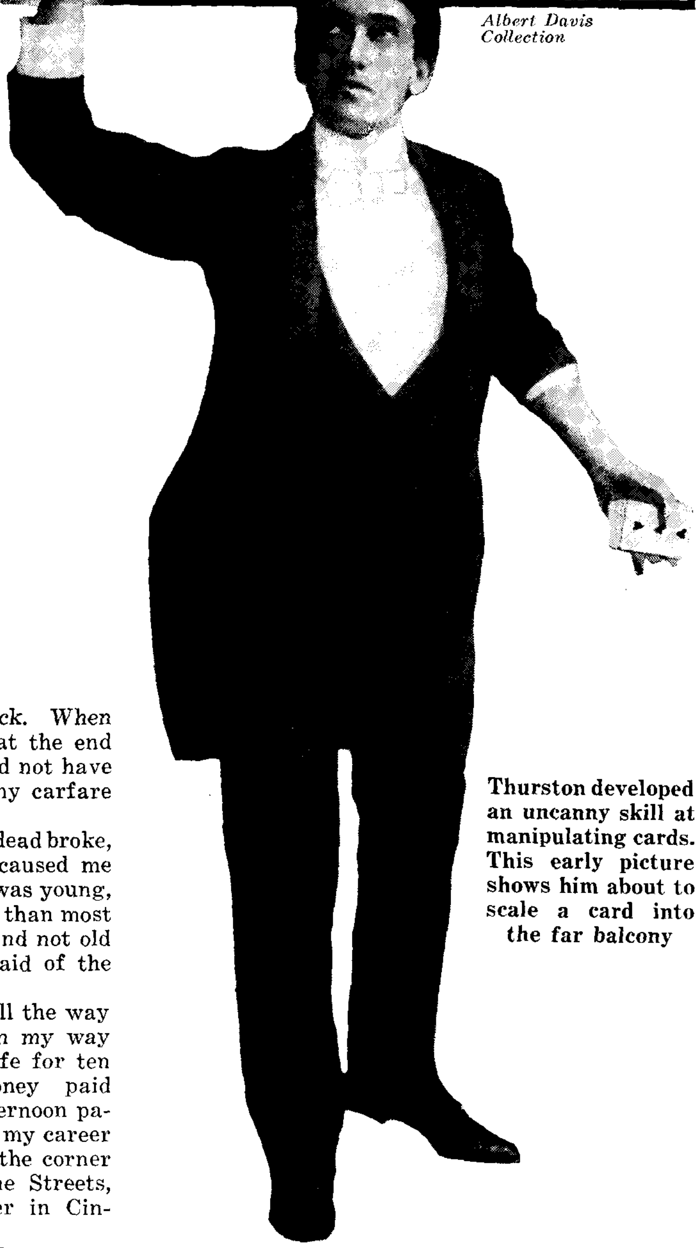


The magnetic Thurston is today's most illustrious exponent of the magic arts

Nothing up my Sleeve

From the night he watched, fascinated, while Herrmann the Great amazed his audience in the City Hall in Columbus, Ohio, Howard Thurston was determined to become a magician. But before that came to pass, he traveled with hobos, riding the rods, and once his career almost ended prematurely as a freight train rumbled through the night. Of all this and of his skillful escape from jail he tells in this first article of an autobiographical series

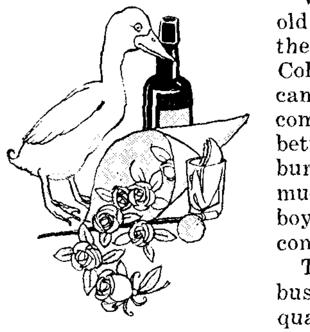
By THURSTON *the* MAGICIAN



Albert Davis Collection

Thurston developed an uncanny skill at manipulating cards. This early picture shows him about to scale a card into the far balcony

HERRMANN the Great was my enchanter. He played at the City Hall in Columbus, Ohio, my birthplace. In those days Herrmann gave what was known as a "gift show." At the final curtain the audience formed lines in the aisles, and each person received a prize. I drew a brass collar button, and was happier that night with the worthless piece of metal than I was many years afterward when the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria presented me with a gold watch which struck the hours and minutes. I hurried around to the stage door and waited for the wonderful man to appear, and followed him as he walked up State Street to the old Neil House.



I was consumed with a desire to become a magician. I began to practice little tricks of my own invention. I set about gripping small objects in the palm of my hand, and after much practice became skilled enough to snap a penny up my sleeve. But many years were to pass before the curtain was destined to ring up on my first performance of magic—long, hard, adventurous, sobering years.

My father was a carriage-maker and he was always inventing something. There was the curling-iron, still in use today; a fire-escape for hotels; roller skates with two single wheels; an automatic machine to make cigars and a beefsteak-pounder which was guaranteed to make the toughest rump steak as palatable as the tenderest porterhouse. Invention has always been my hobby, and my first recollections are of sitting at my father's bench in the evenings as he worked out his inventions.

Times were hard during the financial panic of 1873, following the Civil War. In the Centennial year my father failed. I was seven, and recall vividly how he told my mother that his creditors had forced him to the wall.

When I was nine years old I became a bellboy in the American House at Columbus. At twelve, I became a newsboy on an accommodation train running between Columbus and Pittsburgh, and was making as much money as any other boy employed by the news company.

The races came to Columbus and I became acquainted with one of the jockeys, a boy about my size, but several years older. The excitement of the races appealed to me, and immediately I decided to leave the train and become a jockey.

He and I beat our way on the train to Cincinnati when the races were there.

I spent a week with the races, living on the grounds with the trainers, jockeys and paddock men. In return for poor food and a dirty blanket to sleep in, I carried water, helped to exercise the horses, and did odd chores around the paddock. When the races closed at the end of that week, I did not have a nickel to pay my carfare into town.

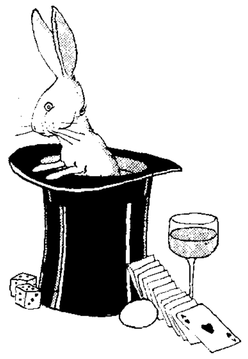
Although I was dead broke, the predicament caused me no uneasiness. I was young, buoyant, stronger than most boys of my age, and not old enough to be afraid of the world.

So I tramped all the way into the city. On my way I sold my penknife for ten cents. That money paid for a stock of afternoon papers, and I began my career as a newsboy on the corner of Fifth and Vine Streets, the busiest corner in Cincinnati.

I chummed with a newsboy from Chicago. I remember him telling me that the barroom floor of one of the leading hotels of that city was inlaid with silver dollars. That story made a deep impression on me, and I was eager to leave Cincinnati and try my fortunes in the El Dorado a few hundred miles away.

We left Cincinnati one night in March, riding between two baggage cars. But luck was against us from the start; for, about fifteen miles out, the train stopped at a small station and the brakeman put us off. Fortunately, there was a box car on the siding, and we crawled in. It was a raw, cold night and the ground was covered with snow. We dug the waste out of the boxing of the wheels and built a fire inside the car. There is nothing on earth that smokes like oily waste, and nothing that smells so abominably. But the feeble flame, with its thick greasy smoke, was better than nothing, and for the rest of the night we stood over it and tried to forget the cold.

That spring my old love for magic came upon me stronger than ever. I practiced palming endlessly, and was seldom without some small object concealed in my hand. It was not long before I could make a coin or ball vanish and reappear with ease. I did tricks every chance I got, on the streets, in cheap restaurants, and sometimes of an evening at the Newsboys' Home. I would change a glass of ink into water, the trick Alexander Herrmann had done at the never-to-be-forgotten performance at City Hall, Columbus, when I experienced my first Arabian Night.



It was the custom in those days for newsboys to work in pairs. My partner was a small, red-headed fellow called "Reddy Cadger," the shiftiest youngster on his feet I have ever known. He was a wonder at jumping freights. I have seen him swing on passenger trains under circumstances that would make the most expert hobo think twice before risking his bones. I was thrown in with a lot of daring train-jumpers in the course of my earlier wanderings, but Cadger was the king of them all.

We were fourteen, and the wanderlust was as strong in Reddy as in me, so we planned to see the world together. That summer we beat our way from Chicago to Cleveland and Cincinnati. I was not very far from Columbus and I wanted to go home and see the folks, but I was afraid that father would put me in the House of Correction. So I went with Reddy to St. Louis, where we stayed most of the summer.

Youthful and Foot-loose

Reddy Cadger and I roamed about the Middle West for a year or more, beating the rattlers (the railroads) every mile of the way, riding the trucks, jumping the "blind baggage" and occasionally perching ourselves on a cow-catcher.

One night we jumped the "blind baggage" of a Chicago and Alton train, but we were not so adroit as usual and the brakeman chased us off. Reddy and I became separated. I scrambled up the platform of the second baggage car, Reddy must have swung on the trucks underneath, for sometime during the night he was knocked off and killed. I knew nothing of this until I got back to St. Louis a year later. When I heard of Cadger's death I couldn't remain in St. Louis—he and I had been such close pals. So I joined the races again and traveled the Iowa circuit. But I was not very successful riding winners that summer. I was growing too fast. At Oskaloosa I was five pounds overweight, and the trainers wrapped me in a sheet and put me overnight in a barrel of manure to sweat the surplus flesh off, but it left me so weak I could not stand on my feet, much less ride in a racing saddle, and I was left in Oskaloosa sick and penniless.

One evening when I was strong enough to travel I went down to the railroad yard. A freight was making up for Davenport, and most of the cars were "empties." I kept in the shadows as much as possible, and finally crawled inside one of the cars, congratulating myself that no one had seen me. But no sooner had I scrambled to my feet than I heard something moving at one end of the car. Then a low voice said:

"Put up your gun. It's only a kid."

In the dusk I could just make out two indistinct figures moving toward me. For an instant I stood poised at the door, undecided whether to jump out or see the adventure through. But before I could act, a switch-engine shuttled by and I was silhouetted in the yellow stream of light, much as a magic-lantern picture on a screen.

"Get inside where the 'shacks' can't see you," said the same level voice. "We won't hurt you, kid."

But it was too late. There was a murmur of angry voices coming down the track, and several lanterns bobbed toward us in the dusk. One of the men in the car, a huge hulk of a fellow, with a slouched hat pulled down over his eyes and a handkerchief knotted in cowboy fashion around his neck, let go a string of oaths, and I saw his hand slip under his coat. The other man, who was shorter and smaller than his companion, put out a hand.

"No gunplay, Jim," he said. His voice was quiet, but there was a note of authority in it.

"I won't be caught, Shorty. I won't be caught." The big fellow wagged his head doggedly, and his hand went once more under his coat.

"You make me tired. If that's the way you feel, we'd better beat it. Come on, kid."

Shorty jumped lightly to the ground, I after him and Big Jim last. The big fellow was still growling and swearing. Shorty took my hand.

"Don't mind Jim, kid," he said reassuringly. "There won't be any shooting while you're in the game."

Traveling in Fast Company

We slunk down the track, keeping as much in the shadow of the train as possible, but we had not gone far before a semaphore spotlighted us.

"There they are!" boomed a voice, and the lanterns bobbed wildly again. Stones and chunks of coal began to rattle around us, and a brakeman running along the tops of the cars hurled a coupling pin that grazed Big Jim's head. He whirled in his tracks and I heard the click of a hammer-lock, the most ominous and grimmest of sounds.

"Duck under the car," said Shorty with his quiet voice. Then he grabbed Big Jim by the arm.

"Put up that gun. Put it up!"

He did not raise his voice, but it vibrated like a taut bass-string. For an instant the big fellow hesitated. Then I heard the soft thud of a gun plopping into its holster, and breathed easily again. In another instant Big Jim and Shorty were under the car with me, and we were scrambling on hands and knees over sharp cinders and greasy ties. We were none too soon. A voice on the other side of the train said: "Let 'em go; we can't hang around here all night."

We hid in the shadows until the train was made up and when it pulled out of Oskaloosa, Shorty and I were standing over the bumpers. Big Jim had climbed up the ladder and stuck his head over the top of the car ahead to keep an eye out for the enemy.

We had not traveled far before Big Jim sang out, "Here he comes!" and clambered down the ladder. Shorty swung around to the iron step on the side of his car and I did the same on my car. The train was light, mostly composed of empties, and was bowling along at a rattling speed. The narrow iron strap was not the most comfortable of footholds, nor the safest. At first it seemed that the wind must surely whip me off; but I clung grimly to the iron rung above me, and hoped that the brakeman would not see us.

But luck was against us that night. The "shack" leaned over the side of the car and the rays of his lantern fell full on my upturned face.

"Get off there!" he shouted.

"I can't," I shouted back. "We're going too fast."

The "shack" lay flat on the roof, leaned over the edge and struck at my head with his lantern. I dodged the blow, gripped a rung lower down and swung out as far as my arms would let me. I was doubled up like a jackknife. The strain on my hands was terrific. It seemed as if every lurch of the car would wrench me from the ladder. But I was out of reach of the lantern, and this seemed to add fuel to the man's wrath.

"Get off before I grease the track with you!" he shouted.

"I can't!" I called back.

"Can't, hey!"

He climbed down the ladder and began to stamp on my hands with his heavy boots.

"Get off," he kept shouting. "Get off!"

And he kept stamping his boots on my hands. The pain was excruciating. It seemed as if a live flame were playing up and down my arms, searing the raw flesh. I tried to cry out to Shorty or Big Jim, but to my horror my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. Then the pain and the horror passed and I seemed to be hanging on the brink of a precipice. My senses began to swim. Then something touched me and I heard a voice, miles away, shouting:

"Let up, you, or I'll kill you!"

Two shots were fired, and I felt myself falling.

The next thing I remember I was standing over the bumpers, between two jolting, swaying cars, with Big Jim holding me up on one side and Shorty on the other.

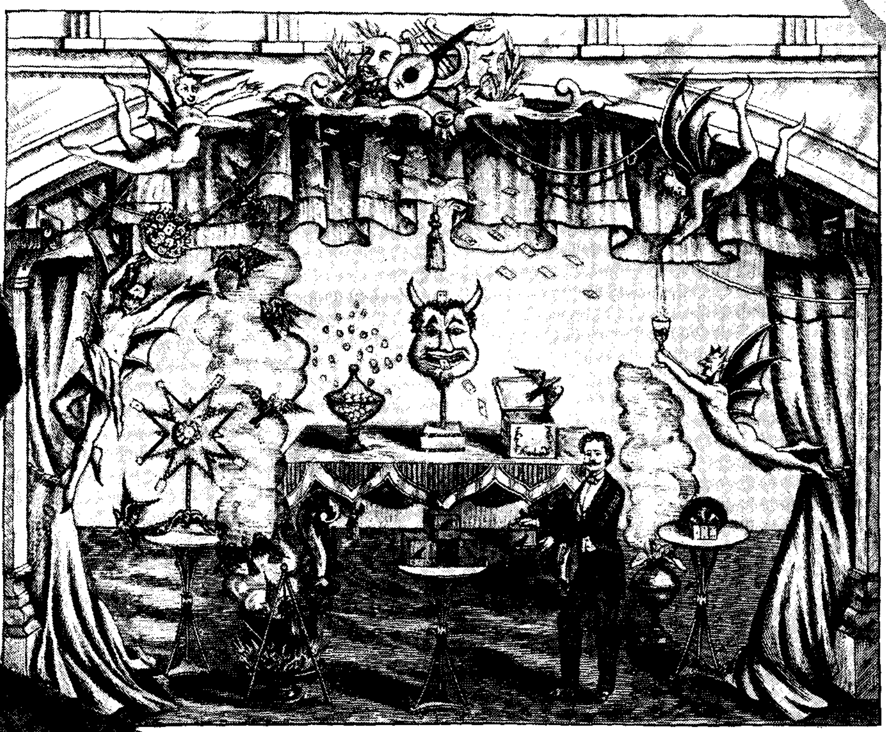
"Near cashed in that time," said Big Jim. "Shorty hooked you just as you let go."

My hands were bleeding and throbbing with pain. My companions took the handkerchiefs from their necks and Shorty (Continued on page 63)

© Spon & Chamberlin

Professor Hoffman (Angelo Lewis), whose book, Modern Magic, was young Thurston's inspiration

Albert Davis Collection



A lithographed poster used by Herrmann about 1900. It depicts some of the famous illusions presented by the master magician

Culver Service

The Great Herrmann, whose consummate skill and artistry have made his name legendary in the history of his profession

FOOTPRINTS

By Jeffery Farnol

Who killed Sir Gregory Glendale? Jasper Shrig had to find out quickly; but clues were so scarce that he had to help make them himself

MR. JASPER SHRIG of Bow Street, leaning back on the great, cushioned settle, stretched sturdy legs to the cheery fire and, having lighted his pipe, sipped his glass of the famous "One and Only" with a relish that brought a smile to his companion's comely visage.

"Pretty cozy, Jarsper, I think?"

"There ain't," sighed Mr. Shrig, glancing round about the trim, comfortable kitchen, a "cozier place in London, say England, say the universe, than this here old 'Gun'—thanks to you, Corporal Dick. You've only got an 'ook for an 'and but you're so 'andy wi' that 'ook, so oncommon 'andy that there ain't no word fur it, so Dick——your werry good 'ealth, pal!"

Corporal Richard Roe, late of the Grenadiers, flushed and, being a man somewhat slow of speech, muttered:

"Thankee, comrade," and thereafter sat gazing at the bright fire and caressing his neatly-trimmed right whisker with the gleaming steel hook that did duty for the hand lost at Waterloo.

"On sich con-wiwial occasions as this here," murmured Mr. Shrig, also gazing at the fire, "when I'm as you might say luxooriating in a pipe, a glass and the best o' pals and comrades, my mind nat'rally runs to corpses, Dick."

"Lord!" exclaimed the corporal, somewhat surprised. "Why so, Jarsper?"

"Because, Dick, in spite o' windictiveness in the shape o' bludgeons, knives, bullets, flat-irons and a occasional chimbley-pot, I'm werry far from being a corpse—yet. Fur vitch I'm dooly thankful. Now talkin' o' corpses, Dick."

"But Jarsper—I ain't."

"No, but you will, for I am, d'ye see. Now folks as have been 'took off' by wiolence or as you might say The Act, wictims o' Murder, Dick—with a capital M—said parties don't generally make pretty corpses, not as a rule—no."

"Which," said the corporal, shaking his comely head, "can't 'ardly be expected, Jarsper."

"BUT," continued Mr. Shrig, sucking at his pipe with very evident enjoyment, "contrairywise I 'ave never seen an 'andsomer, cleaner, nater ca-darver than Sir W. Glendale made—so smiling, so peaceful—and mind ye, Dick, with a knife, a ordinary butcher's knife druv clean into 'is buzzum, up to the werry grip, or as you might say 'andle. Smiling he was, Dick, as if 'e 'ad been 'took off' in the werry middle of a bee-ootiful dream . . .

"'Twas the face of a man . . . as died . . . in his sleep . . . fast asleep!" mused Mr. Shrig. "Now why should a man sleep . . . so werry sound. . . ? You'll mind the case I think—eh, Dick?"

"For sure, Jarsper, the misfortunate gentleman was murdered about a year ago—"

"A year?" mused Mr. Shrig, pausing with toddy glass at his grim, clean-shaven lips. "Say nine months, say ten—stop a bit till I take a peep at my little reader." Setting down his glass he drew from the bosom of his neat, brass-buttoned coat a small, much-worn notebook whose close-written pages he thumbed slowly over, murmuring hoarsely:

"D. E. F. G. . . . Griggs . . . Goreham, Grant—and 'ere we are—Glendale . . . Sir William . . . Baronet . . . Murdered . . . June 1 . . . sitting at desk . . . Murderer—wanting!"

"Ay," nodded the corporal, leaning forward to touch the cheery fire with caressing poker, "'tis one 'o them crimes as was never found out."

"And, Dick, your memory served you true—for the Act was commit—eggsackly a year ago this here werry night!"

"And I suppose it never will be found out now—eh, Jarsper?"

"Why, since you axes me so p'inted, Dick, I answers you, ready and prompt—oo knows? Hows'ever I'm a-vaiting werry patient."

"Ay, but wot for?"

"Another chance p'raps . . . dewelopments!"

"Jarsper, I don't quite twig you."

"Dick, I didn't expect as you would. Lookee now—there's murderers vich, if not took and 'topped' or, as you might say, scragged—as gets that owdacious, well, murder grows quite an 'abit wi' 'em and—wot's that?"

"Eh?" said the corporal, starting. "I didn't hear anything."

"Sounded like a dog whining somewheres," murmured Mr. Shrig, glancing vaguely about. "There 'tis again!"

"That's no dog, Jarsper!" muttered the corporal. "Somebody's ill or hurt—that's a child's voice or a woman's."

"No, Dick, that's the voice o' fear . . . terror. Dick—lad. Now, stand by, pal." Then soundlessly the corporal unbarred the door, drew it suddenly wide and with a slithering rustle, a vague shape swayed in and lay motionless at his feet.

"A WOMAN, Jarsper!" said he in a hushed voice, stooping above this vague shape.

"Oh, dead, Dick?"

"Looks that way, Jarsper."

"Then in wi' her—so! Now shut the door—quick! Lock it, pal, and likewise bar it and shoot the bolts!"

"Lord love us, Jarsper!" whispered the corporal, ruffling his short curly hair with glittering hook, and staring at the lovely form, outstretched upon the wide settle. "Anyway, she ain't dead, thank God!"

"No, Dick, she's only swounding."

"But what's to do now, Jarsper? What's the correct evolution? How to bring the lady round, comrade?"

"Cold vater applied outwardly is reckoned pretty good, Dick, but sperrits took innardly is better, I fancy. So get the rum, pal, or brandy—vich ever comes 'andiest—stop a bit, this'll do!" And reaching his own glass of the "One and Only" Mr. Shrig knelt beside the swooning girl whose face showed so pale beneath its heavy braids and coquettish ringlets of glossy, black hair, and tenderly raising this lovely head, he set the toddy to her lips—but, even then, she shuddered violently and, opening great, fearful eyes, recoiled so suddenly that the toddy-glass went flying.

"DEAD!" she cried in awful, gasping voice, then checking the outcry upon her lips with visible effort she stared from Mr. Shrig upon his knees, to the towering, soldierly figure of Corporal Richard Roe, and wringing her slim, gloveless hands, spoke in quick breathless fashion:

"I want . . . who . . . which is Jasper Shrig, the Bow Street officer? I . . . I want Mr. Shrig of Bow Street—"

"Ma'm," answered Mr. Shrig gently, "that werry identical same is now a-speaking."

"Yes," she cried, leaning toward him with a strange eagerness. "Yes . . . I see you are, now! You . . . oh, you surely must remember me?"

"Ay . . . by Goles . . . I surely . . . do!" nodded Mr. Shrig.

"I am Adela Glendale . . . a year ago I was suspected of . . . of—"

"Not by me, lady, never by me, ma'm."

"No, no, you believed in me then, thank God! You were my good friend—then! But tonight . . . Oh, Mr. Shrig—dear Jasper Shrig . . ." she cried and reaching out she clutched at him with both trembling hands in frantic appeal.

"You believed in me then, you were kind to me then, you stood between me and shameful horror a year ago . . . Oh, be kind to me now, believe in me now . . . for tonight . . . it has happened again . . . horrible! Oh, God help me, it has happened again!"

"Eh? . . . Murder?" questioned Mr. Shrig in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes—yes . . . and the house full of guests! But he's dead . . . Uncle Gregory is dead—horrible! See—look at me!" And with swift, wild gesture she threw open the long mantle that shrouded her loveliness and showed her white satin gown—its bosom and shoulder blotched with a hideous stain. "Look! Look!" she gasped, staring down at these dreadful evidences in horror. "His blood . . . I'm foul of it . . . dear Uncle Gregory!"

Mr. Shrig surveyed these ghastly smears with eyes very bright and keen, his lips pursed as if about to whistle, though no sound came; then he drew the cloak about her.

"And now," said he when their visitor seemed more composed, "now Miss Adele, ma'm, s'pose you tell us all as you know."

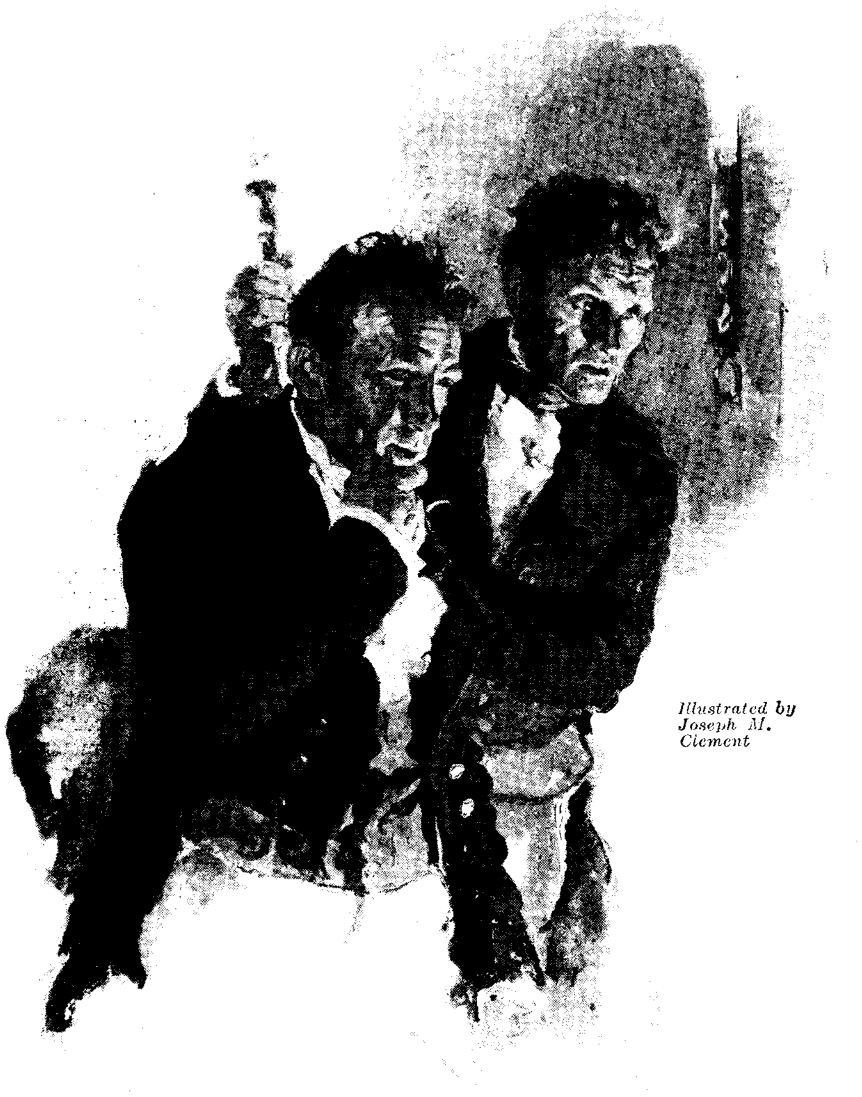
"But what—what can I tell you?" she answered with a gesture of helplessness. "I only know that Uncle Gregory . . . dear Uncle Gregory is . . . horribly dead. Oh, Mr. Shrig, I shall never forget the awful—"

"There, there, my dear!" said Mr. Shrig, patting the quivering hand that clasped his so eagerly. "But you mentioned summat about guests."

"Yes, there were people to dinner, five or six . . . . But—"

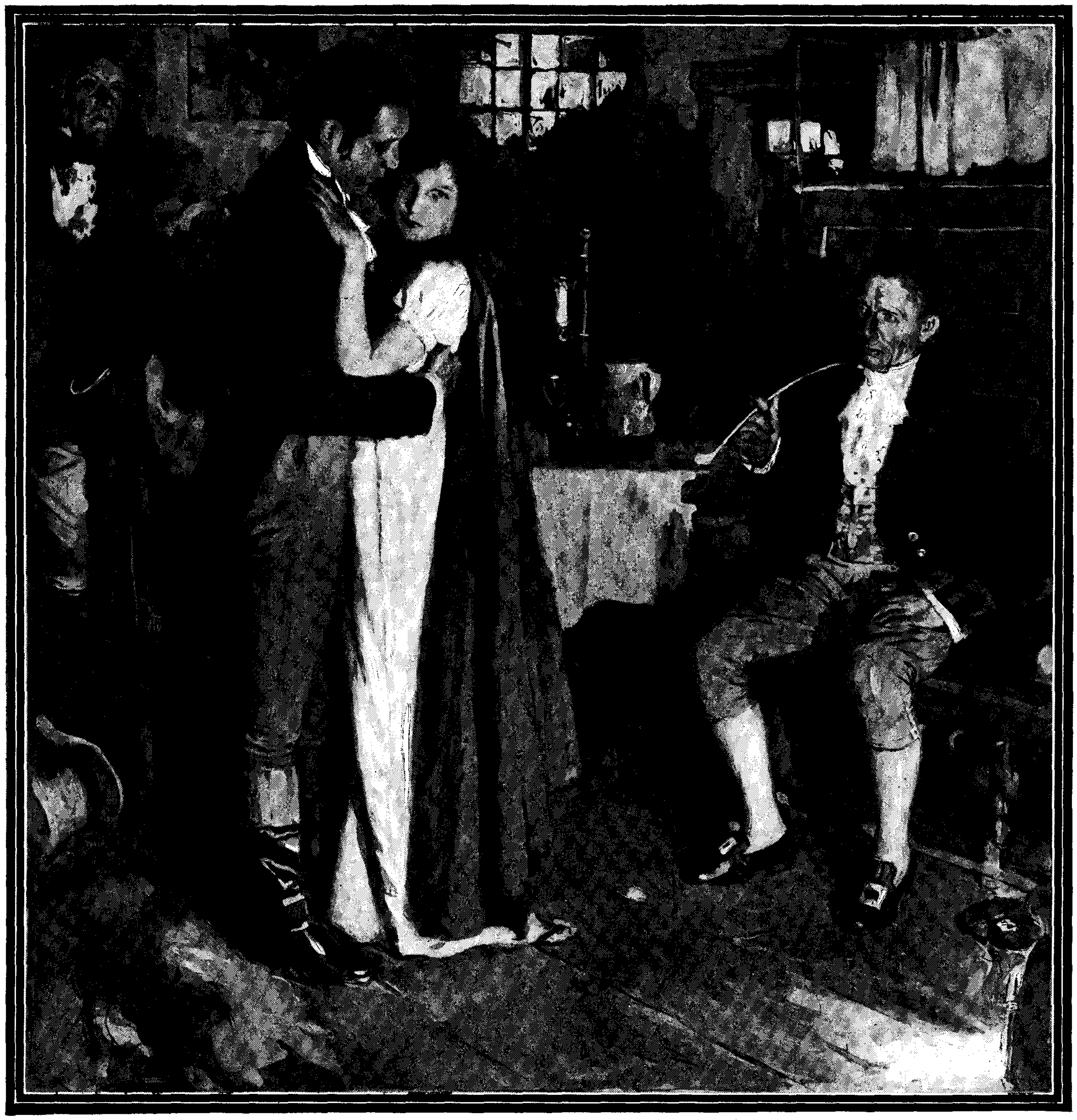
"Oo invited them?"

"My half-cousin Roger . . . but oh, when I think of how Uncle—"



Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

The big corporal, who had faced unmoved the horrors of Waterloo, blenched at the thing in the chair



"My dear," he murmured to the lovely creature in his arms, "why did you run away? What new horror is this?"

"Any strangers among 'em—these guests, Miss Adele?"

"No, they were family friends . . . But Uncle Gregory had not been very well today and so soon as dinner was over, he excused himself and went to his room."

"Upstairs to bed, ma'm?"

"Not upstairs. He sleeps on the ground floor at the back of the house, looking on to the garden."

"And 'e vas ill today, you tell me? Sick, eh?"

"Oh, no, no, it was only a touch of gout."

"Gout, eh? Now did 'e say anything to you afore 'e went to his room?"

"Yes, he told me he felt very drowsy and could hardly keep his eyes open."

"But gout, ma'm, don't make a man drowsy. Had Sir Gregory drank much wine at dinner?"

"Very little."

"And yet," murmured Mr. Shrig, staring down at the slender hand he was still patting gently, "and yet—so werry sleepy! Did he say anything more as you can call to mind now?"

"He ordered the butler to take his coffee to the bedroom, and told me he would come back later if the drowsiness passed off. . . . And those were his last words, Mr. Shrig, the very last words I shall ever hear him speak—"

"And now, ma'm, tell me o' poor Mr. Roger, your cousin."

"Half cousin, Mr. Shrig!" she corrected hastily. "Roger was poor Uncle William's step-son—"

"Bit of an inwalid, ain't 'e?"

"Roger is a paralytic, he can't walk and uses a wheeled chair, but surely you remember this, Mr. Shrig, you seemed to fancy his society very much a year ago . . . when—"

"A YEAR ago this werry night, Miss Adele, ma'm!" said Mr. Shrig with ponderous nod. "And a parrylitick . . . to . . . be . . . sure! Instead o' legs—veels, and at his age too, poor, unfor-t'nate young gentleman!"

"Roger is older than you think, older than he looks . . . sometimes I think he never was young, and sometimes—" here she shuddered violently again and clasped the strong hand she held fast between her own. "Oh, Mr. Shrig," she gasped, "what . . . what can I do . . . Uncle Gregory . . . I left him . . . sitting there in his great elbow-chair beside the fire . . . so still and dreadful! Oh, tell me . . . what . . . what . . . what must I do?"

"First," answered Mr. Shrig gently, "tell me just 'ow you found him?"

"As soon as I could leave the company I stole away . . . I knocked softly on his door . . . I went in . . . the room was dark except for the fire, but I . . . could see him . . . sitting in his great chair. I thought him dozing so I crept up to settle him more cozily and . . . to kiss him. I slipped my arm about him, I . . . I kissed his white head . . . so lightly and . . . Oh God, he slipped . . . sideways and . . . I saw—!"

"Dick," murmured Mr. Shrig, clasping ready arm about that horror-shaken form, "the brandy!"

"No, no!" she gasped, "I'm not going to . . . swoon. Only help me, Mr. Shrig, be my friend for I . . . I'm afraid . . . terribly afraid! I was the last to speak with him, the last to see him alive—"

"No, Miss Adele, ma'm, the last to see 'im alive was the man as killed him."

"Oh . . . friend!" she murmured. "My good, kind Jasper Shrig," and, viewing him through tears of gratitude, bowed her head against the shoulder of the neat, brass-buttoned coat and, with face thus hidden, spoke again, her voice ineffably tender: "But I'm afraid for—another also, Mr. Shrig."

"Ay, to be sure!" nodded Mr. Shrig, "Oo is 'e Miss Adele, ma'm?"

"JOHN!" she murmured. "Mr. Winton—you remember him? He was Uncle Gregory's secretary. But, oh, Mr. Shrig, three days ago they quarreled! That is, Uncle was very angry with poor John and—discharged him because . . . John had dared to fall in love with me."

"Humph! And do you love said Mr. John, ma'm?"

"With all my poor heart. So you see if you're my friend and believe in me, you must be his friend too, for the danger threatening me threatens him also . . . there is a dreadful shadow over us—"

"But then, ma'm, a shadder's only a shadder—even if it do go on veels—"

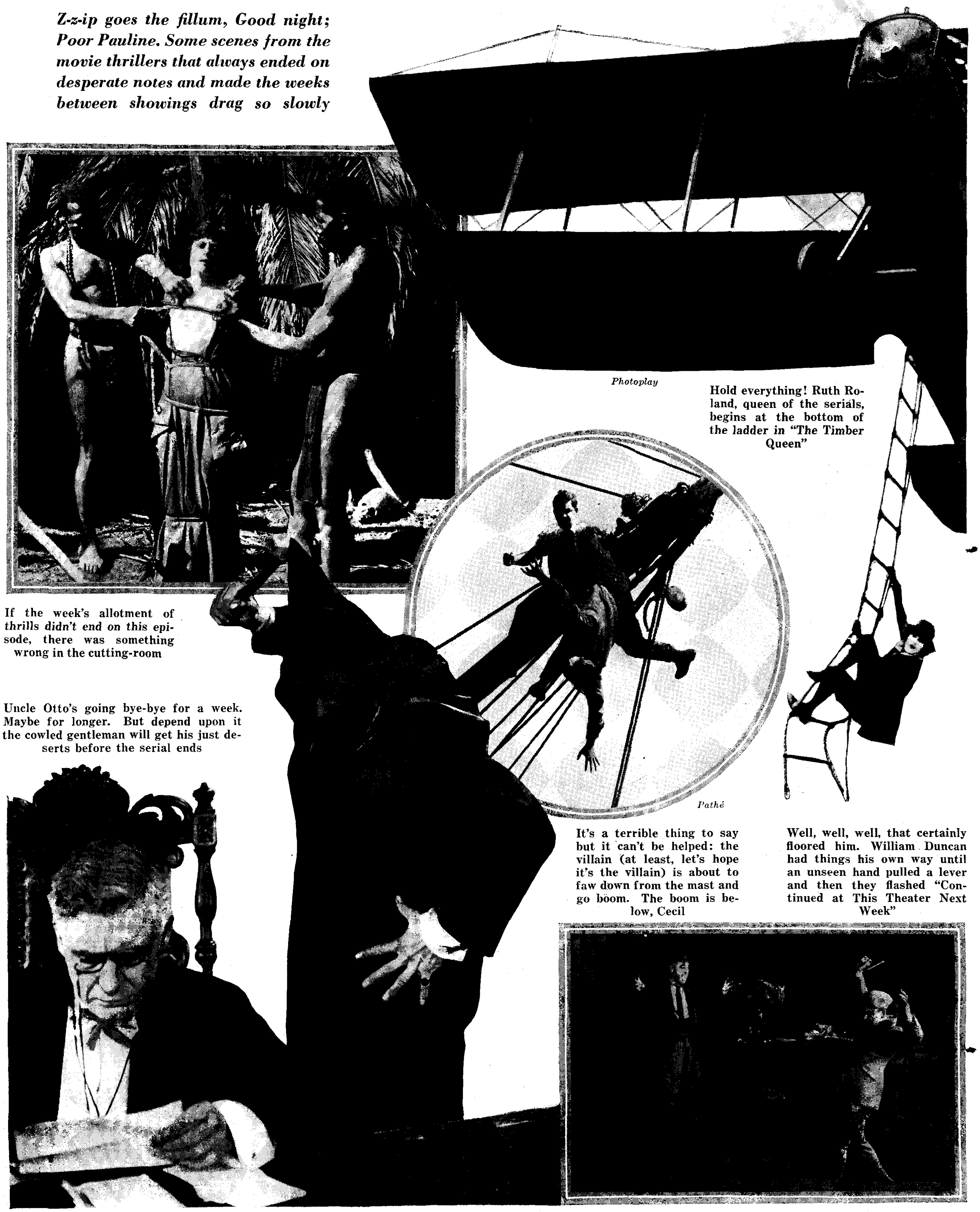
"Oh, Mr. Shrig—"

"And 'ave you seen Mr. John since day of discharge?"

Here she was silent, staring down great-eyed at (*Continued on page 44*)

This Suspense is Awful

Z-z-ip goes the fillum, Good night; Poor Pauline. Some scenes from the movie thrillers that always ended on desperate notes and made the weeks between showings drag so slowly



If the week's allotment of thrills didn't end on this episode, there was something wrong in the cutting-room

Photoplay

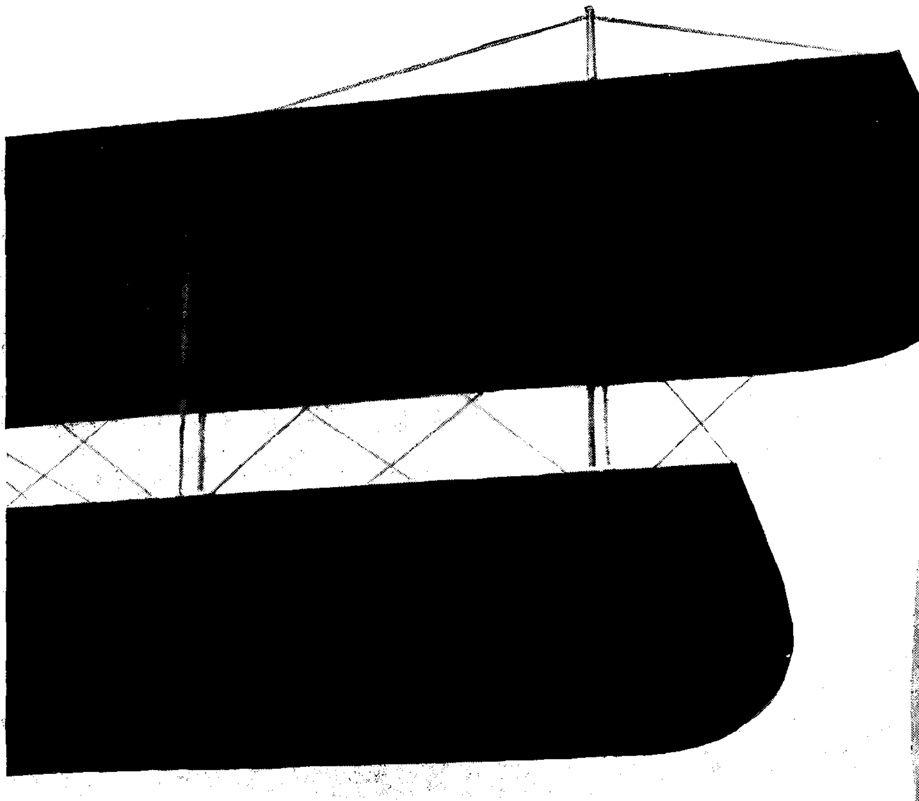
Hold everything! Ruth Roland, queen of the serials, begins at the bottom of the ladder in "The Timber Queen"

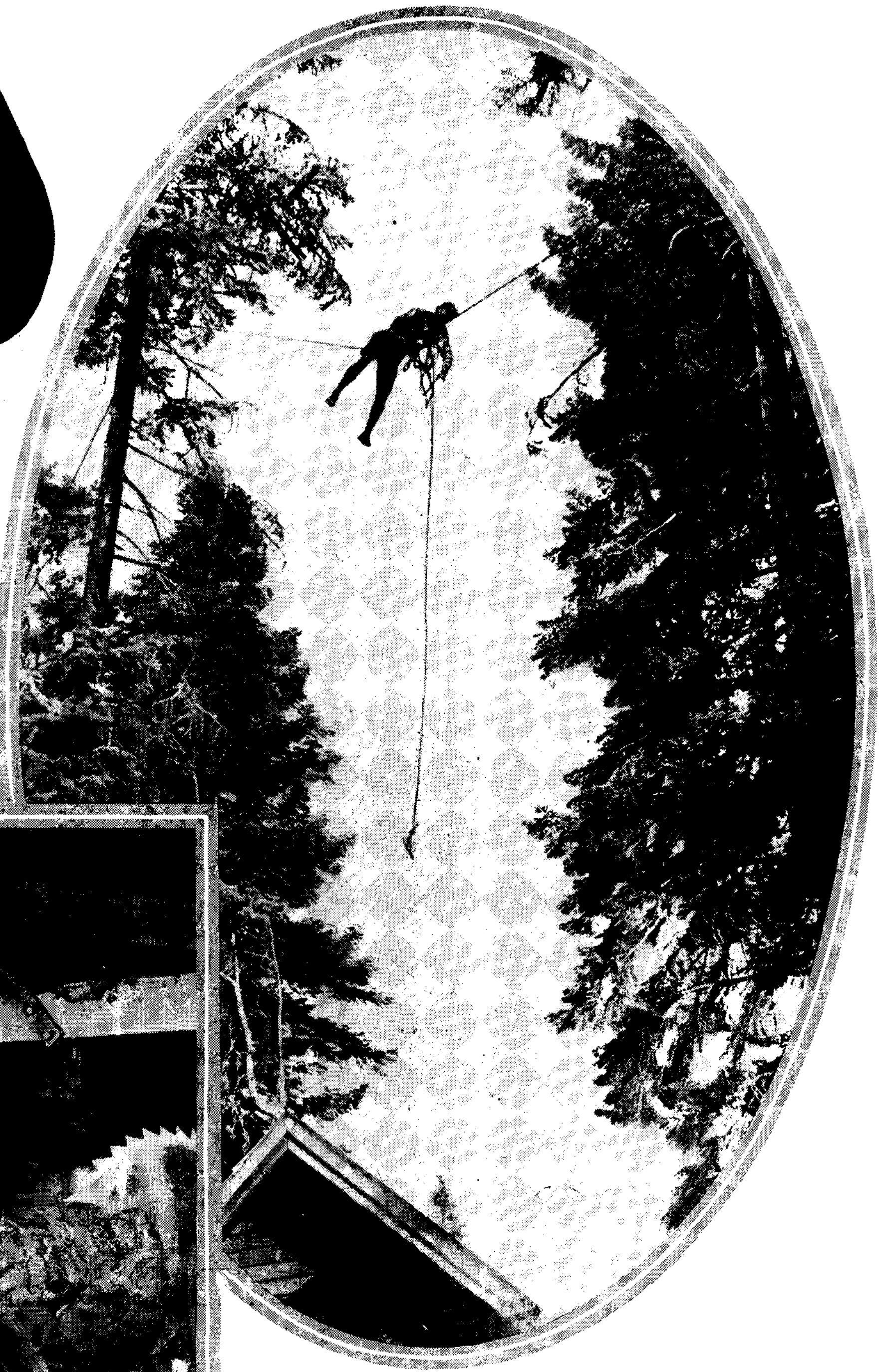
Uncle Otto's going bye-bye for a week. Maybe for longer. But depend upon it the cowled gentleman will get his just deserts before the serial ends

Pathé

It's a terrible thing to say but it can't be helped: the villain (at least, let's hope it's the villain) is about to faw down from the mast and go boom. The boom is below, Cecil

Well, well, well, that certainly floored him. William Duncan had things his own way until an unseen hand pulled a lever and then they flashed "Continued at This Theater Next Week"



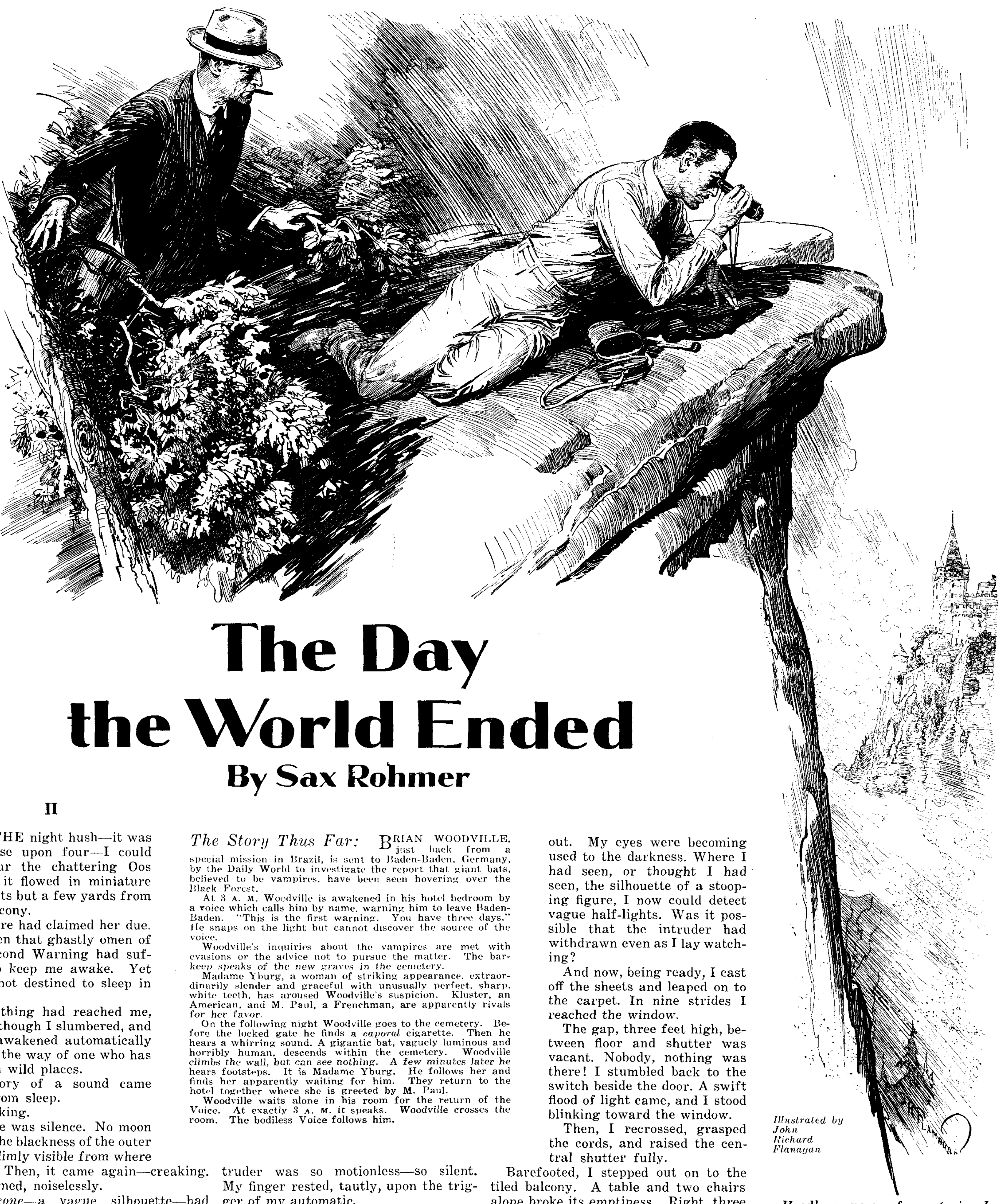


Dare-devil Dick drops in on the folks. Well, that's one way to make a grand entrance but it would have been so much easier to go 'round by the front door

Dirty work on Thunder Mountain. Antonio Moreno about to be taken for a ride. If the episode doesn't finish in the next 200 feet, Tony will

But just when all hope was abandoned . . . the house lights went on and the boys started selling candy in the aisles

Tck! Tck! The service is getting worse and worse. Francis Ford trying to get a number is harassed by what appears to be the K. K. K., Blackamoor division



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Heedless, now, of eyestrain, I waited, doubting my own sanity

The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far: BRIAN WOODVILLE, just back from a special mission in Brazil, is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, by the Daily World to investigate the report that giant bats, believed to be vampires, have been seen hovering over the Black Forest.

At 3 A. M. Woodville is awakened in his hotel bedroom by a voice which calls him by name, warning him to leave Baden-Baden. "This is the first warning. You have three days." He snaps on the light but cannot discover the source of the voice.

Woodville's inquiries about the vampires are met with evasions or the advice not to pursue the matter. The barkeep *speaks of the new graves in the cemetery.*

Madame Yburg, a woman of striking appearance, extraordinarily slender and graceful with unusually perfect, sharp, white teeth, has aroused Woodville's suspicion. Kluster, an American, and M. Paul, a Frenchman, are apparently rivals *for her favor.*

On the following night Woodville goes to the cemetery. Before the locked gate he finds a *caporal* cigarette. Then he hears a whirring sound. A gigantic bat, vaguely luminous and horribly human, descends within the cemetery. Woodville *climbs the wall, but can see nothing. A few minutes later he* hears footsteps. It is Madame Yburg. He follows her and finds her apparently waiting for him. They return to the hotel together where she is greeted by M. Paul.

Woodville waits alone in his room for the return of the Voice. At exactly 3 A. M. it speaks. *Woodville crosses the* room. The bodiless Voice follows him.

II

IN THE night hush—it was close upon four—I could hear the chattering Oos as it flowed in miniature cataracts but a few yards from my balcony.

Nature had claimed her due. Not even that ghastly omen of the Second Warning had sufficed to keep me awake. Yet I was not destined to sleep in peace.

Something had reached me, deeply though I slumbered, and I had awakened automatically—as is the way of one who has lived in wild places.

Memory of a sound came over from sleep.

Creaking.

There was silence. No moon broke the blackness of the outer room, dimly visible from where I lay. Then, it came again—creaking.

I turned, noiselessly.

Someone—a vague silhouette—had stealthily raised the shutters!

Slowly, and cautiously, hoping my maneuvers were unseen in the darkness of the alcove, I lifted myself upon an elbow. The figure was still there—stooping, I thought, and looking into the outer room. The shutter had been moved up fully three feet, by what means I could not imagine, but whilst it was high enough for cramped entrance, it was yet so low as to have hampered swift retreat.

I wondered if I had made any sound in the moment of awakening: the intruder was so motionless—so silent. My finger rested, tautly, upon the trigger of my automatic.

And as I lay there, watching, and awaiting the next development, this quietude became definitely horrible. I visualized that incredible thing with great gray-purplish wings, which had disappeared among the tombs.

What was it, so silent out there on the balcony, which peered in? Did it crouch, animal-like, on all fours? Was it crawling toward me?

WHOEVER, or whatever, was there, gave no sign. Inch by inch I drew myself up, preparatory to springing out. My eyes were becoming used to the darkness. Where I had seen, or thought I had seen, the silhouette of a stooping figure, I now could detect vague half-lights. Was it possible that the intruder had withdrawn even as I lay watching?

And now, being ready, I cast off the sheets and leaped on to the carpet. In nine strides I reached the window.

The gap, three feet high, between floor and shutter was vacant. Nobody, nothing was there! I stumbled back to the switch beside the door. A swift flood of light came, and I stood blinking toward the window.

Then, I recrossed, grasped the cords, and raised the central shutter fully.

Barefooted, I stepped out on to the tiled balcony. A table and two chairs alone broke its emptiness. Right, three steps led down to a graveled garden path.

Someone moved . . . near me—below.

I leaned over the stone balustrade.

"Good evening, sir!" said a gruff voice in German. "Has something disturbed you?"

A wave of relief flowed over me hotly. There was nothing supernatural about this voice—and human companionship I welcomed.

"Good evening," I replied. "Who are you?"

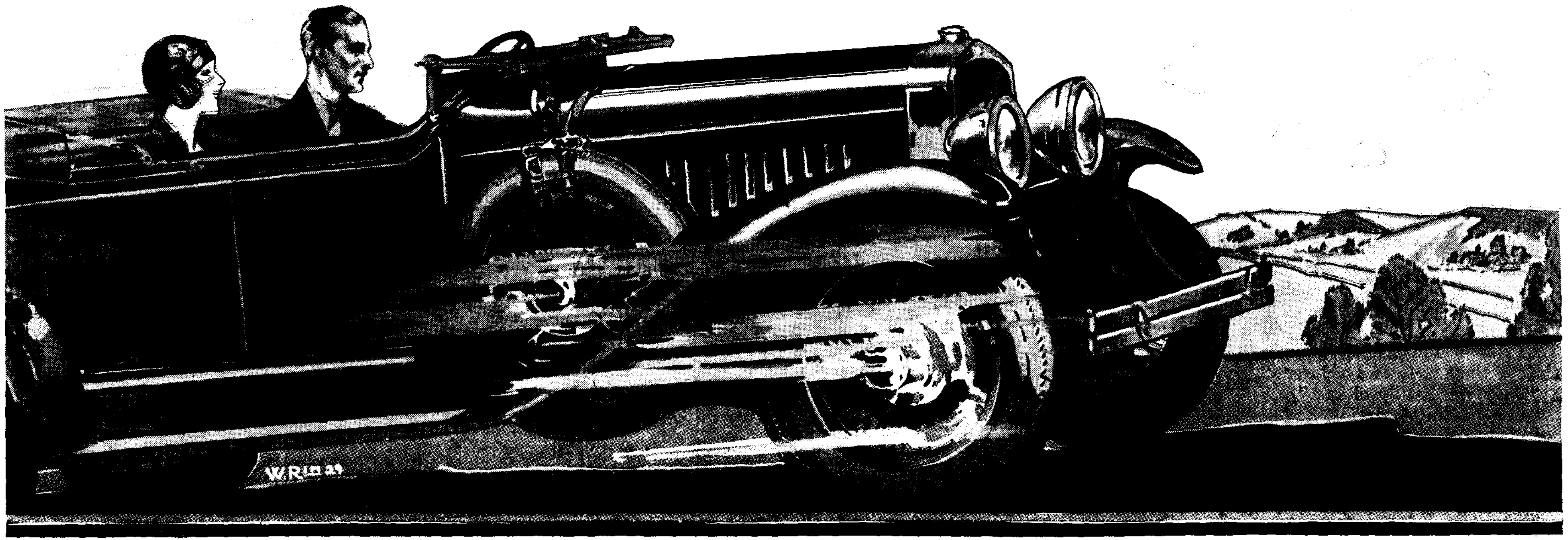
"Night watchman, sir. I patrol the gardens every half hour. These ground-floor rooms are so easily entered, you see."

I was peering in the speaker's direction. But he merely showed as a darker patch in the general gloom.

"They are!" I agreed. "When did you arrive?"

"At this moment."

"Someone raised my shutters a few minutes ago." (*Continued on page 20*)



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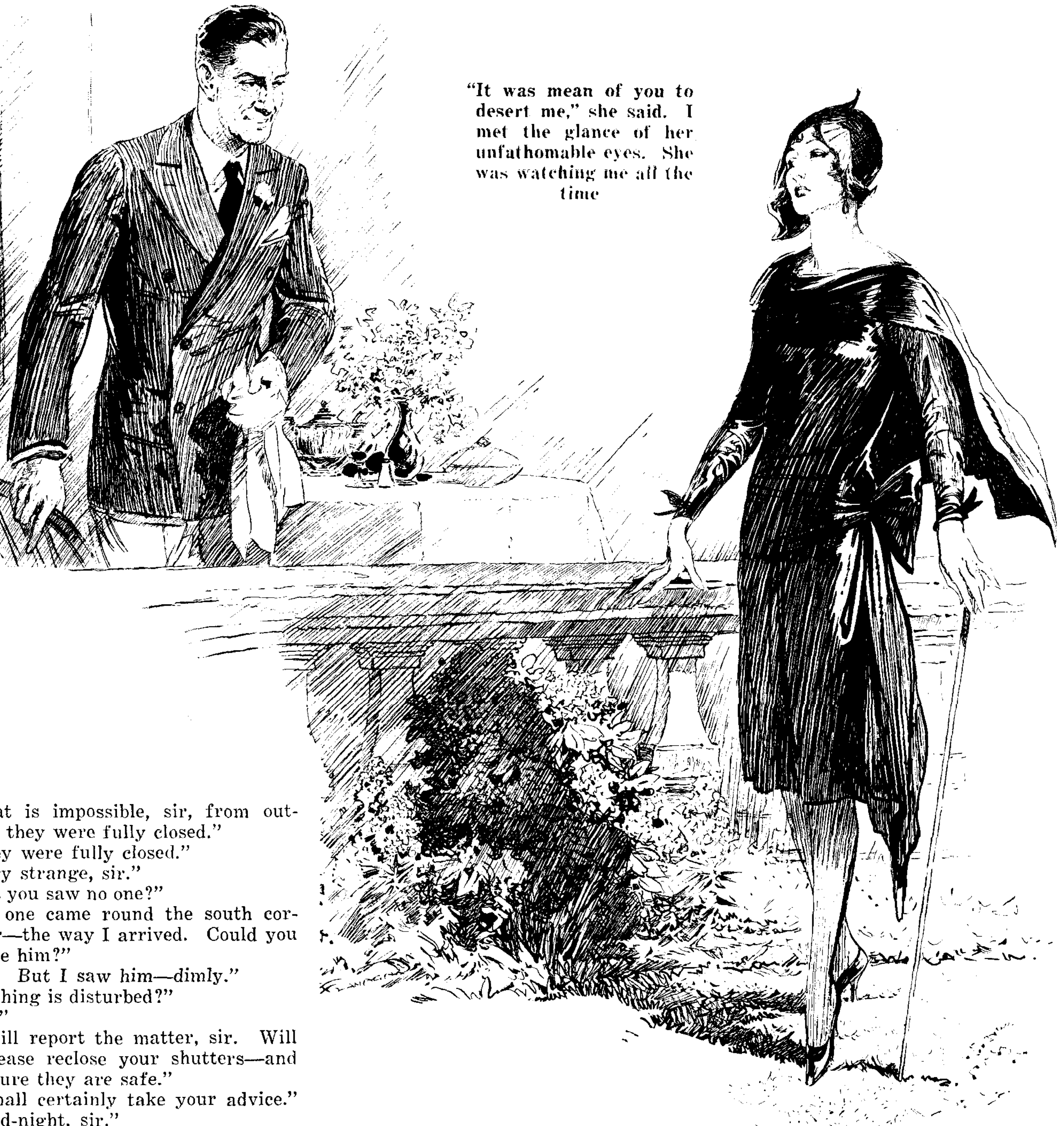

"It was mean of you to desert me," she said. I met the glance of her unfathomable eyes. She was watching me all the time

"That is impossible, sir, from outside, if they were fully closed."

"They were fully closed."

"Very strange, sir."

"But you saw no one?"

"No one came round the south corner, sir—the way I arrived. Could you describe him?"

"No. But I saw him—dimly."

"Nothing is disturbed?"

"No."

"I will report the matter, sir. Will you please reclose your shutters—and make sure they are safe."

"I shall certainly take your advice."

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

I heard footsteps on the gravel path as I withdrew and began to pull the cords which lowered the heavy shutter. I was so engaged when the steps, or so I supposed, returned along the path, and:

"Hullo, there!" called a voice—but not the same voice!

I DESISTED. The bottom of the shutter was still some five feet from the floor. I looked out. A beam of light shone blindingly into my eyes.

"Hullo to *you!*" I cried. "What the devil's up?"

"This is what I am asking, sir," the speaker replied. "I am the night watchman and it is my duty to ask!"

I was astounded. Not only was this voice unlike the other, but the man spoke with a sort of military brusquerie which inclined me favorably toward him.

Again I stepped out on the balcony.

Standing plainly visible on the path below, in the light from my windows, was a square-jawed, iron-gray figure, wearing a perfectly fitting uniform, with smart field boots. The Regal badge was on his shoulder-straps and glittered in his cap.

He stood at attention, looking up. His electric torch he held beside him like a rifle-barrel at the order. We stared hard at one another, then:

"Come in for a moment, night watchman," I said, "I have something for you to report."

"Very good, sir."

A moment later, ducking his close-cropped head, for he was all of six feet, and carrying his cap, he joined me in my room. He stood to attention again.

"Sit down," I said. "Something very queer has happened here tonight."

"Thank you, sir."

The night-watchman bowed stiffly, and sat down on the extreme edge of an uncomfortable chair. As his unflinching regard met mine:

"Is there another watchman on duty in the gardens?" I asked.

"At four o'clock, sir, I am relieved."

"No one else is on duty now?"

"No one—outside the hotel. There are two men on duty inside."

"Then listen to what I am going to tell you," said I, "and explain it if you can."

As briefly as possible I outlined what had passed, and finally:

"The man impersonating you," I concluded, "was probably the same who raised my shutter."

"Very little doubt of it, sir. He didn't know how much you could see. He slipped to the nearest cover and waited. Allow me to examine the shutter."

He rose stiffly, crossed and tested the apparatus; then:

"It does not lock," he reported. "There is some fault. This man must have known of it."

"But why did he speak to me?"

"To find out if you could identify him!"

"Very daring."

"I agree with you, sir. I must report this. A dangerous man is evidently about the hotel."

There was a bottle of Pilsener on the writing-table, so, taking it up:

"A glass of beer?" I suggested.

The night-watchman immediately sprang to attention.

"Thank you, sir, but contrary to orders."

One might have replied, "Nobody will be the wiser," or "What does it matter?" But, looking into hard blue eyes I said:

"You are an old soldier?"

"I had the honor of being a sergeant in the Prussian Guard, sir."

As I had "had the honor of being" a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, the situation did not lack drama, or comedy. But never a ghost of a smile disturbed the speaker's grim lips.

"Orders are orders," said I, and put the bottle down. "Good-night, Sergeant."

"Thank you, sir," he replied, and clicked his heels. "Good-night, sir."

He turned smartly, ducked his head, and went out, under the half-raised shutter. I heard his regular footsteps grow faint upon gravel paths.

If discipline could have conquered Europe, I reflected, then today Europe would certainly be one vast German Empire. I had never before met a night worker who could decline a bottle of beer at four o'clock in the morning!

MY SHUTTERS were as safe as I could make them from outside interference when I turned in again; and my sleep was not disturbed a second time.

I breakfasted on the balcony, as was my custom, watching early promenaders in wooded paths beside the tiny river and trying to reconcile the morning beauty of this sheltered valley with the nightly terror of the Voice.

"You have two days . . ."

Already, I regretted having confided so much of the facts respecting my nocturnal visitor to the watchman. I had on my breakfast table a note from the management respectfully requesting an interview.

As I poured out a second cup of coffee and stared in the direction of Lichtenthaler Allée, I saw a slim figure moving through the trees with peculiar grace. That proud, slender body could belong to no one else but Madame Yburg. I was not mistaken. And she was coming toward the hotel.

Ideas—fantastic and horrible—entered my mind. I flogged my memory for details of the shape I had seen, or thought I had seen, on this very balcony in the night. The man, the man who had spoken to me out of the shadows, might have been no more than an accomplice—his task to cover the retreat of . . . the other!

She saw me presently, waved her hand, and went on to where a bridge spanned the stream. I was lighting a cigarette when she came around an angle of the hotel and walked along a gravel path to the balcony.

"Good morning," I said. "You don't look as though you had a late night."

"I didn't," she replied, and tapped at the gravel with a light stick which she carried. "I was so terribly bored! I escaped. It was mean of you to desert me."

I MET the glance of her unfathomable eyes. They were slightly oblique, which always defeats me.

"What could I do? Mr. Kluster is a most alarming dragon."

"No." She was watching me all the time and her gaze was disconcerting. "I had to be victimized, I suppose. What are you doing with yourself today?"

Now, this seemingly normal inquiry held for me a sinister meaning. I had been afoot early, and I had obtained in the town a handbook which dealt with local history. It lay before me now. Particularly, I had sought for information respecting the older tombs in the cemetery. The shopman had been able to help me and to augment the facts.

I had learned from this valuable handbook that the last of the once powerful Felsenweir family was buried approximately at the spot where that winged horror had alighted. The cypress-shadowed mausoleum which I had approached was in fact the family vault of the Felsenweirs. Their great hold in the hills was today a ruin and all but inaccessible.

"There are strange stories about Felsenweir Castle," the salesman had told me.

He was a Dutchman and did not display the extraordinary reticence upon the subject of the Black Forest "vampires" which hitherto I had met with.

"Anything to do with recent rumors?"

The man's light blue eyes had lighted up.

"Absolutely. The poor fellow who was found dead in the forest lay on the borders of the Felsenweir woods. The giant bat you may have heard about was seen in the same neighborhood. . . ."

Putting two and two together, and studying an excellent map which I had obtained from my informant, I had arrived at the conclusion that a nearer view of Felsenweir was indicated. Approach to the castle ruins was next to impossible, I was told. The property was held by a trust and the surrounding woods were strictly private.

But I had made a plan, and now:

"What are (*Continued on page 52*)

Now—at 25¢ the large tube— the ideal tooth paste

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c *for a large tube.* It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles. Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

We ask you to try this paste not only for the marked saving (quite substantial in a large family) but for its delightful and speedy cleansing. Get a tube at your druggist's today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Handkerchiefs, silk stockings, a boutonniere, etc., with the money you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The average saving is $3 per year per person. Think how that increases when the family is large!

Summer Lightning

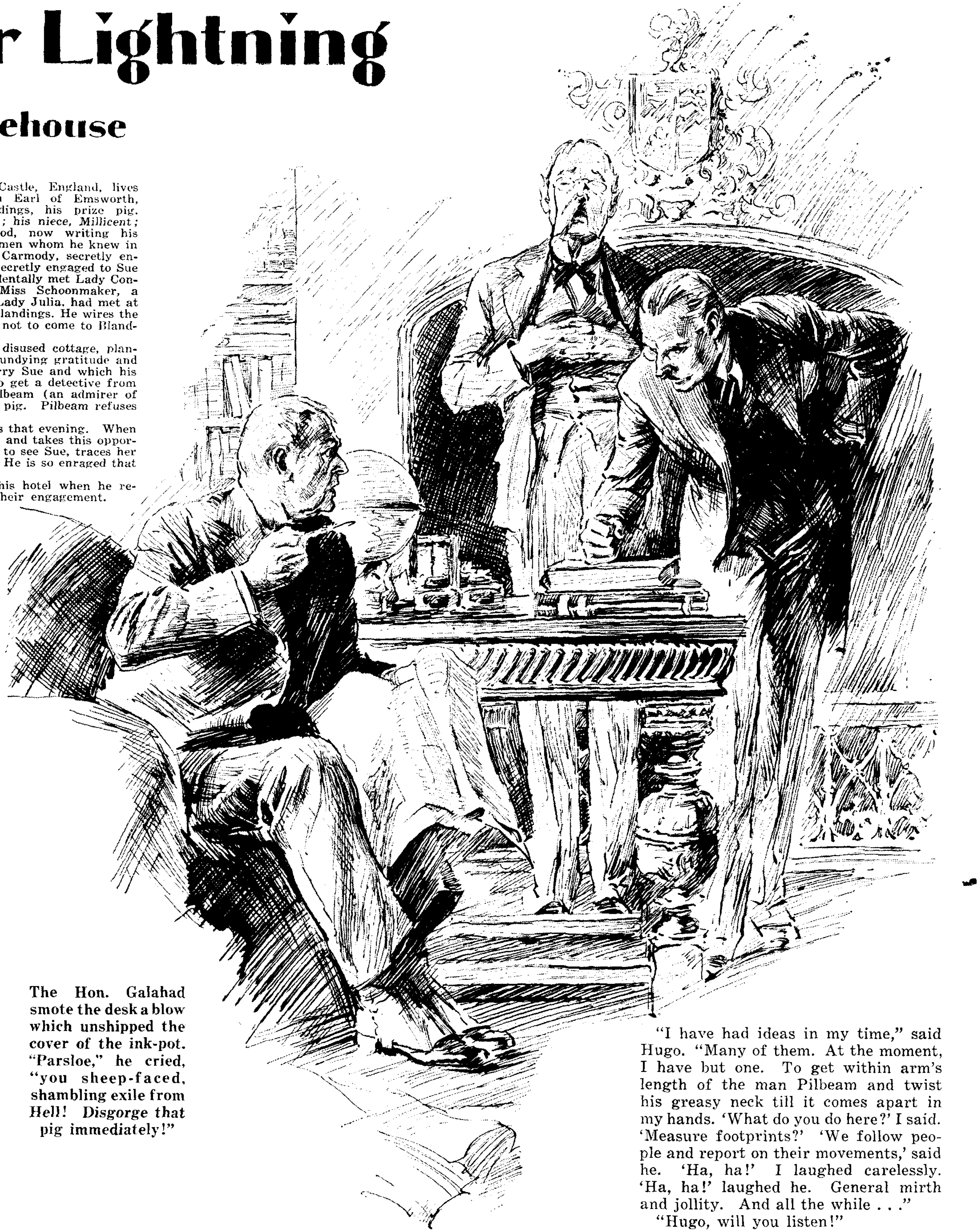
By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far: In Blandings Castle, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig. With him live his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, *Millicent*; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, now writing his Reminiscences to the dismay of many respectable men whom he knew in their young and wild days; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent; and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl. When Ronnie and Sue accidentally met Lady Constance in London, Ronnie introduced Sue as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl whom he and his mother, Lady Julia, had met at Biarritz and whom Lady Julia invited to visit at Blandings. He wires the real Miss Schoonmaker in Lady Constance's name not to come to Blandings because of an epidemic there.

Ronnie steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his uncle's undying gratitude and a share of his own capital which he needs to marry Sue and which his uncle holds as trustee. Hugo is sent to London to get a detective from the Argus Inquiry Agency, Mgr. P. Frobisher Pilbeam (an admirer of Sue's whom she has avoided meeting), to find the pig. Pilbeam refuses to take the case.

Hugo and Sue are dining and dancing at Mario's that evening. When he goes out to telephone Millicent, Pilbeam appears and takes this opportunity to approach Sue. Ronnie, come to London to see Sue, traces her to Mario's and arrives while Pilbeam is with her. He is so enraged that he breaks their engagement.

The next day Sue is lunching with Hugo at his hotel when he receives a telephone call from Millicent, breaking their engagement.



The Hon. Galahad smote the desk a blow which unshipped the cover of the ink-pot. "Parsloe," he cried, "you sheep-faced, shambling exile from Hell! Disgorge that pig immediately!"

VI

SUE stared at Hugo, bewildered.

"Broken off the engagement?"

"Broken off the engagement."

In moments of stress, the foolish question is always the one that comes uppermost in the mind.

"Are you sure?"

Hugo emitted a sound which resembled the bursting of a paper bag. He would have said himself, if asked, that he was laughing mirthlessly.

"Sure? Not much doubt about it."

"But why?"

"She knows all."

"All what?"

"Everything, you poor fish," said Hugo, forgetting in a strong man's agony the polish of the Carmodys. "She's found out that I took you to dinner last night."

"What!"

"She has."

"But how?"

The paper bag exploded again. A look of intense bitterness came into Hugo's face.

"If ever I meet that slimy, slinking marcell-waved by-product Pilbeam again," he said, "let him commend his soul to God! If he has time," he added.

He took the brandy-and-soda from the waiter, and eyed Sue dully.

"Anything on similar lines for you?"

"No, thanks."

"Just as you like. It's not easy for a man in my position to realize," said Hugo, drinking deeply, "that refusing a brandy-and-soda is possible. I shouldn't have said, offhand, that it could be done."

Sue was a warm-hearted girl. In the tragedy of this announcement she had almost forgotten her own troubles.

"Tell me all about it, Hugo."

He put down the empty glass.

"I CAME up from Blandings yesterday," he said, "to interview the Argus Inquiry Agency on the subject of sending a man down to investigate the theft of Lord Emsworth's pig."

Sue would have liked to hear more about this pig, but she knew that this was no time for questions.

"I went to the Argus and saw this wen Pilbeam, who runs it."

Again Sue would have liked to speak. Once more she refrained. She felt as if she were at a sick bed, hearing a dying man's last words. On such occasions one does not interrupt.

"Meanwhile," proceeded Hugo tonelessly, "Millicent, suspecting—and I am surprised at her having a mind like that; I always looked on her as a pure, white soul—suspecting that I might be up to something in London, got the Argus on the long-distance telephone and told them to follow my movements and report to her. And, apparently, just before she called me up, she had been talking to them on the wire and getting their statement.

"All this she revealed to me in short, burning sentences, and then she said that if I thought we were still engaged, I could have three more guesses. But to save me trouble, she would tell me the right answer, viz.: No wedding-bells for me. And to think," said Hugo, picking up the glass and putting it down again, after inspection, with a hurt and disappointed look, "that I actually rallied this growth Pilbeam on the subject of following people and reporting on their movements. Yes, I assure you, rallied him blithely. Just as I was leaving his office, we kidded merrily back and forth. And then I went out into the world, happy and carefree, little knowing that my every step was dogged by a blasted bloodhound. Well, all I can say is that, if Ronnie wants this Pilbeam's gore, and I gather that he does, he will jolly well have to wait till I've helped myself."

Sue, womanlike, blamed the woman.

"I don't think Millicent can be a very nice girl," she said, primly.

"An angel," said Hugo. "Always was. Celebrated for it. I don't blame her."

"I do."

"I don't."

"I do."

"WELL, have it your own way," said Hugo handsomely. He beckoned to the waiter. "Another of the same, please."

"This settles it," said Sue.

Her eyes were sparkling. Her chin had a resolute tilt.

"Settles what?"

"While you were at the telephone, I had an idea."

"I have had ideas in my time," said Hugo. "Many of them. At the moment, I have but one. To get within arm's length of the man Pilbeam and twist his greasy neck till it comes apart in my hands. 'What do you do here?' I said. 'Measure footprints?' 'We follow people and report on their movements,' said he. 'Ha, ha!' I laughed carelessly. 'Ha, ha!' laughed he. General mirth and jollity. And all the while . . ."

"Hugo, will you listen!"

"And this is the bitter thought that now strikes me. What chance have I of scooping out the man's insides with my bare hands? I've got to go back to Blandings on the two-fifteen, or I lose my job. Leaving him unscathed in his bally lair, chuckling over my downfall and following some other poor devil's movements."

"Hugo!"

The broken man passed a weary hand over his forehead.

"You spoke?"

"I've been speaking for the last ten minutes, only you won't listen."

"Say on," said Hugo, listlessly starting on the second restorative.

"Have you ever heard of a Miss Schoonmaker?"

"I seem to know the name. Who is she?"

"Me."

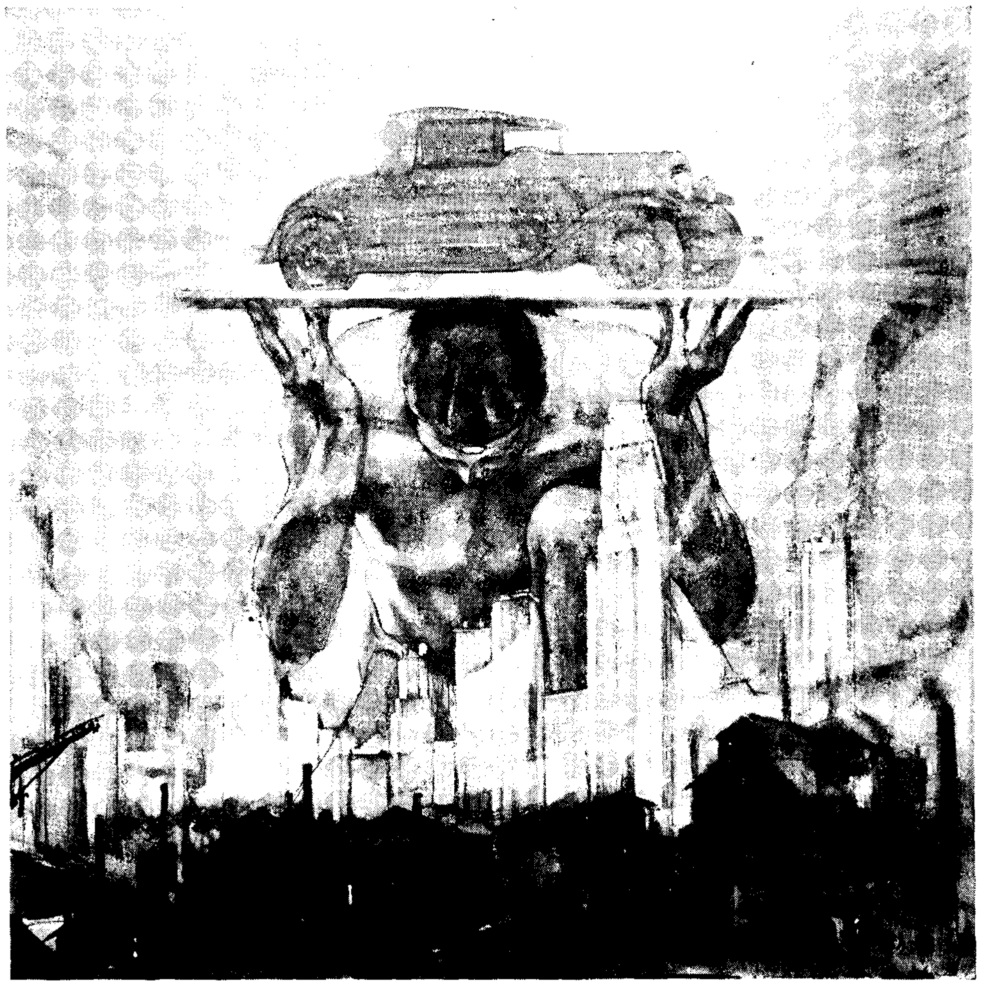
Hugo lowered his glass, pained.

"Don't talk drip to a broken-hearted man," he begged. "What do you mean?"

"When Ronnie (*Continued on page 24*)

VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

FORGING AHEAD TO NEW GOALS



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But there is something even more important back of Buick's quarter-century of leadership. And that is the spirit of progress which permeates the Buick organization.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM was driving me in his car, we met Lady Constance."

"A blister," said Hugo. "Always was. Generally admitted all over Shropshire."

"She thought I was this Miss Schoonmaker."

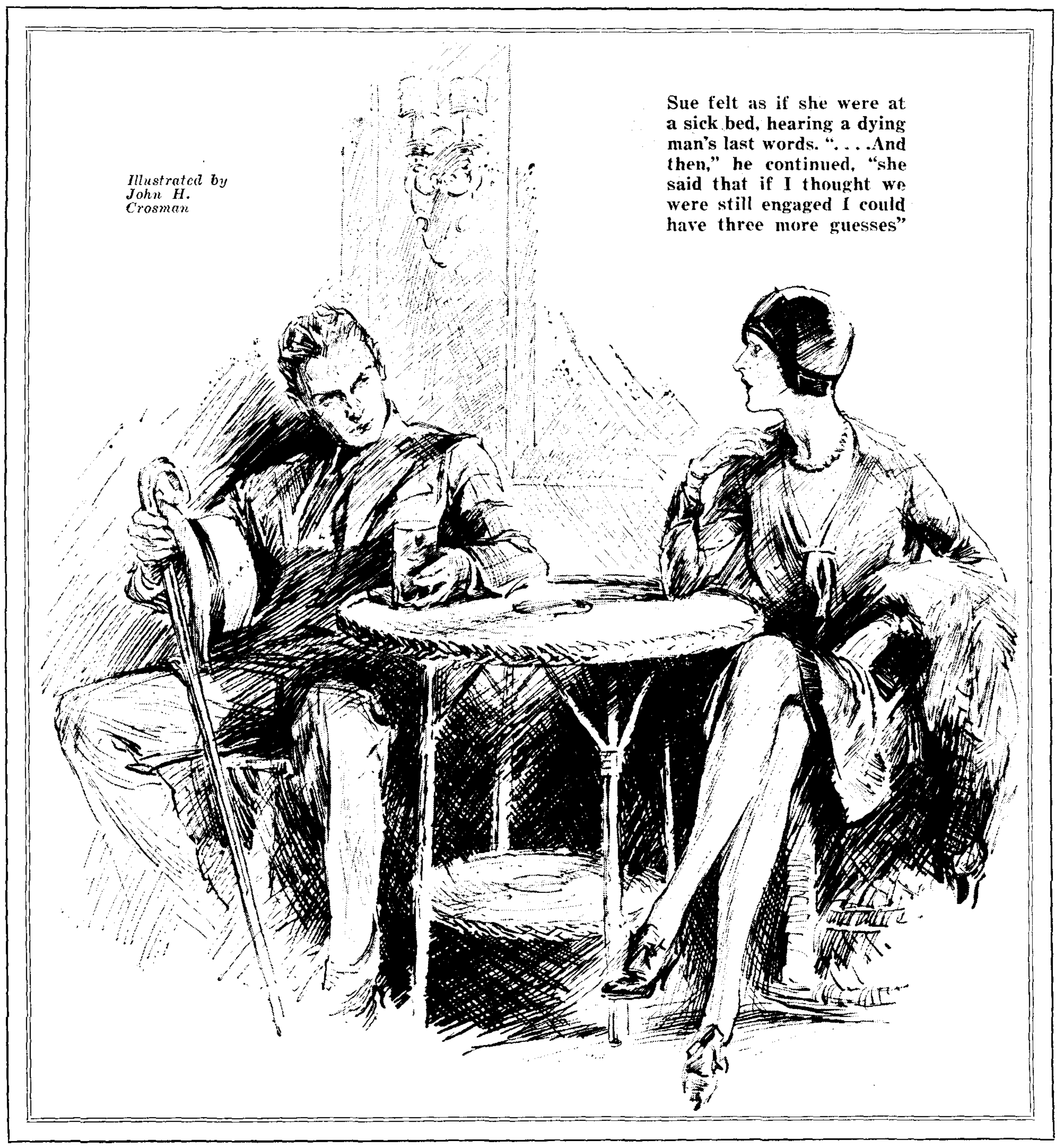
"Why?"

"Because Ronnie said I was."

Hugo sighed hopelessly.

"Complex. Complex. My God! How complex."

"It was quite simple and natural. Ronnie had just been telling me about this girl—how he had met her at Biarritz and that she was coming to Blandings and so on, and when he saw Lady Constance looking at me with frightful suspicion it suddenly occurred to him to say that I was her."



Sue felt as if she were at a sick bed, hearing a dying man's last words. ". . . .And then," he continued, "she said that if I thought we were still engaged I could have three more guesses"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"That you were Lady Constance?"

"No, idiot. Miss Schoonmaker. And now I'm going to wire her—Lady Constance, not Miss Schoonmaker, in case you were going to ask—saying that I'm coming to Blandings right away."

"Pretending to be Miss Schoonmaker?"

"Yes."

He shook his head.

"Imposs."

"Why?"

"Absolutely out of the q."

"Why? Lady Constance is expecting me. Do be sensible."

"I'm being sensible all right. But somebody is gibbering and, naming no names, it's you. Don't you realize that, just as you reach the front door, this, Miss Schoonmaker will arrive in person, dishing the whole thing?"

"No, she won't."

"Why won't she?"

"Because Ronnie sent her a telegram, in Lady Constance's name, saying that there's scarlet fever or something at Blandings and she wasn't to come."

Hugo's air of the superior critic fell from him like a garment. He sat up in his chair. So moved was he that he spilled his brandy-and-soda and did not give it so much as a look of regret. He let it soak into the carpet, unheeded.

"Sue!"

"Once I'm at Blandings, I shall be able to see Ronnie and make him be sensible."

"That's right."

"And then you'll be able to tell Millicent that there couldn't have been much harm in my being out with you last night, because I'm engaged to Ronnie."

"That's right, too."

"Can you see any flaws?"

"Not a flaw."

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, you'll give the whole thing away five minutes after I have arrived by calling me Sue."

Hugo waved an arm buoyantly.

"Don't give the possibility another thought," he said. "If I do, I'll cover it up adroitly by saying I meant 'Schoo.' Short for Schoonmaker. And now go and send her another telegram. Keep on sending telegrams. Leave nothing to chance. Send a dozen and pitch it strong. Say that Blandings Castle is ravaged with disease. Not merely scarlet fever. Scarlet fever *and* mumps. Not to mention housemaid's knee, diabetes, measles, shingles, and the botts. We're onto a big thing, my Susan. Let us push it along."

SUNSHINE, calling to all right-thinking men to come out and revel in its heartening warmth, poured in at the windows of the great library of Blandings Castle. But to Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, much as he liked sunshine as a rule, it brought no cheer. His face drawn, his pince-nez askew, his tie drooping away from its stud like a languorous lily, he sat staring sightlessly before him. He looked like something that has just been prepared for stuffing by a taxidermist.

A moralist, watching Lord Emsworth in his travail, would have reflected smugly that it cuts both ways, this business of being a peer of the realm with large private means and a good digestion. Unalloyed prosperity, he would have pointed out in his offensive way, tends to enervate; and in this world of ours, full of alarms and uncertainties, where almost anything is apt to drop suddenly on top of your head without warning at almost any moment, what one needs is to be tough and alert.

When some outstanding disaster happens to the ordinary man, it finds him prepared. Years of missing the 8:45, taking the dog for a run on rainy nights, endeavoring to abate smoky chimneys and coming down to breakfast and discovering that they have burned the bacon again, have given his soul a protective hardness, so that by the time his wife's relations arrive for a long visit he is ready for them.

Lord Emsworth had had none of this salutary training. Fate, hitherto, had seemed to spend its time thinking up ways of pampering him. He ate well, slept well, and had no money troubles. He grew the best roses in Shropshire. He had won a first prize for pumpkins at that county's Agricultural Show, a thing no Earl of Emsworth had ever done before. And, just previous to the point at which this chronicle opens, his younger son Frederick had married the daughter of an American millionaire and had gone to live three thousand miles away from Blandings Castle, with lots of good, deep water in between him and it. He had come to look on himself as Fate's spoiled darling.

CAN we wonder, then, that in the agony of this sudden, treacherous blow he felt stunned and looked eviscerated? Is it surprising that the sunshine made no appeal to him? May we not consider him justified, as he sat there, in swallowing a lump in his throat like an ostrich gulping down a brass doorknob?

The answer to these questions, in the order given, is No, No, and Yes.

The door of the library opened, revealing the natty person of his brother Galahad. Lord Emsworth straightened his pince-nez and looked at him apprehensively. Knowing how little reverence there was in the Hon. Galahad's composition and how tepid was his interest in the honorable struggle for supremacy of Fat Pigs, he feared that the other was about to wound him in his bereavement with some jarring flippancy. Then his gaze softened and he was conscious of a soothing feeling of relief. There was no frivolity in his brother's face, only a gravity which became him well.

The Hon. Galahad sat down, hitched up the knees of his trousers, cleared his throat, and spoke in a tone that could not have been more sympathetic or in better taste.

"Bad business, this, Clarence."

"Appalling, my dear fellow."

"What are you going to do *about* it?"

Lord Emsworth shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He generally did when people asked him what he was going to do about things.

"I am at a loss," he confessed. "I do not know how to act. What young Carmody tells me has completely upset all my plans."

"Carmody?"

"I sent him to the Argus Inquiry Agency in London to engage the service of a detective. It is a firm that Sir Gregory Parsloe once mentioned to me, in the days when we were on better terms. He said, in rather a meaning way, I thought, that if ever I had any trouble of any sort that needed expert and tactful handling, these were the people to go to. I gathered that they had assisted him in some matter the details of which he did not confide to me, and had given complete satisfaction."

"Parsloe!" said the Hon. Galahad, and sniffed.

"So I sent young Carmody to London to approach them about finding the Empress. And now he tells me that his errand proved fruitless. They were firm in their refusal to trace missing pigs."

"Just as well."

"What do you mean?"

"Save you a lot of unnecessary expense. There's no need for you to waste money employing detectives."

"I thought that possibly the trained mind. . . ."

"I can tell you who's got the Empress. I've known it all along."

"What!"

"Certainly."

"Galahad!"

"It's as plain as the nose on your face."

Lord Emsworth felt his nose.

"Is it?" he said doubtfully.

"I've just been talking to Constance. . ."

"Constance?"

(Continued on page 57)

"Analyzes changing Business Trends"

RICHARD GRANT, President,
Lehigh Valley Coal Corporation

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The DeHavilland Moth with slotted wings,—shown at right—is famed as the world's safest aeroplane. Hit the ball hard enough during this week and you win this beautiful plane whether you want it or not.

Whether you win this marvelous trophy and join aviation's great fraternity of premier sportsmen as an individual, or whether you become the club's "sugar daddy" and make it a proud combination of golf and *aero*-club, this unique event for the highest-flying trophy ever offered John J. Golfer will be the most interesting, most widely discussed and most enjoyable competition you ever entered. And—it's free!!

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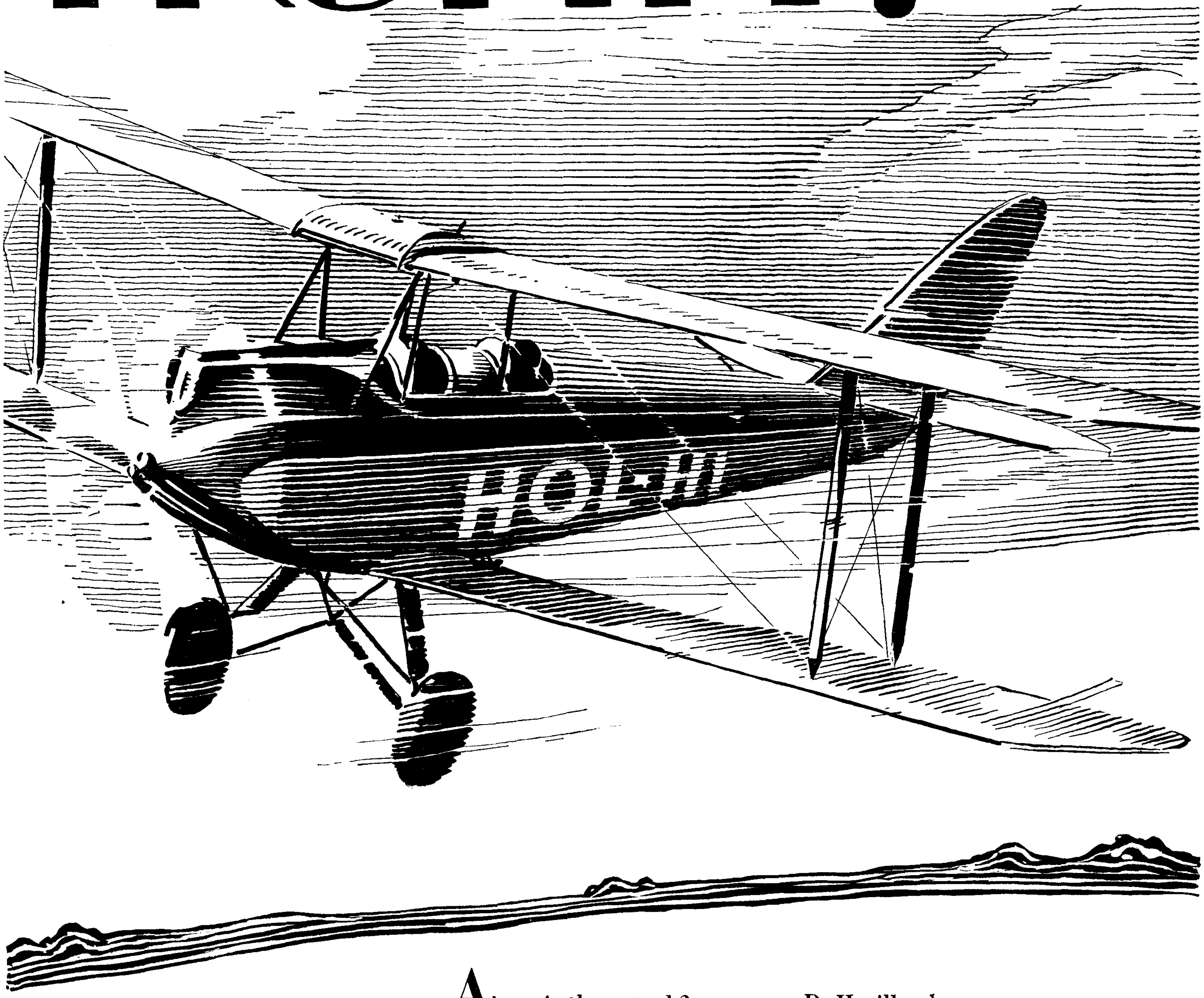

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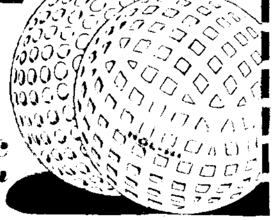

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"The Keeper of the Bees"

or, Grant on Diamond and Gridiron

By Ring Lardner

It isn't ef y'u win er loose, honeh, it's haow y'u play the game. And doesn't Dr. Lardner know it as he sets out to be biographer of Grantland ("Honey Boy") Rice, bee-keeper, sports-lover, father and southern gentleman

HORACE GRANTLAND RICE, to give him his full name, has recently taken up bee culture, not with a view to increasing his earnings, which are said to exceed $5,000.00 per annum, but as a means of filling in his spare time, of which he has more than a plethora and which hangs heavily on his soft, sleek hands.

"You'll get stung!" warned his friends when he confided his new project.

"It won't be the first time," retorted Dr. Rice, who has something of the clown in his make-up.

So far, luckily, he has evaded the onslaughts of the bumbled tribe, but his kiddies have fared badly and the youngest daughter bears so many of the insects' trade marks that her baby companions call her Welt Mignon.

The apiary embraces two adjoining bedrooms of the doctor's town house at the corner of Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street, a house that compels the admiration of architectural connoisseurs though it is nothing more or less than a rebuilt, remodeled pushcart, done over, added to, painted and decorated by Dr. Rice himself. Celebrated home-designers, seeing it for the first time, have exclaimed as one man: "He a sports writer! Vell! Vell!"

All in a Day's Work

The doctor has set aside the hours between midnight and four o'clock in the morning, when his children are out taking their exercise, to attend to his bees. Unaided, he feeds them, shaves them and gives them their baths, then tucks them in bed with their bottle and sings them to sleep with an improvised lullaby such as, "Bee-lieve me if all youse endearing young swarms," etc.

The Rices have never been able to think of a suitable name for their Harlem abode. Mrs. Rice, a cynic, says: "Ef we vas back at quatre-cinquante rue de Riverside, eet vould be tres seemple; we could name heem Bee Flat."

His chores done, Dr. Rice paces the hall aimlessly, wondering how to spend the time until noon, when he tears up his mail, writes a couple of columns for the New York Herald-Tribune syndicate, does an article for Collier's, makes a first draft of the evening's radio speech, *turns out an editorial, two poems and* a few essays for The American Golfer, plots or titles a sport picture, changes the beds, empties the ash trays, gets lunch and starts for New Haven or St. Louis or wherever they are playing that day.

In golfing weather (three or more degrees above zero and not quite enough rain to carry away the Fifty-ninth Street bridge), thirty-six holes, often fifty-four, at Deepdale or the National, serve to occupy moments that would otherwise be wasted in fretting or stomping around the house, penning mischievous anonymous letters to brokers and working girls, or calling someone on the telephone and saying "Boo!" when the party answers.

Of late years it has been difficult for the doctor to get somebody to play golf with him or even to obtain a caddy. He is the antithesis of Bobby Jones, another southerner, in that Bobby had to curb a violent temper before he became the so-so golfer he is today, whereas Dr. Rice, calm and easy-going when he took up the game, is now a riproaring rowdy the instant he steps on the first tee, niblick in hand. Opponents are *accused of some breach of the rules and* compelled to play all their good shots over again or face a veritable volcano of vilification, while many a caddy has staggered home with a broken jaw for a tip because the doctor did not allow for a worm cast in a water hazard. It is estimated that if all the pieces of golf clubs, smashed and hurled aside by this bird in one of his tantrums, were gathered together in a heap, passers-by would snuggle against one another and make some sort of demonstration.

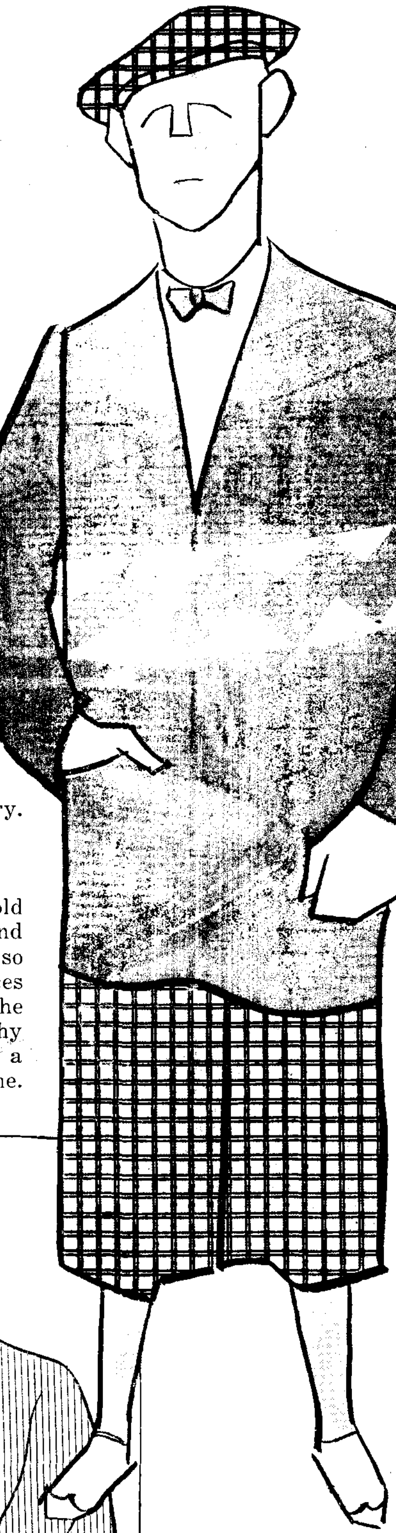
On evenings when he is scheduled to broadcast, Horace abstains from solid food at dinner for fear a can of sardines or a T-bone will stick in his throat. He usually discourses on topics of universal interest such as The Future of Toy Balloons or Bird Calls; Should They Be Returned? Madame Rice and the Kiddies spend these evenings at home with the refrigerating machine turned on so the radio won't work.

On other nights he plays triple-dummy contract bridge with his wife. He is considered the most reliable and consistent bidder in the history of the game, invariably saying "One club" regardless of previous declarations. He has thus come to be known around the big hotels and fire stations as "One-Club" Rice, but he just laughs as much as to say, "Goodness!"

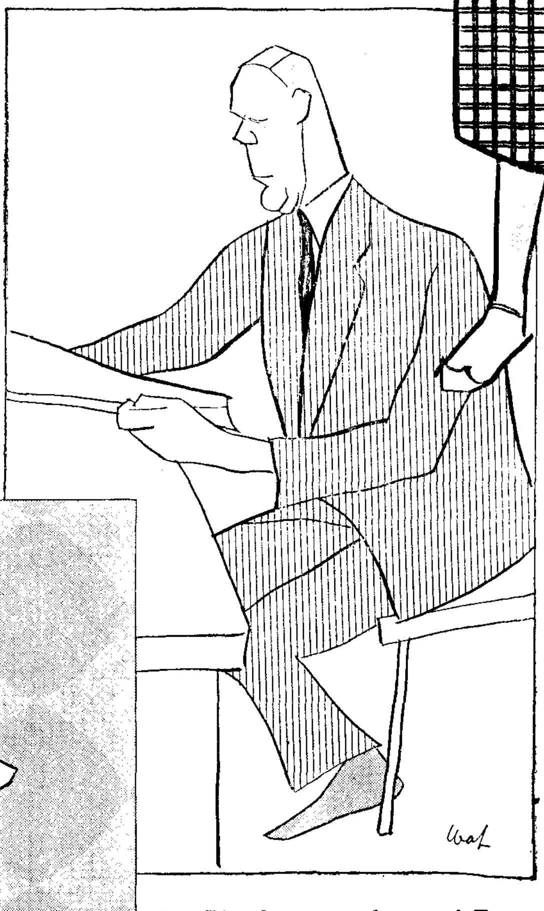
When the cards have been thrown on the floor for the night, Dr. Rice practices his music. He is skilled performer with the viola, gittern, flugelhorn, tuning fork, soup spoon, sousaphone, doodlesack, humming top and barrel-organ and sometimes plays them all at once until his one-man orchestra attracts a crowd of other musi*cians whose melodies come whis*tling through the windows past the good doctor's ears and find lodgment in the walls or upholstery.

An Unfortunate Childhood

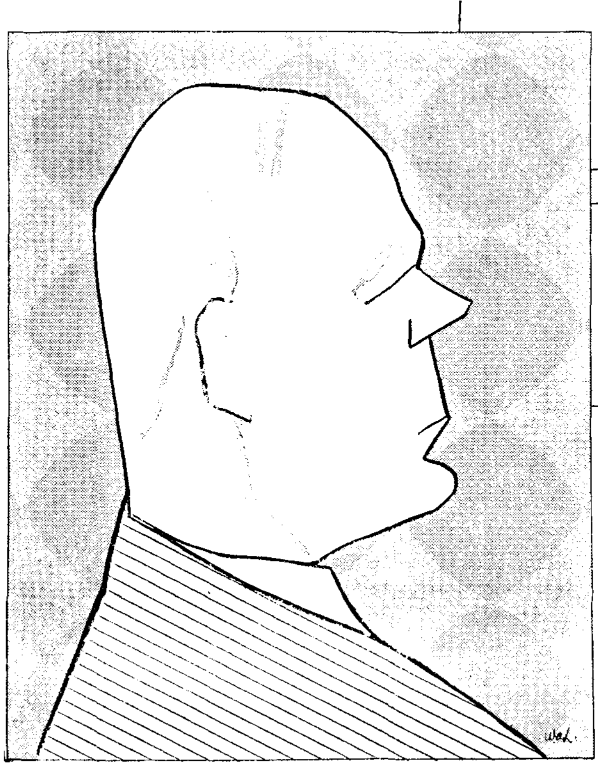
Dr. Rice is a scion of the real old Southern aristocracy and can pick and choose his New York associates, yet so varied are his tastes and acquaintances that one night will find him leading the cotillion with one of the McCarthy Sisters and the next night attending a symphony concert with the other one.



Of late it has been difficult for the doctor to get somebody to play golf with him



Dr. Rice began work as a baseball reporter on the Atlanta Journal



Mr. Rice has been nearly everywhere and has met every important figure in sporting circles

Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

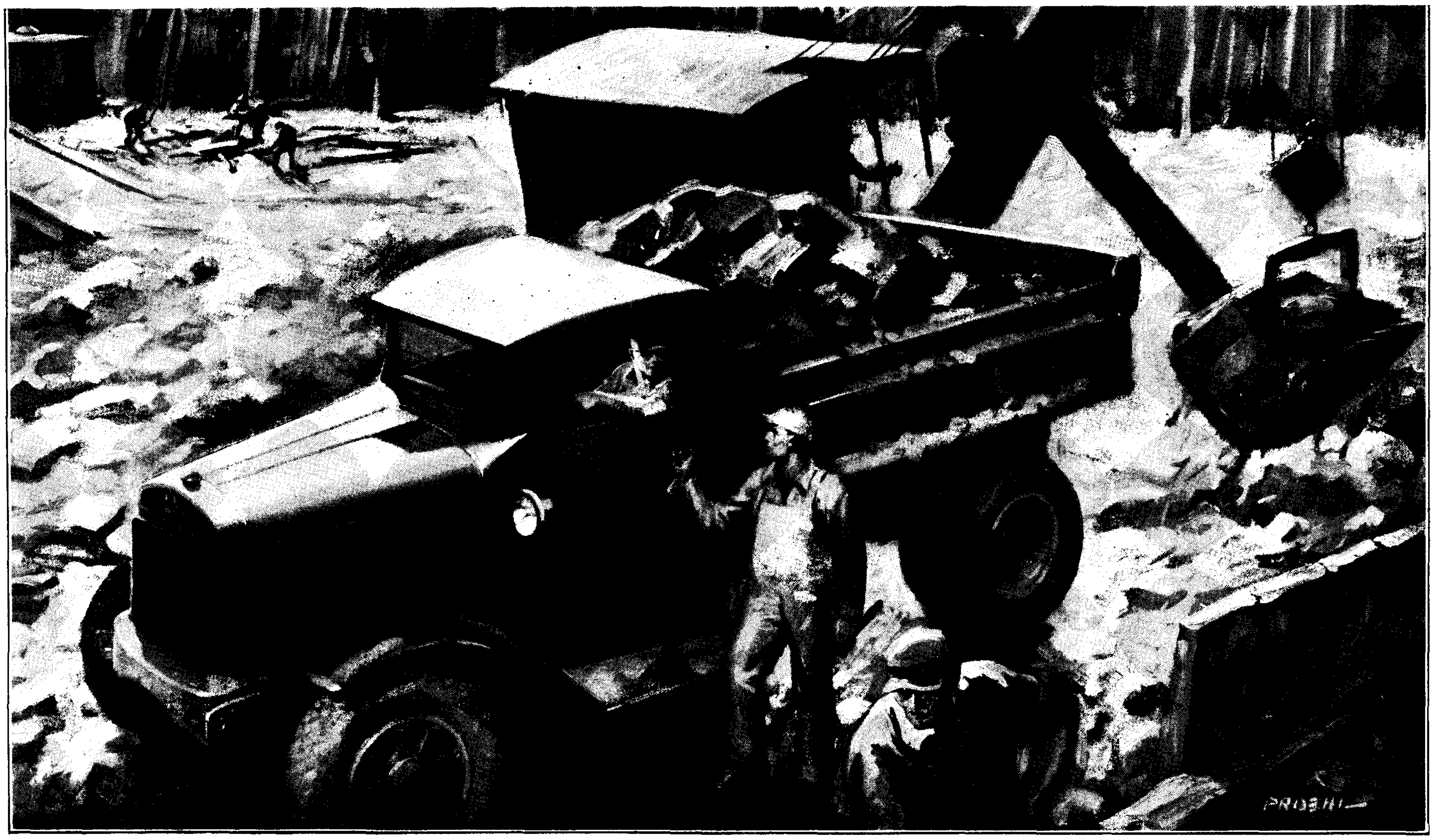
The Rices are invited out two or three times a season, but they make mock of the term "southern hospitality" either by not inviting you to their house or actually asking you and then, when you ring their doorbell, putting out all the lights, pretending they are asleep and unleashing their mammoth police dog, who will not bite a Portuguese sailor but is otherwise impartial.

The subject of this sketch was born in the footholds of Tennessee, outside Nashville. There were no taxis in those days and the little fellow had to go to and from Vanderbilt University in a negligée. He managed to learn to write English, but he no spik it even yet.

Dr. Rice began work as a baseball reporter on the Atlanta Journal and soon became engaged to one of the raving Hollis girls of Americus, a town now said to be extinct. Tennessee and Georgia are both Southern states, yet there is a vast (*Continued on page 56*)

INTERNATIONAL

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS–



—or an afternoon

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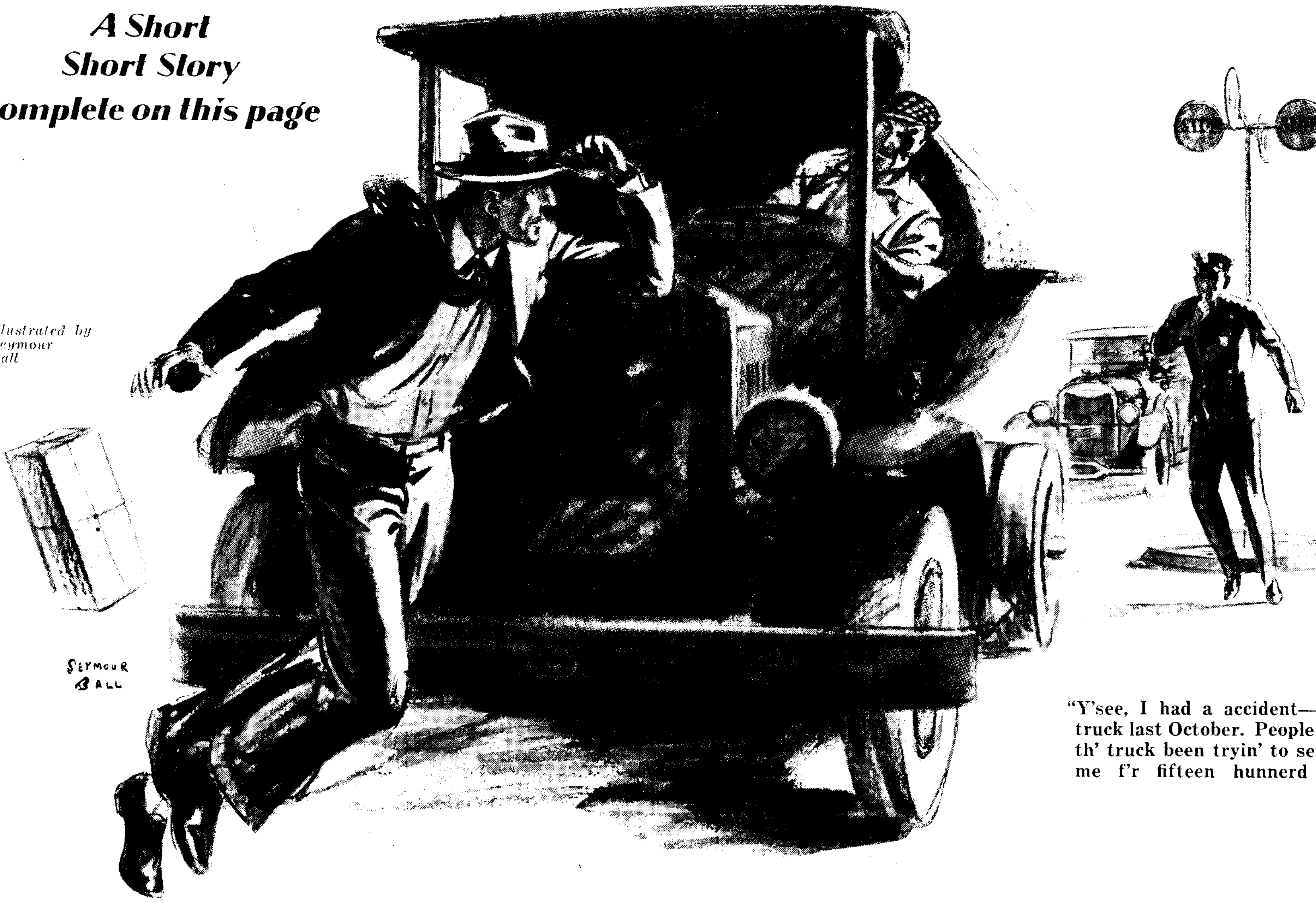
A Short Short Story complete on this page



"Y'see, I had a accident—hit by a truck last October. People 't owned th' truck been tryin' to settle with me f'r fifteen hunnerd dollars"

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

Somebody's Manna

By Stanley Tipton

J. HUNTINGTON TATE, attorney and counselor-at-law, was in good spirits—in exceedingly good spirits.

Immaculately attired, plump and healthy, he was a picture of prosperous perfection as he swung into the office some thirty minutes after the scheduled hour for opening.

He greeted his associates with gracious dignity and retired immediately to his private room where he sank into pleasant meditation.

His unseeing eyes swept abstractedly around the unattractive room. As they slipped into focus, he frowned and then sighed prodigiously. The worn and faded rug, the dingy oak desk with numerous cigarette burns about the edges and the hard, straight-backed chairs fell under his wandering glance. He shuddered. What a gloomy setting!

Knuckles rapped sharply on his door. When it swung open, Tate was reading one of the scattered papers on his desk. So absorbed was he that apparently he had not heard the knock nor noticed the opening of the door.

His caller, however, was only a boy, a freckle-faced boy with a friendly mouth, who stood hesitantly on the threshold. When an appreciable amount of time had elapsed, J. Huntington lifted his eyes.

"Well?" he boomed.

"My name's Jimmie, Jimmie Martin, sir," said the lad, bashfully. "I'm the new office boy. An' the's a man outside here, on crutches. He came in to see Mr. Sloan but Mr. Sloan ain't in. He wants to see a lawyer right now. Will you talk to him, sir?"

Tate frowned, glanced at his watch, drummed on the desk with his fingers and said resignedly, "Oh, very well, show him in."

The man's right leg was off at the knee. He sat down gingerly.

"You wanted to see Mr. Sloan?" Tate asked.

"Yes sir," was the answer.

"Do you know Mr. Sloan, or did someone refer you to him?" asked Tate.

"I don't exactly know him, no sir," was the reply. "I don't know no lawyers. Never had no occasion."

"Someone recommended Mr. Sloan?"

"No sir, y'see, I heard Mr. Sloan try a case once. I was on the jury an' I seen right away that he was a good lawyer. . . ."

"And so you looked him up when you got in trouble yourself, eh?" said J. Huntington, with an easy smile. "Well, now suppose you tell me the trouble."

"Y'see I had a accident—hit by a truck last October—been in the hospital ever since," said the man. "They finally had to take my leg off. Now I'm out an' broke. Neighbors been lookin' after th' wife an' kids but they can't do it no longer. People 't owned th' truck been tryin' to settle with me f'r fifteen hunnerd dollars. I think my leg's worth more'n that—"

"Who owned the truck?"

"City Oil Company."

J. Huntington moistened his lips.

"How did the accident occur?" he asked.

THE man told him in detail. "It was all the fault o' th' truck an' I can prove it," he concluded. "I got two witnesses—one of em's th' cop on th' beat."

Tate swallowed. He wondered whether Sloan had arrived yet. He hoped not.

"Hm, too bad Sloan isn't in," he said. "I think you've a good case. And somebody ought to get right after those people for you. Fifteen hundred indeed! It's outrageous. You ought to start suit right away. You could get a preferred trial on the ground of poverty."

J. Huntington turned back to the work on his desk. "Too bad," he added reflectively. "Sloan might not be in for a couple of days. He likes to take it a bit easy, you know."

"Well I don't want no easy-goin' lawyer," said the man promptly. "I want a feller that'll git up an' hustle."

He sat for several minutes in troubled thought.

"Listen, Mister," he said finally. "My kids is hungry. This Mr. Sloan looked to be a sympathetic sort o' feller—that's th' main reason I come to him. I figgered if I give him this case on a fifty-fifty he might make me a little loan to sort o' tide me over. I'd as lief give it to you an' get things started sooner, if you'll help me out."

Tate licked his lips again.

"How much do you think you would need," he asked, "to tide you over?"

"I think I could manage f'r a couple of months with a hunnerd dollars," was the reply. "Then you'll take my case, will you?"

"Yes," said J. Huntington.

He opened his wallet and counted out one hundred dollars. He passed the bills across the desk. He then filled out a blank form and passed that over also.

"Sign your name to that retainer," he said. "Now please get this straight," he added. "This transaction is perfectly all right and I'm glad to be able to help you, but I'd rather you didn't tell anyone that your lawyer loaned money to you. You probably never heard of champerty or maintenance but the Bar Association is quite fussy about such things."

"Yes sir," said the man.

Bill, the head office boy, was giving Jimmie some needed instructions at the buzzer board when J. Huntington's visitor clumped out.

"Who's he been to see?" asked Bill.

"He come in lookin' f'r Mr. Sloan," replied Jimmie. "Mr. Sloan wasn't in an' he says he's gotta see a lawyer right away so I took him in to see Mr. Tate."

"Well, don't never do that no more," said Bill. "Don't never take nobody else's client in to that four-flusher. He'd steal a client off'n his own brother, the big—"

"Sh!" whispered Jimmie.

TATE was approaching. He looked positively benign. He was humming—tunelessly but cheerfully.

"Tum ti tum," went his lips. "Manna, sweet manna from Heaven," ran his thoughts, "tum tum ti tum—leg off, fifty-fifty—tum ti tum— Oh, the poor little City Oil Company, tum ti tum ti tum."

The outer door opened and Sloan strode in. Tate's humming stopped abruptly.

"Hello, Tate," said Sloan.

"Good morning, Mr. Sloan," said J. Huntington blandly.

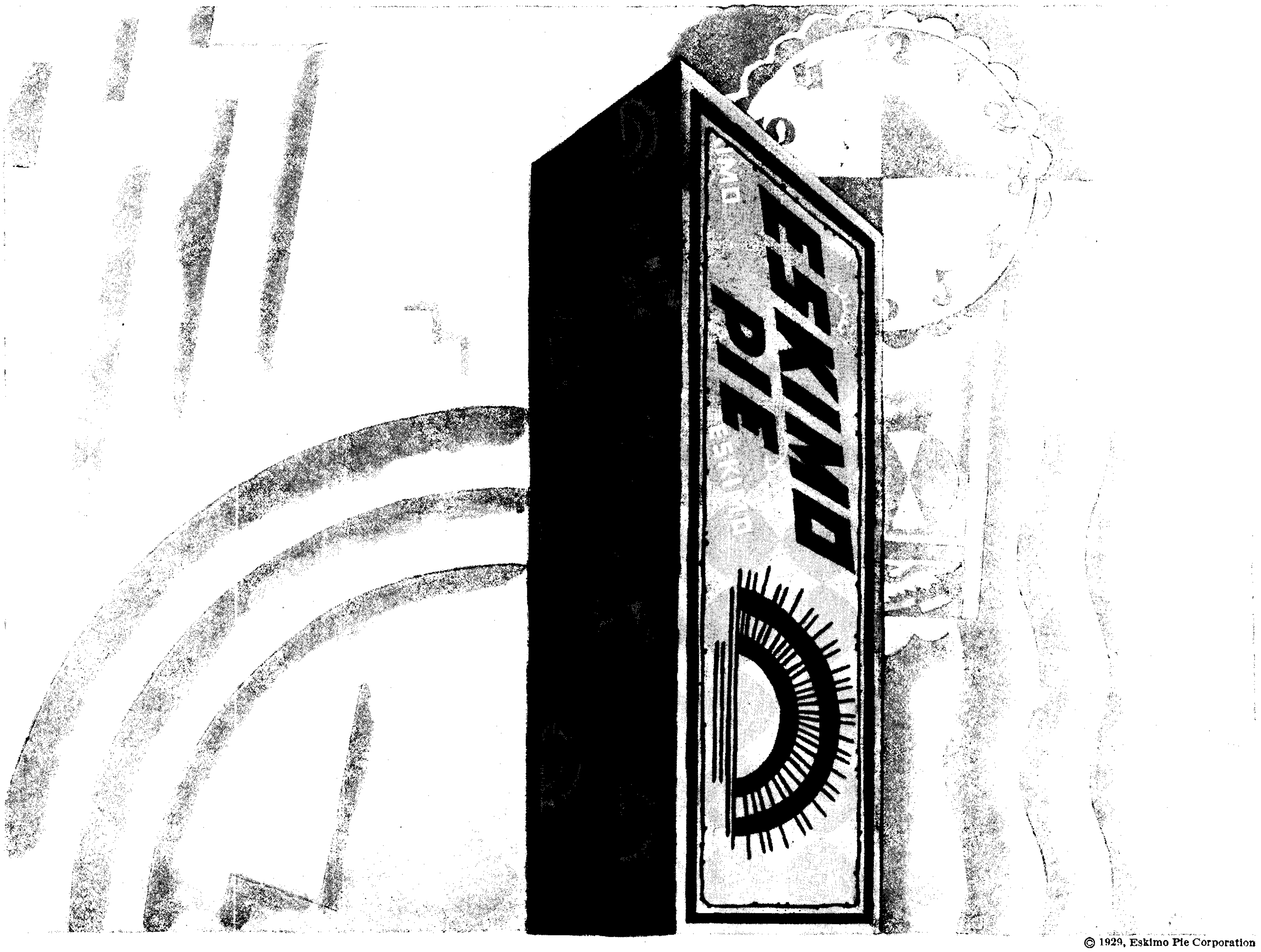
"What do you think," said Sloan, pausing. "I just saw Peg Leg O'Reilly going out of this building."

"Peg Leg O'Reilly?"

"In the flesh."

"And who, may I ask, is Peg Leg O'Reilly?" said J. Huntington.

"Haven't you heard of him?" inquired Sloan. "He's quite a character. Left one of his legs in France, I understand. Guess it kind of soured him on the world. At any rate, he turned grifter. He's got some sort of an accident-case racket that he works on lawyers."



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AT LEADING DRUG STORES AND CONFECTIONERIES EVERYWHERE

The Queen is in the Kitchen

By Delight Sweney Trimble

But unless careful planning has gone into it the kitchen may be no happy place for a queen. Mrs. Trimble is an architect who has designed homes for scores of women and here she offers some suggestions for one of the most important rooms in your house

COME into the kitchen. It's an invitation that's not quite so unwelcome in this day when color and cheer have invaded even the most utilitarian chambers in one's home, but it often prefaces a visit that may be a bit depressing, especially to anyone who is familiar with homes and their making from the viewpoint of the woman who occupies—and, never forget that—cares for them.

If you're planning a home, you're planning a kitchen. And even if you're going to stay put, perhaps you are planning some spring-urged changes and alterations about your home that will make it a pleasanter and more convenient place in which to live. In either case you may be interested in a few suggestions based on experience in planning scores of homes, many of them in consultation with the women who are to live in them.

"Be sure to get the sink the right height—I've never yet had one that was." "Be sure to get in enough cupboards—if there ever can be enough." How often have I heard those pleas!

Now, no matter how much a woman glories in a spotless, shining kitchen, the actual work of scrubbing and cleaning it isn't calculated to transport her to realms of ecstasy. So the first requisite is a kitchen easy to clean and, by the same token, it should be no larger than it actually must be.

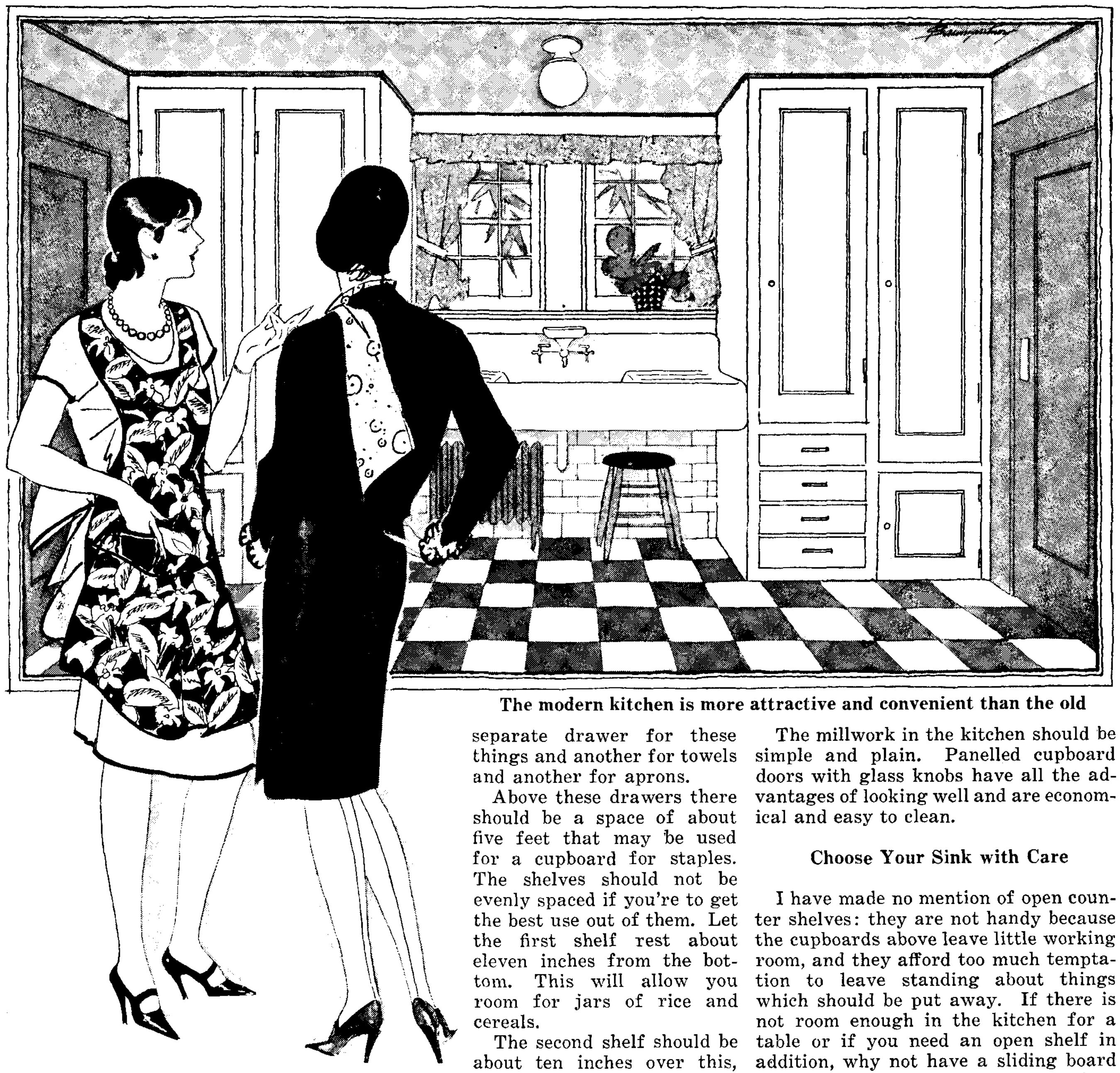
Materials that make for cleanliness and ease in cleaning are almost invariably, alas, expensive. Tile, for instance, helps immeasurably but it is costly. However, it's a good investment. The curved cove base does away with floor mold that is so difficult to keep clean. The walls will need a wainscoting only four feet high and this should be of grade A tile.

Most women prefer heavy linoleum set on smooth cement for the floor. This is expensive but it is a good investment as once in place it requires only occasional waxing (with varnishing once a year) and it will last indefinitely. It is preferable to tile, which tires the feet, and you can also have the curved cove base.

If you should want a tile floor, you can cut down expenses somewhat by using a second-grade commercial tile. The color is not uniform and the dimensions do not always run true, but what of that? These slight irregularities only contribute to the beauty of the floor. They lend a variation, charm and warmth lacking in the absolutely uniform tile. If you use the larger sizes—eight by eight or nine by nine—you will obtain a larger smooth area; it is the roughness of the joints that tires the feet.

The walls above the wainscoting, the ceiling and the cupboards may be painted; but never use cheap paint. It's false economy. The very best quality is by far the least expensive in the long run. Given proper care, it should last for years without repainting.

The walls should be properly sized and given several coats of flat paint, then enamel. If they are new, clean walls, two coats of flat paint should be enough. If there are dirt spots on them, however, you will have to use enough flat paint to cover them as enamel does not hide such blemishes.


The modern kitchen is more attractive and convenient than the old

Shelves are Important

Then the cupboards! Just cupboards won't do. They should be so planned and arranged as to be handy, yet out of the way and with the intended use of every compartment in mind. There should, for instance, be a drawer for kitchen utensils, knives, forks and spoons. But that drawer must never be used for complicated things like egg-beaters, potato mashers and those other exasperating implements that get tangled up with everything else and can so easily take whatever joy there may be out of cooking. There should be a separate drawer for these things and another for towels and another for aprons.

Above these drawers there should be a space of about five feet that may be used for a cupboard for staples. The shelves should not be evenly spaced if you're to get the best use out of them. Let the first shelf rest about eleven inches from the bottom. This will allow you room for jars of rice and cereals.

The second shelf should be about ten inches over this, allowing for coffee cans, table salt containers, baking powder and the like.

Now we are just about at eye level and the third full-sized shelf may be thirteen inches away from the second one, but between the two at the back of the cupboard you will find it handy to have a shelf about six inches deep, placed halfway, leaving roughly six inches above and below—useful for such small articles as spice boxes, fruit colorings and all those small items. (Being just at eye level, things of this sort will be easier to find when you want them in a hurry.)

The topmost shelf provides out-of-the-way storage for the things least frequently used.

If there is wall-space near the sink you can have a delightfully convenient cupboard fourteen by twenty inches or so for soap, cleaning powders, vegetable brush and other articles used right at the sink and too often tossed any old place beside or above it where they get mixed up with other things and look so messy. This cupboard need be only four inches deep and can be made to fit nicely between the studs. If it be in an outside wall, however, you will have to plan to insulate it against heat loss.

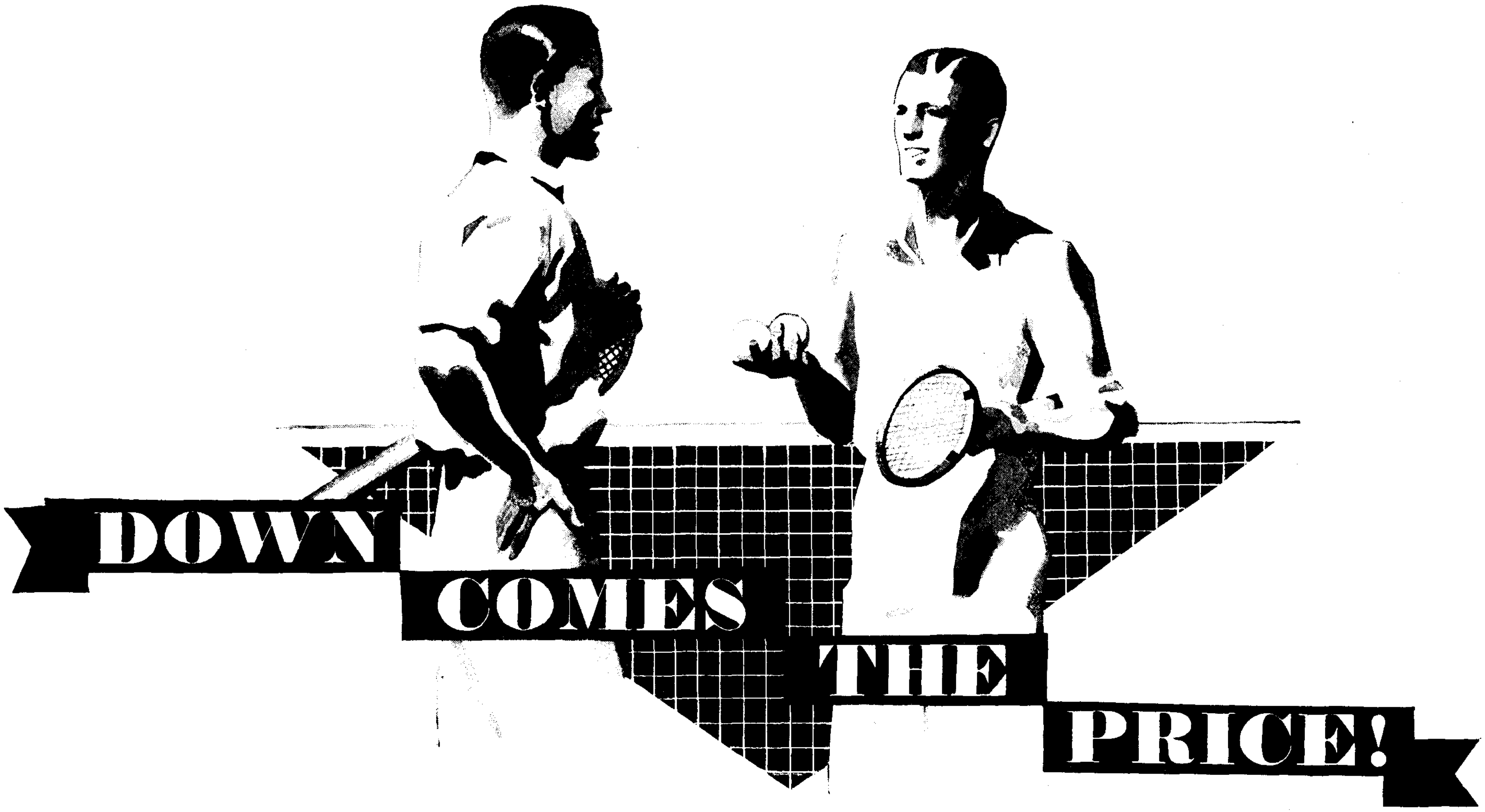
The millwork in the kitchen should be simple and plain. Panelled cupboard doors with glass knobs have all the advantages of looking well and are economical and easy to clean.

Choose Your Sink with Care

I have made no mention of open counter shelves: they are not handy because the cupboards above leave little working room, and they afford too much temptation to leave standing about things which should be put away. If there is not room enough in the kitchen for a table or if you need an open shelf in addition, why not have a sliding board between the upper and lower sections of the main cupboard unit, which may be pulled out when needed?

So far as the sink is concerned, you can have that set at the height best suited to you. The usual height is thirty-six inches. However, well-hung sinks may be set wherever you please. Those which rest on legs have a play of four inches so that they may stand at anywhere from thirty-six to forty inches high. One with a swivel combination spigot and soap-dish attachment is best. And nowadays you have a wide range of charming colors from which to choose.

Color in the kitchen calls for a great deal of caution in selection. Some of the schemes you come upon are so violent that they instantly offend you; others are badly chosen in that they are tiresome to work with and live with. I know a woman who went to a lot of trouble and expense to work out a kitchen color scheme of brilliant red—now she's discovered why she began to find housework so much more wearing than formerly and she's replacing it with blue. Stick to creams, tans and soft greens with bright curtains for contrast and you can't go far wrong.



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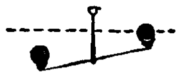

Consequently they will have a different feel and action off the racket.

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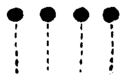
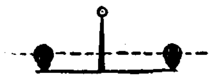
One ball may travel entirely different from another from the same stroke and force. And that's bad for your game!

WRIGHT & DITSON TENNIS BALLS, when dropped from the legal testing height, bound like this . . . .



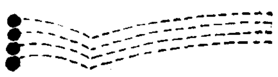
Every ball bounds *alike*—and as high as a legal ball is allowed to bound.

AND WRIGHT & DITSON TENNIS BALLS are exactly the same in size, weight, and compression . . . .



Consequently every ball feels alike and acts alike off the racket.

AND WRIGHT & DITSON TENNIS BALLS when tested for flight-accuracy, fly like this . . . .



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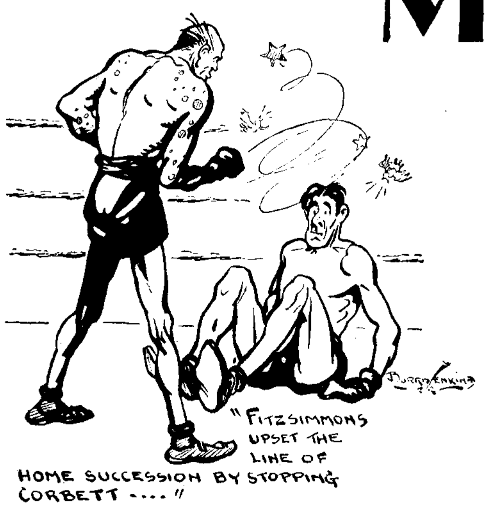
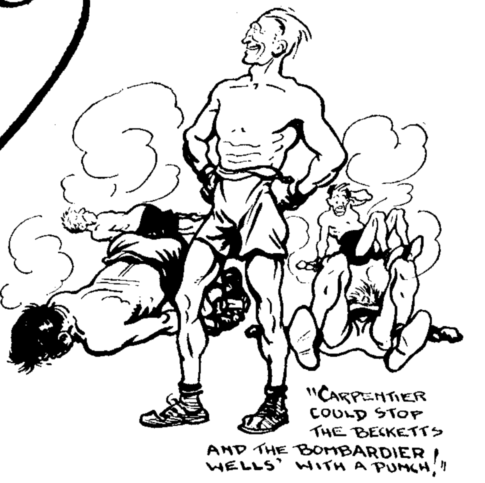
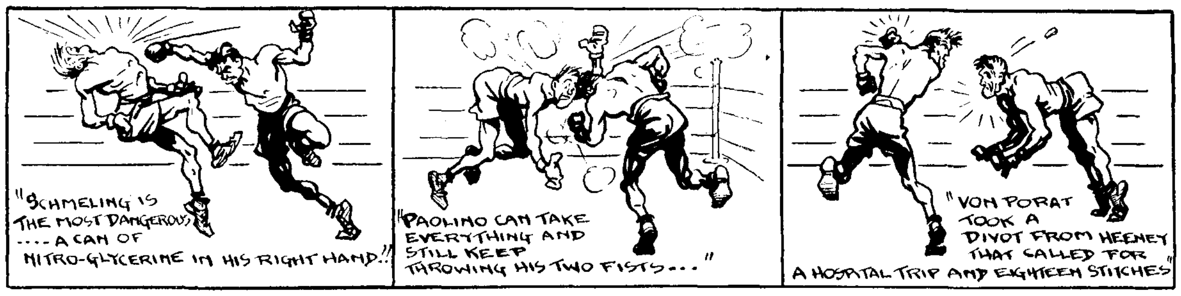

"FITZSIMMONS UPSET THE LINE OF HOME SUCCESSION BY STOPPING CORBETT ...."

Here's what the foreign threat looks like—a composite photo of Schmeling, Von Porat and Paulino


"CARPENTIER COULD STOP THE BECKETTS AND THE BOMBARDIER WELLS' WITH A PUNCH!"


"SCHMELING IS THE MOST DANGEROUS ---- A CAN OF NITRO-GLYCERINE IN HIS RIGHT HAND."
"PAOLINO CAN TAKE EVERYTHING AND STILL KEEP THROWING HIS TWO FISTS..."
"VON PORAT TOOK A DIVOT FROM HEENEY THAT CALLED FOR A HOSPITAL TRIP AND EIGHTEEN STITCHES"

Practically all languages, including the Scandinavian, are invoked by the many European contenders for Tunney's title. And the shade of John L. shudders at the threatened invasion of American ring supremacy by pugilism's foreign legion

By Grantland Rice

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago John Lawrence Sullivan, "the grand old tub from Boston," rose up wearily from the dust of the arena and expressed his pleasant relief that the championship still remained in America. The old boy meant it. He was that way.

For thirty-seven years the heavyweight championship has remained in America, although at Carson City a combination Australian-Cornishman by the name of Bob Fitzsimmons upset the line of home succession to a certain extent by stopping Corbett.

But although Fitz was born in Cornwall and did most of his early fighting in Australia, he was never regarded as an outsider. He had lived in this country six years before he won the title and it was in the United States that he fought, lived and died. Jim Jeffries, the California Grizzly, ripped the coronet from Ruby Robert's head over thirty years ago and the line of American succession has been unbroken ever since—Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney, with Burns, a Canadian-American, sitting in Jeffries' throne room until Jack Johnson removed them both by violence.

It remained for the late Tex Rickard to dig up three foreign challengers—Carpentier of France, Firpo from the Argentine and Heeney from New Zealand. Jack Dempsey checked out the first two in less than six rounds, although Firpo had him listening to lullabies along the edge of Poppyland, for a few seconds.

Gene Tunney removed the third foreign menace, Tom Heeney. Tunney then retired, and in his retirement he left the coast wide open, with no defender of any great merit to repel the foreign attack, which has suddenly become the most formidable in ring history.

The ghost of John L. must be wandering about in restless anxiety. For the foreign menace has become more threatening than at any time since Fitz arrived. Jack Sharkey, the Boston gob, seems to be the ablest defender left, and massed against Sharkey you find Max Schmeling, the German; Paulino Uzcudun, the Spaniard; and Otto Von Porat, the Norwegian.

Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque axeman, has been hovering around the American landscape for some time. In the last year or so he has met such rivals as George Godfrey, Tom Heeney, Jack Renault, Harry Wills, Johnny Risko, Christner and Jack Delaney, and so far no one has been able to hammer the golden smile from his Latin lips. He has dropped a close decision here and there but he has been a tough piece of human machinery to play on.

Paulino is largely whalebone, leather, concrete, rawhide and barbed wire. He is harder to hurt than a rhinoceros. He isn't a fancy boxer nor yet a killing puncher, but he can take enough to sink a brace of cruisers and still keep throwing his two fists at body and chin. In a finish fight he would be unbeatable by any of the present crop.

But the most dangerous menace is Max Schmeling, the German. This is a strange turn, for while Great Britain can go back more than a hundred years to old champions and boxing has been popular in France for many decades, it is only a recent German outburst. The Joe Becketts and the Bombardier Wellses of England have been mournful flops. Carpentier could stop them with a punch.

Schmeling is a real threat. This young German, twenty-three years old, weighing 190 pounds, is not only fast and strong and aggressive, but what is still more important, he carries a can of nitro-glycerine in his right hand effective from either the short or the longer range. Schmeling started into action with only a whisper for his ballyhoo until he bowled over Joe Monte, a rugged New England entry who had always been hard to hurt.

A Lesson to head Swingers

This knockout gave Schmeling another chance and this time they fed him a much better boxer in Joe Sekyra, one of the fastest movers in the trade. Sekyra can box and he is no easy target to reach. The aggressive Schmeling hammered and chased him all over the ring. This second victory was proof enough that Schmeling was going somewhere. When he knocked Johnny Risko down with a right-hand chop in the first round and later stopped him for the first time in Risko's career there was no longer any foggy doubt about the danger of the German invasion.

The Teuton carries a strong resemblance to Jack Dempsey, both in looks and in aggressiveness. If he can only build up a "Dempsey left," or anything like it, and take his share of the lathering he will ride home without more than half an argument.

Schmeling was improving rapidly when he left for Germany to straighten out some managerial tangles and it won't take much more polishing to make him the best man left in the field. One feature of Schmeling's boxing is that he isn't a clincher, a wrestler or a holder. He is out there to fight, which is much more than one can say about most of the heavyweights now floundering along the vacated highway.

Otto Von Porat, the lanky Norwegian, may yet slip through with a right-hand punch. He nailed the ironclad Paulino hard enough to make the sturdy Spaniard buckle at both knees and almost take a flop. Later on he took a divot from the Old Rock, Tom Heeney, that called for a trip to the hospital and eighteen stitches.

By a strange coincidence Europe has turned out her best harvest of heavyweights just at the time the American crop was below the old standard. Or maybe the European caravan looks better against the present skyline.

The main defender of John L. Sullivan's ancient crown is Jack Sharkey, and he will undoubtedly be named to look after the home fires when Paulino and Schmeling, Spaniard and German, provide a survivor. Sharkey may whip either. He looks too fast for Paulino and too experienced for the younger German as he is at this spot. But with a trifle more experience and the development of a better left hand, the husky young Teuton would have a great chance.

So for the first time in thirty years a foreign fighter may take the championship belt across the Atlantic to Berlin or Madrid. One of these invaders is as soft as a hydrant and the other has a wallop that can drop a mule. If either one catches Sharkey as he was against Heeney, Risko, Christner or Stribling, the throne that Sullivan sat in and Tunney gave up may be moved from its American habitat for the first time in history. Which might be for the best. It might at least get the idea over to most of our heavyweights that a fight is supposed to be a fight and not a dancing match.

A NEW Ciné-Kodak

LIGHT · SMALL · BEAUTIFUL · EFFICIENT

and at a remarkable price

In Ciné-Kodak stores everywhere you may now examine the last word in home movie cameras.

It is convenient, good looking, and possesses unique operating advantages.

It is the new Ciné-Kodak, Model BB.

Unparalleled Convenience!

The lighter a movie camera is the more you will want to use it, and the Model BB is the lightest spring-driven camera made in the 16 m/m field, film capacity considered.

It is small and compact. Oblong in shape, its body measurements are only 7 inches long, 4 3-8 inches high, and 2 3-16 inches wide. It is no bigger than a medium-sized Kodak.

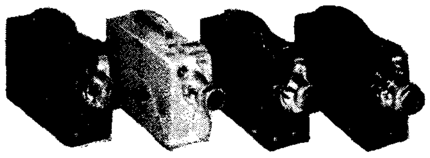
A handy carrying case comes with the *f*.1.9 model. Besides the compartment for the camera, it contains several convenient niches. Into one of them two rolls of film fit neatly: into another the Kodacolor attachments; and into a third, the new lens for telephoto effects which enables you to take close-ups even though you are many feet from your subject.

Exquisite in Appearance!

Both case and camera win your eye at once. They are covered with rich, lustrous, fine-grained leathers. They come in three smart shades—blue, brown and gray—as well as black. (*f*.3.5 model comes in black only.)

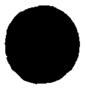
Metal fittings are either exquisitely lacquered or gleam with non-tarnishing chromium plate. Furthermore, these splendid materials are combined with a beautiful simplicity of line and a refreshing absence of non-essential detail.

Almost always improvements as great as these not only justify a high price, but make that high price necessary in order to cover their cost. Model BB, however, instead of being given a high price, has been given a LOW one.

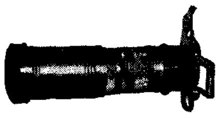


Model BB comes in black with *f*.3.5 lens at $75 (case $9 extra); with *f*.1.9 lens, in three colors and black, including felt lined leather carrying case to match, and with leather shoulder strap, at $140. Kodacolor filter and neutral density filter (for colored movies) cost $15 extra. New *f*.4.5 long-focus lens for telephoto effects is furnished as extra equipment, if desired.

KODACOLOR
FILTER



LENS FOR
TELEPHOTO EFFECTS



Improved Operating Efficiency!

This ultra-attractiveness, this graceful modernity of Model BB, has not been allowed to interfere with the camera's *raison d'être*.

The same simplicity that makes it beautiful adds to its strength and efficiency.

This you will instantly appreciate when your dealer shows you the camera. Sight it for yourself. Press the release. Listen to the quiet purr of the spring motor. Press the half-speed button, a feature which enables you to take portraits, landscapes, and still life with much less light than normal speed requires, particularly when using the *f*.1.9 lens for Kodacolor films.

Movies in Natural Color!

The development of Kodacolor has made the Ciné-Kodak with *f*.1.9 lens an even more precious possession. With this camera, a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHEAP PAINT
CHEAP PAINTER

YOU CAN'T PAINT A HOUSE WITH APPLESAUCE

The "Applesauce Twins" are evidently COLOR BLIND

THOSE happy-go-lucky scalawags, "Cheap" Paint and "Cheap" Painter, have many tricks up their sleeves. "Cheap" Paint plays his "low-price-per-gallon" for a bait. He would make you think it is economical. But does he confide to you that eleven gallons of his "applesauce" paint are required where only seven gallons of fine old SWP will do? And does he warn you that "cheap" paint will cost two or three times as much as SWP for repainting? Nay, nay.

And "Cheap" Painter — he may offer you a lower estimate or he may not. But in either case, does he tell you how he dodges preparing the surface?—how he slaps on the paint with his unskilled, careless brush?—how little he knows about colors? Again, nay, nay.

And, of course, neither of these careless fellows tells you what funny looking *effects* they often produce with their color blind eyes and "cheap" colors—colors that clash terribly—that bring many an amused snicker from neighbors and passers-by.

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use fine old SWP
and engage a
Master Painter
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PRODUCTS
SWP
GLOSS WHITE
FOR OUTSIDE USE
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO

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This combination not only gives the longest lasting, most economical job—but the *best looking color effects* as well.

SWP House Paint is strictly "quality" house paint. Made of extra fine White Lead, Zinc Oxide, and Linseed Oil especially prepared and scientifically "balanced" by Sherwin-Williams experts—and superfine color pigments.

SWP may cost a little more than the best of "cheap" paint, *by the gallon.* But it covers so much more surface that fewer gallons are needed—making your "material cost" about the same.

And when SWP is applied by a Master Painter—who knows modern colors and newest color combinations—who conscientiously prepares the surface and applies the paint skillfully—it outlasts the best "cheap" paint by many years and usually cuts the cost of repainting in half.

The Master Touch

For over 50 years fine old SWP has been a world-wide standard for house paint quality. Like all leaders, it has been freely imitated. But never has it been duplicated. That is because there is one ingredient in fine old SWP that is beyond successful imitation. That ingredient is the "Master Touch" of the *men* who make it. These men are to paint what Edison is to electricity—what Marconi is to wireless. Their genius is a distinctly *human* element—inimitable and exclusive—the very *spirit* of Sherwin-Williams.

Call on Paint Headquarters

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate *on the job.* Compare it with "cheap" paint. And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other *exterior* or *interior* finish. It must be *good* to be *economical.*

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

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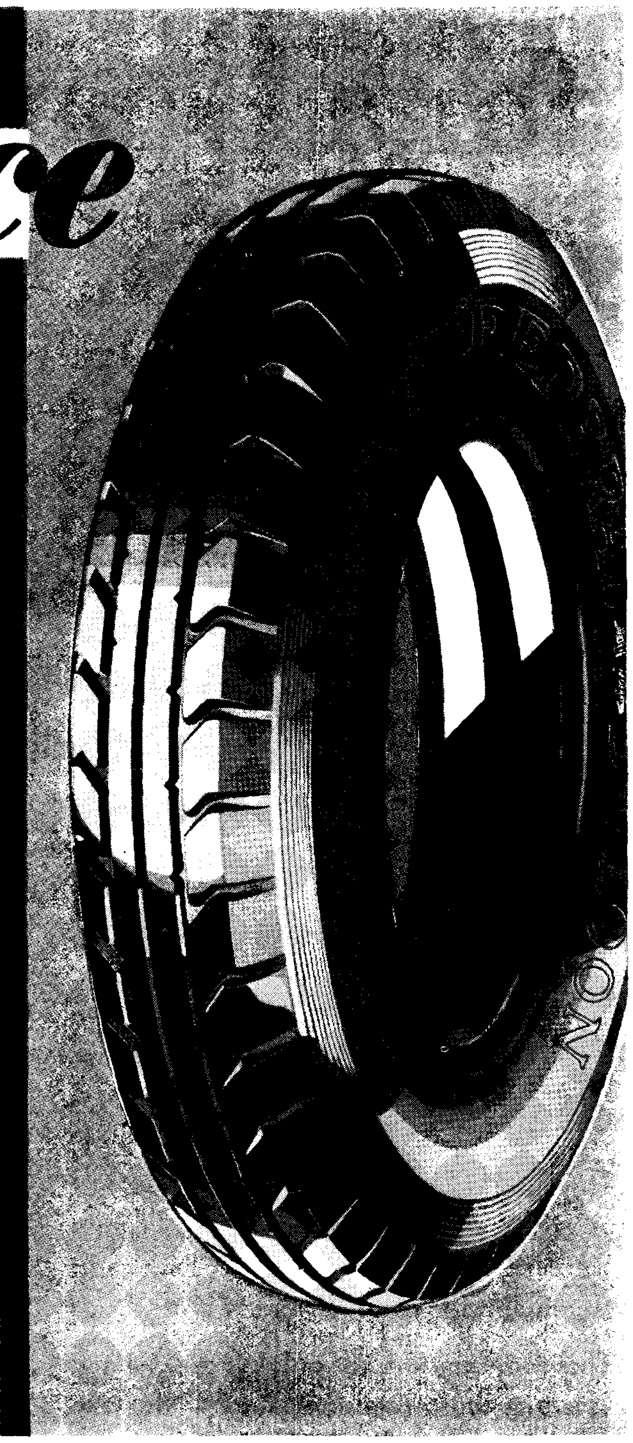

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THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
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FEDERAL TIRES

DOUBLE BLUE PENNANT

"We've Forgotten how to Fight"

By John B. Kennedy

There's no better known man-and-wife team in vaudeville than Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. In twenty-six years they've played 25,000 public performances together with nary a quarrel. Their son Pat is third in the Rooney stage dynasty

"It wasn't always easy to get along," say Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. But these famous vaudeville stars succeeded and found happiness and prosperity in teamwork

IT SEEMS that there were two Irish lads, one named Pat and the other Mike; but in this case Mike was a middle name coming after George. They were very young men, barely in their teens, and they got into an argument over the achievements and glories of their respective sires. A gale of words from one to the other led to a flurry of blows. Then a friendly cop separated the pummeling kids, demanded their names and the cause of their quarrel.

"My name's George Michael Cohan," said one.

"I'm Pat Rooney the Second," said the other.

"I know your father, George Michael," said the cop, "and I knew yours when he was living and singing, God bless him, Pat Rooney the Second. Both of them wonderful men."

The two lads grinned through bluing eyes, and shook hands. The argument was settled with satisfaction both ways, and George M. Cohan and Pat Rooney the Second have been firm friends ever since.

Pat derived a permanent lesson from that incident. "There are things it's never worth fighting about," he says: "mainly arguments with or over your relatives. I've been married to my working partner for twenty-five years, and the only tiff we ever had was as to where the ceremony should be performed, in her neighborhood or mine. She won, and there hasn't been a teasing word between us since, either on or off the stage. We've forgotten how to fight."

He points to that as the second most important condition for happy marriage. The first is for husband and wife both to have something to do in which each can understand and help.

Marion Bent, who is Mrs. Rooney, was a child singer of the music halls when she met Pat. She enjoyed some fame, and Pat had inherited the responsibilities of a reputation and a family from the first Pat Rooney. They tied their acts and their fortunes together and began one of those marathon matrimonial partnerships which distinguish the stage quite as much as its quick-change divorce acts.

"My father," says Pat, "made a thousand dollars a week more than thirty years ago singing his character songs, such as Pretty Peggy and Muldoon, the Solid Man. There was little enough of it left when he died prematurely. So I had to get out and work for the family when I was little more than ten years of age.

"There were celebrated men like Tony Pastor and Koster and Bial at my father's funeral. Tony Pastor took me under his wing. I told him I wanted to be an Irish singer like my father.

"'But your father wasn't Irish, Pat,' he said. 'Surely you know that he was born in Birmingham, England.'

"'That makes no difference,' I told him. 'I want to be an Irish singer.'

"'You mean,' said he, 'you want to sing Irish songs.'

"As he promised to hire me when I was old enough, we let it go at that."

Pat made his début at Miner's music hall after winning the clog-dancing championship of Manhattan. He could clitter and clatter like a troop of cavalry mounts galloping over a cobbled road. From the beginning he succeeded.

"I've always made good money," says Pat. "There was no two-meals-a-month struggling for me. I could never have stood it. Being a little man, only five feet one, I've got nothing but my food to feed on, so to speak. I've never missed a meal in my life. It wouldn't do."

The Earmarks of Success

He had prospered for half a dozen years as a "single," with one prolonged tour in a stirring melodrama entitled Daughters of the Poor, when Klaw & Erlanger signed him as a hoofer with an English pantomime, Mother Goose. Lithe little Marion Bent, whose brother was champion cornet player of the civilized globe, danced opposite Pat, which is how they became acquainted.

Now they are celebrating their twenty-sixth year as the team Rooney and Bent. The statistics of this partnership include 25,000 public performances together, a country home on Long Island, a fine city home in Manhattan, a son named Pat who is third in the Rooney dynasty, a sizable competence and no quarrels of any kind. Length of professional popularity and fidelity of mating have distinguished other stage combinations—the Mortons, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, for instance. Where the Rooneys have the edge is in comparative youth and something more than comparative wealth.

"When we started out together," says Pat Rooney, "the variety stage was packed with couples doing double turns. We'd run on the same 'time' with some of them for months, and we observed that in the course of a year several of these partnerships would be broken up, spoiling a twin career as well as two private lives. We discovered there were mainly two reasons for this—liquor and another woman or liquor and another man.

"Among my acquaintances off the stage who had their marital difficulties I found the same formula worked.

"And this other—sharp tongues.

"More than one good team I saw ruined by a partner saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. A clever couple that were good for fifty-two weeks' straight booking a year in the United States and Canada, and for the same time in England if they wanted it, were on an early bill with us. They did a snappy cross-talk act, husband and wife at breakfast-table stuff. The time they played with us they were at their height of fame, in almost four-figure money. But they tried to be as snappy with each other off as on. You never saw married folks scramble so hard to make wise cracks at each other's expense.

"In Providence one night, working our way east for the end of the tour, the bust-up came. I was in the wings, for Rooney and Bent followed this team. The pair were making ready for their opening curtain, when apropos of nothing, the male partner said to me: 'I went to school here, Pat, and a gang of my old classmates are in front tonight.' 'That means we'll die on their hands,' chirped his wife. He reddened beneath his grease paint and told her to shut up. Instantly they were in a spat, with the curtain rising. Their act was terrible that night. Even the audience got wise to the woman's temper. They trod on each other's gags and ended without taking a bow. They never appeared together again.

Things that Ruin Good Acts

"Another case was the famous Muscovite acrobatic troupe. These were ten of the same family—mother and father, two sons, two daughters, two nieces and two nephews. The father was a splendid giant with a fiery eye and a huge, scrolled mustache. And the mother had an equally fiery eye plus a machine-gun tongue. The father would take a stance center stage at the climax of the act, whipping his wife up to his shoulders, and there, by spreading in fan formation, he'd balance the boys and girls so that they pyramided with the younger niece on top of the heap. You've seen that type of act. For some reason or other the mother and father didn't get on well together. Yet for weeks on end although we knew they

(Continued on page 40)

There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a newspaper-trained writer?

Writing for publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, travel, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

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"We've Forgotten how to Fight"

Continued from page 39

were rowing in the hotels, they went through their performances without a hitch. But it was obvious that the burly Russian was using primitive means to discipline his shrewish wife, and she had no comeback until she hit upon a counter offensive that wrecked them. In Pittsburgh at a Monday matinée—always a tough performance—the father went on the stage glaring at his wife. He hoisted her to his shoulders and the youngsters, all of them pretty husky, climbed into position. The father started his wheel, pivoting around under the weight of the pyramid, when the wife dropped a hot insult in Russian. The big Muscovite staggered. His mustache trembled and he grunted a nasty reply.

"Nobody could understand what he said. But it must have been plenty, for it provoked his partner to fire another shot, at which he whirled, and the entire pyramid collapsed. Husband and wife barked at each other in Russian while the youngsters, scared, ran offstage. The audience, thinking it was all part of the show, laughed uproariously. They didn't know they'd seen the end of a profitable act. I never saw that Muscovite outfit again.

"Examples like those two, and others I could mention, had their lesson for us. Of course, we saw innumerable male teams squabble in the wings; one of the most famed male acts has been notorious for years because the partners are not on speaking terms offstage, due to a difference of opinion between their wives as to the relative merit of the partners. Which proves that male partners can disagree offstage or in private life, but pull together in business. Not so with man and wife.

"That's the reason why my wife and I, when things didn't go well, always made it a rule to keep our tempers, off as well as on. If, we agreed, we could sing amiably to each other before the footlights, we could at least avoid stirring up the animals between performances.

Well-Placed Praise

"Also we made a compact never to drink. That may seem of secondary importance. I think it is. But I'd need ten pairs of hands to count on my fingers the fine fellows who spoiled good careers through too much conviviality.

"It wasn't always easy to get along amiably in the innumerable jams that cropped up in our business. We've started an act with split opinions as to the value of a scene or a song, and it's stayed in or gone out on the audience's verdict. That ended all argument.

"We've been through everything that can happen to a couple in our business, and we've come through tied together tighter."

They have rejoiced together when managers like Albee voluntarily raised their act to the four-figure mark, and they have mourned together when death suddenly seized the two daughters they intended for personally conducted stage careers. And they are enemies of the snobbishness that is now and again associated with headliners.

One night in Toronto a little English knockabout comic in a Karno comedy act, where the chief medium of laughter was the fact that no member of the outfit stood upright for more than a minute, sat dolefully in the wings. He was watching Pat Rooney do his celebrated Daughter of Rosie O'Grady song and dance. When Pat and Mrs. Rooney had finished and answered half a dozen curtain calls the English comic was still depressed. Mrs. Rooney tried to cheer him up.

"I'm going back to England," said he. "There's nothing in this game for me." He confessed to making $40 a week and saving nothing. He yearned for some solider business with an assured future.

"Don't be down-hearted," said Pat Rooney. "You've got the stuff and you'll be a headliner in vaudeville yet."

"Think so?" said the cockney. "I don't."

A Flair for Business

He never became a headliner in vaudeville. But he bucked up in his performance following those kind words, and he's known to fame today as Charlie Chaplin.

I think back of their family loyalty there is sound business instinct to explain why Rooney and Bent are now and have been for some time as high-priced as any act in vaudeville. They move with the times, and they have the blessed gift of keeping their heads in emergencies, which is half the trick of success in the entertainment field as in any other.

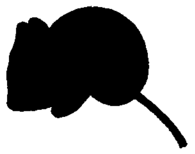
"You need what they call quick wits on a program where you're liable to find yourself sandwiched between a sharpshooting team and an animal act," says Rooney. "The biggest scare we ever got was supplied by a brace of bears. The bears were cinnamon bears, and they had a reputation for meanness. Our act preceded the two bears, who did some nose juggling with colored balls. A ball rolled into the wings, and I kicked it back. It bounced high and hit one of the bears. He growled and when the two bears prowled

(*Continued on page 42*)

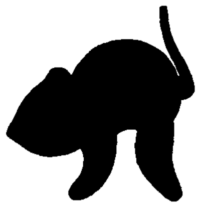
Black Magic

YOU, too, can be a magician and summon figures from the night. Here is the night—carved, for your convenience, into five pieces—and here are sample specters created by other amateur magicians. The possibilities are unlimited. Perhaps your specters will be more spectral than any heretofore.

Mrs. James F. Sweeny, Jr., 37 Egremont Road, Brookline, Mass.

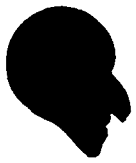


Mrs. Ora Russell, 210 College Ave., Modesto, Calif.

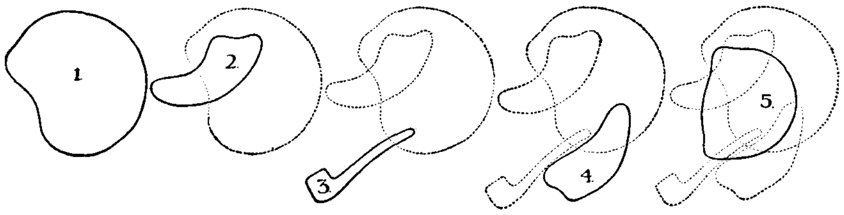


Miss Mary E. Donnelly, 531 Kathmere Road, Upper Darby. Pa.

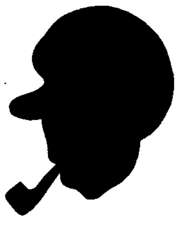
Marie Hodges, 421 Winn St., Alexandria, La.



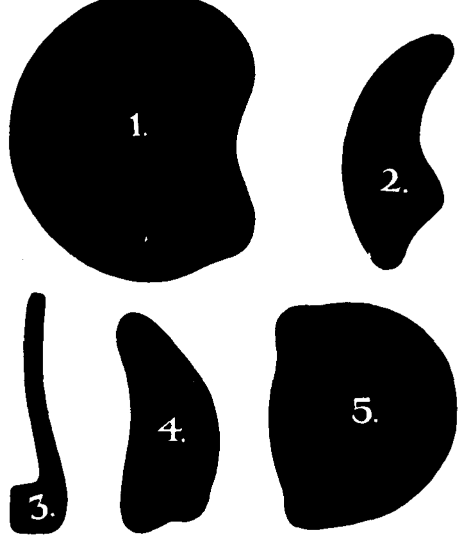
Doris Gough, 301 N. Sixth St., Boonville, Ind.



How to Do It



Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.



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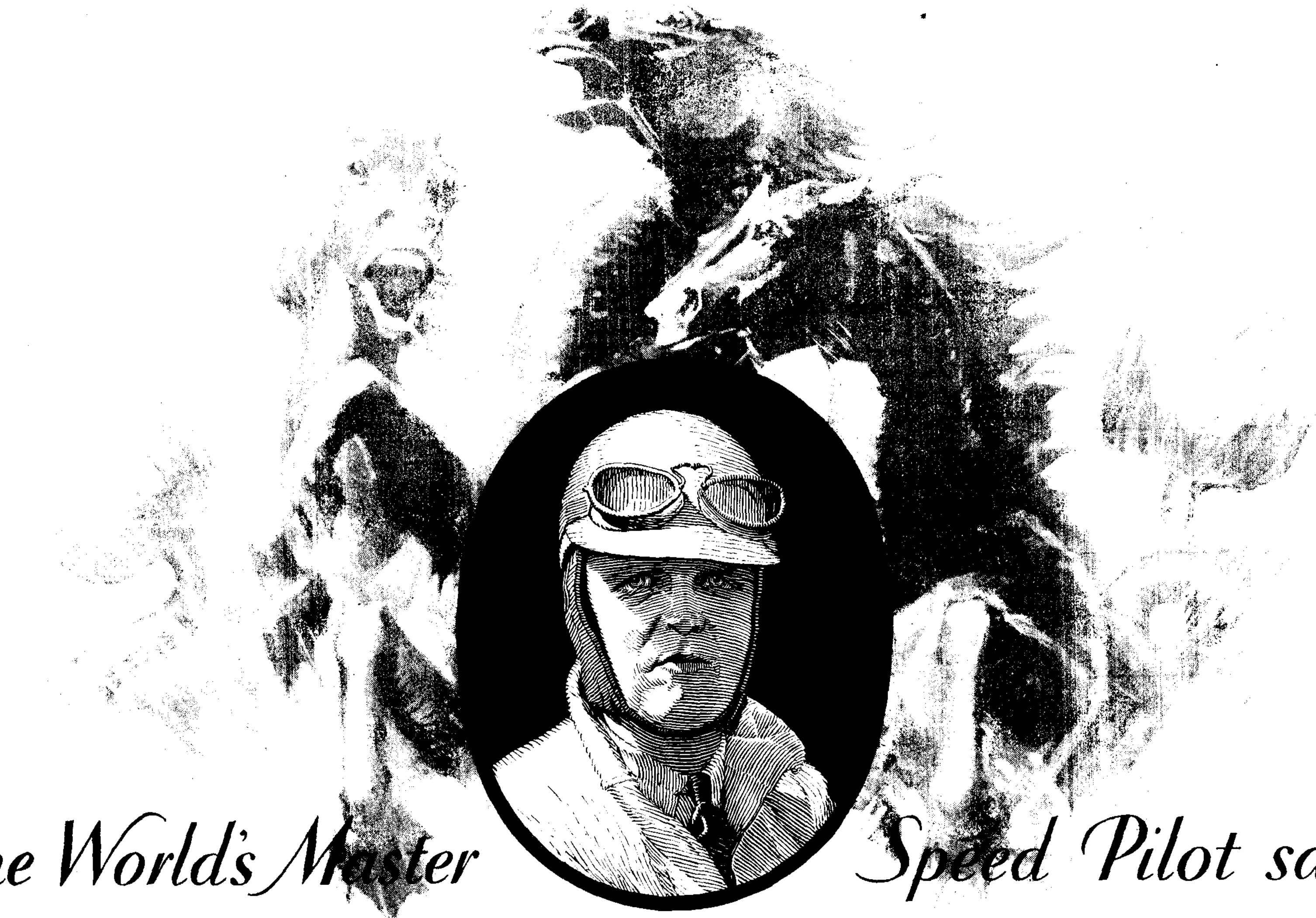

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The above statement by Major H. O. D. Segrave, holder of the world's automobile speed record of 231.36 miles an hour and winner of the World's Championship Speed Boat Classic held at the Miami Beach Regatta, March 20, was made after he had witnessed the remarkable showing of the SEA-HORSES in the outboard events.

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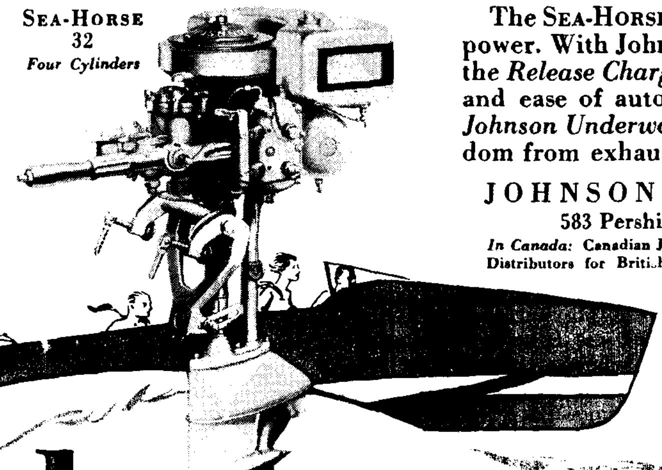

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ÆTNA

"We've Forgotten how to Fight"

Continued from page 40

offstage, I didn't like the way they looked at my wife and me, so we got away as quickly as we could and hurried toward our dressing-room. The bears followed. We got to our dressing-room, and I went to shut the door, but one of the bears had a paw in the way.

Enter Vincent Lopez

"'Give him smoke,' said my wife. "And she handed me a cigarette which she had lit and puffed into fire herself. I drew a deep mouthful and blew it at the bear. The fire more than the smoke frightened him. By the time he came back from a recoil the trainer had taken the stairs three at a time and grabbed him. We changed our spot on the bill at the next performance."

An accident that almost wrecked a show occurred in Philadelphia. Rooney and Bent were starring in Rings of Smoke, dancing to a jazz orchestra on the stage, conducted by a young man since known to the masses as Vincent Lopez. Something happened to an elaborate plantation set, and in the middle of a vigorous dance, lanterns, lattices and entire frame backpiece collapsed on orchestra and dancers. The audience stirred in panic, expecting fire or something equally bad. "Keep on playing," Rooney bade Lopez, and Lopez kept on playing, his men and Rooney and Bent with their dancers bending to support the falling scenery while making music and steps until stagehands rebuttressed the set. An intelligent audience rewarded this bit of headwork with adequate applause.

"Why, the business is full of episodes like that," say Rooney and Bent in unison.

They've known of famous acts finishing forever because of lack of quick thinking in a tight place.

Fatal Results

The Great Lafayette—an unexcelled magician, with the most baffling illusions, like his trick of molding a female figure from chunks of clay before the audience, tapping the girl on the shoulder and having her rise up and walk—lost his head when one night a lion he used in a switch-cage trick broke through the trapdoor during a flame-throwing stunt and kicked over sulphur pots on to silk draperies because Lafayette and his assistants were panicky for a fatal moment. A conflagration followed on the stage, cut off from the audience by the asbestos. It cost Lafayette and two of his assistants their lives.

"We miss the old days, when character stuff was so popular. Frankly, I liked them better. But if color and action have taken the place of whimsical talent on the stage, the business has improved in the way actors are treated and paid."

A young man named Hearns, of the theater staff where Rooney and Bent were playing, demonstrated this. He took me from top to bottom of a new showhouse the back of which was a striking contrast to the dust and dirt and cage-like stuffiness of old-fashioned variety theaters. Carpet ran from the stage door all the way to the attic. An elevator carried the actors, stars and satellites to their dressing-rooms; each had on its outer door the name of a city, and the act using it received the room with the same name in all the other theaters in the chain. Shower baths, tubs and rest couches were in each room. A complete electrified kitchen is provided, also a nursery and a poolroom. There is even a bath-equipped, tile-walled menagerie for animal acts.

"And the best of all this is that it hasn't cost the performers a cent in salary," Pat Rooney explained.

Standing in the wings, I observed Rooney and Bent do the stuff they've been doing for twenty-six years.

Mrs. Rooney danced and then Pat, and then Pat Rooney the Third, his son, destined, he hopes, to share the dynastic popularity, imitated him. The audience let them have a full broadside of cheers and called them back for more. And Pat gave it to them with a five-minute swing back and forth, clogging as in the old days, clogging so effectively that he's been engaged to dance over the radio.

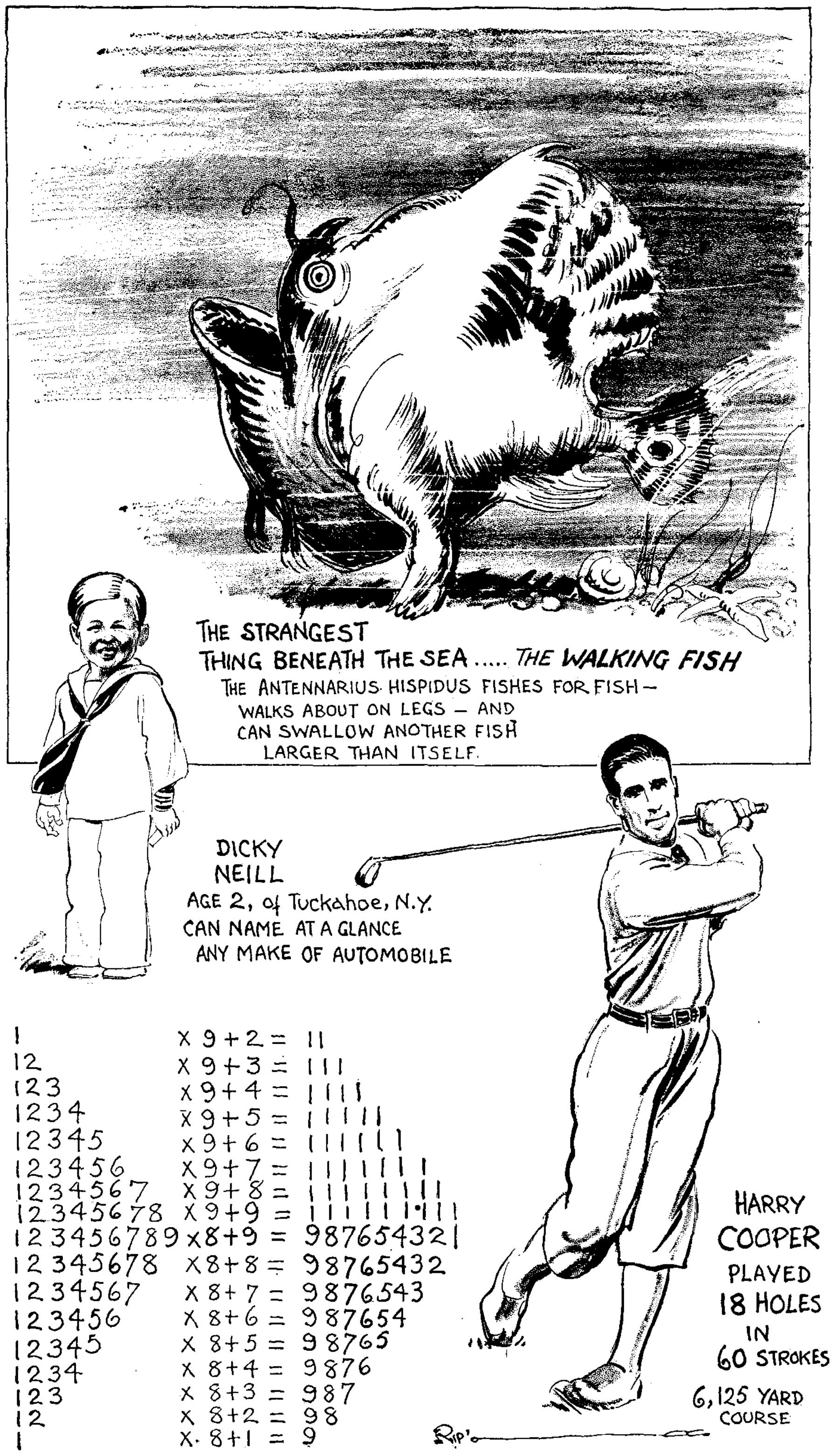
"Look at them," Pat said later, glancing aslant at the still cheering audience. "You know what gets them—the home-life stuff. They like a family of performers because they get clean stuff from them."

Continued cheers corroborated him.

He went back on stage alone and lifted his muffled baritone in the lilt, "I'm Sticking to My Old Lady"—reciting how the flappers could come and the vamps could go, but "she's good enough for me." Again the cheers redoubled when the "old lady," who had a lively waltz step, joined him for the finale.

"It's the good old hokum." But I think it's sturdier stuff than that.

Believe it or Not! By Ripley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12345678 X 9 + 9 = 111111111
123456789 X 8 + 9 = 987654321
12345678 X 8 + 8 = 98765432
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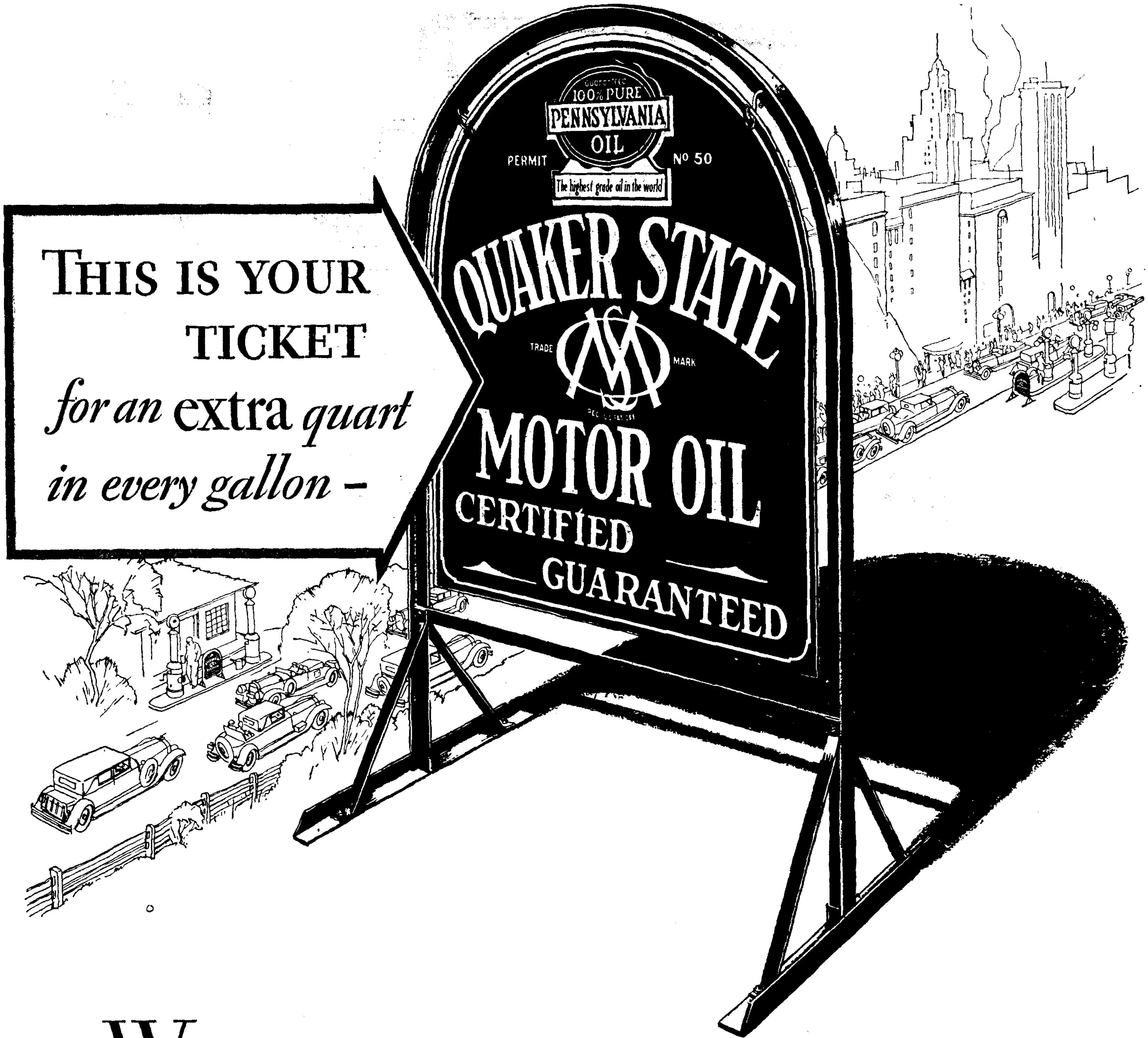

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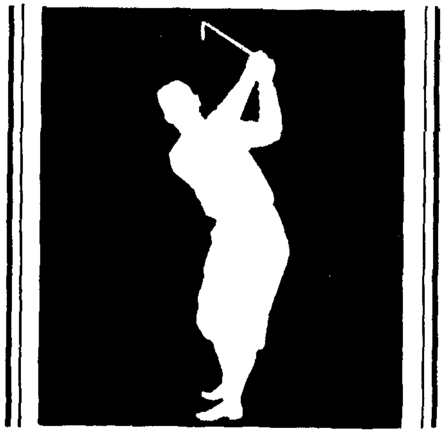

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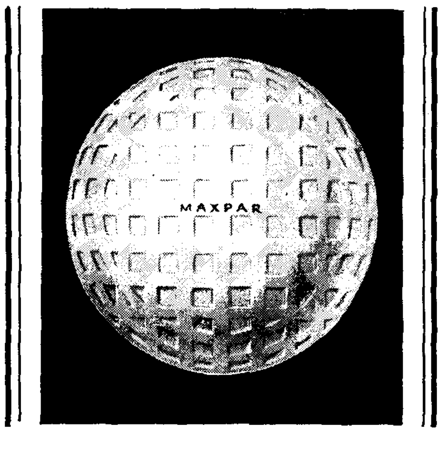


75¢

MAXPAR

MADE BY DUNLOP

Footprints

Continued from page 15

her fingers that twined and clasped each other so nervously, until at last Mr. Shrig laid his large firm hand upon them and questioned her again:

"Miss Adela, ma'm, if Shrig o' Bow Street, bap-tismal name, Jarsper, is to aid you and said Mr. John you must say eggsackly 'ow and also vereabouts you seen 'im this night."

"I . . . I thought I saw him . . . in the garden," she whispered.

"Didn't speak to 'im, then?"

"No, I was too distraught . . . sick with horror, I could only think of—" the faltering voice stopped suddenly as there came a loud, imperious knocking on the outer door.

"Now oo in the vide universe—"

"THAT must be John, now!" she cried, looking up with eyes bright and joyous. "I hope, I pray it is—"

"But 'ow should he come to the 'Gun,' if you didn't tell 'im as you—?"

"Oh, I bade Mary, my old nurse, tell *him* I'd run off to you . . . and, oh, please see if it is indeed John." So, at a nod from Mr. Shrig, away strode the corporal forthwith. Voices in the passage, a hurry of footsteps and in came a tall young man who, with no eyes and never a thought for anything on earth but the lovely creature who rose in such eager welcome, dropped his hat, was across the kitchen and had her in his arms, all in as many moments.

"My dear," he murmured, "oh, my dear, why did you run away? What new horror is this—?"

"John, tell me, tell me—why were you in the garden tonight?"

"Dear heart, for word with you. Roger wrote me he'd contrive us a meeting, like the good, generous friend I'm sure he is—"

"Oh, John," she wailed, clasping him as if to protect, "how blind, how blind you are!"

"And, Mr. Vinton, sir," murmured Mr. Shrig, pointing sinewy finger, "your fob as was—ain't!" the young gentleman started, turned, clapped hand to fob-pocket and glanced from the speaker to Adele with an expression of sudden dismay.

"Gone!" he exclaimed. "The seal you gave me, dear heart."

"Ay, 'tis gone sure enough, sir," nodded Mr. Shrig. "The question is: how? and likewise where? And now, seeing as none of us ain't likely to tell, vot I says is—Corporal Dick, send out for a coach."

Pallid faces, voices that whispered awfully and became as awfully hushed when Mr. Shrig, opening the door of the fatal room, passed in, beckoning Corporal Dick to follow.

"Dick," said he, softly, "shut the door and lock it."

A stately chamber whose luxurious comfort was rendered cozier by the bright fire that flickered on the hearth with soft, cheery murmur; and before this fire a great, cushioned chair from which was thrust a limp arm that dangled helplessly with a drooping hand whose long, curving fingers seemed to grope at the deep carpet.

"So, there it is, pal!" quoth Mr. Shrig briskly. "Let's see vot it's got to tell us," and crossing to the chair he stooped to peer down at that which sprawled so grotesquely among its cushions.

The big corporal, who had faced unmoved the horrors of Waterloo, blenched at the thing in the chair which death had smitten in such gruesome fashion amid the comfort of this luxurious room.

"Oh—ecod, Jarsper!" he whispered.

"Ay," nodded Mr. Shrig, bending yet closer, "'e's pretty considerable dead, I never see a deader, no! And yet, in spite o' the gore, 'e looks werry surprisin' peaceful . . . werry remarkably so! . . . Killed by a downward stab above the collar-bone, lookee, in the properest place for it. . . . A knife or, say a dagger and same wanished . . . eh, where are ye, Dick?"

"Comrade," exclaimed the corporal in sudden excitement, "will ye step over here to the winder?"

"Eh . . . the vinder?" murmured Mr. Shrig, his keen gaze roving from the figure in the chair to the gleaming moisture beneath it, to those helpless fingers and the shining object they seemed to grasp at, to the small table nearby with open book, the box of cigars, the delicate Sevres cup and saucer. "Eh . . . the vinder? Why so, Dick?"

"It's . . . open, Jarsper!"

"Oh?" murmured Mr. Shrig, his roving gaze fixed at last. "Is it? Look thereabouts and y'may see summat of a dagger, pal, or say, a knife—"

"Why, Jarsper . . . Lord love me, here it is!"

"Werry good, bring it over and let's take a peep at it . . . Ah, a ordinary butcher's knife, eh, Dick? Vally about a bob—say, eighteen pence. Has it been viped?"

"No, comrade, it's blooded to the grip—"

"That cup and saucer now?" mused Mr. Shrig. "Half full o' coffee . . . vot's that got to tell us?" Saying which, he took up the dainty cup, sniffed at it, tasted its contents and stood beaming down at the fire, his rosy face more benevolent than usual. Then from one of his many pockets he drew a small phial into which he decanted a little of the coffee very carefully, whistling softly beneath his breath the while.

"What now, Jarsper?"

"Why, Dick, I'll tell ye, pat and plain. There's coffee in this vorld of all sorts, *this*, that and t'other and this is *that*. And Dick, old pal, the only thing as flummoxes me now is veels."

"Wheels?" repeated the corporal. "Jarsper, I don't twig."

"Vell, no, Dick; no, it aren't to be expected. But you've noticed so werry much already, come and take another peep at our cadaver. Now, vot d'ye see, pal?"

"VERY remarkable bloody, Jarsper."

"True! And vot more?"

"The pore old gentleman 'ad begun to smoke a cigar—there it lays now, again' the fender."

"Eh, cigar?" exclaimed Mr. Shrig, starting. "Now dog bite me if I 'adn't missed that. There 'tis sure enough and there . . . by Goles . . . there's the ash—look, Dicky lad, look—vot d'ye make o' that, now?"

"Why, Jarsper, I makes it no more than—ash."

"Ay, so it is, Dick, and werry good ash, too! Blow my dicky if I don't think it's the best bit of ash as ever I see!" Here indeed Mr. Shrig became so extremely attracted by this small pile of fallen cigar-ash that he plumped down upon his knees before it, much as if in adoration thereof and was still lost in contemplation of it when the corporal uttered a sharp exclamation and grasping his companion by the shoulder turned him about and pointed with gleaming hook:

"Lord, comrade—oh Jarsper!" said he in groaning voice. "See—yonder! There's evidence to hang any man, look there!" And he pointed to a small, shining object that twinkled just beneath the grasping fingers of that dangling, dead hand. "Mr. John's . . . Mr. Winton's seal!" he whispered.

"Oh, ar!" murmured Mr. Shrig, his gaze roving back to the cigar-ash. "I've been a-vonderin' 'ow it got there, ever since I see it, Dick, so eggsackly under corpse's daddle."

"Why, Jarsper, he must ha' snatched it, accidental-like, in his struggle for life and, being dead, dropped it."

"Lord love ye, Dick!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig, beaming up affectionately into the corporal's troubled face. "Now I never thought o' that. You're gettin' as 'andy with your 'ead as your 'ook! Deceased being alive, snatched it and, being dead, naturally drops it. Good! So now s'pose you pick it up and we takes a peep at it."

"It's his'n, Jarsper, and no mistake," sighed the corporal. "See, here's a J. and a W. and here, round the edge: 'To John from Adele.' So, God help the poor sweet creetur, I says!"

"Amen, Dick, vith all my heart. So the case is pretty clear, eh?"

"A precious sight too clear, comrade."

"Couldn't be plainer, eh, pal?"

"No how, comrade."

"Then, Dick lad, the vord is—march! No—stop a bit—the window. Open? Yes. And werry easy to climb. But this here bolt now . . . this latch . . . pretty solid—von't do! But that 'ook o' yourn's solider, I reckon, and you're precious strong, so—wrench it off."

"Eh? Break it, Jarsper?"

"Ar! Off with it, pal! Ha—so, and off she comes! By Goles, you're stronger than I thought."

"Ay, but Jarsper, why break the winder lock?"

"Hist—mum's the vord. Dick—so march it is and lively, pal."

IN THE hall they were stayed by one who goggled at Mr. Shrig from pale, plump face, bowed, rubbed nervous *hands and spoke in quavering voice:*

"A dreadful business, sirs, oh, a terrible—"

"Werry true!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "You're the butler, ain't you? Is your master about, I mean your noo master?"

"Mr. Roger is . . . is in the library, sir. He desires a word with you. This way, if you please."

For a long moment after the door had closed, Mr. Roger Glendale sat behind his desk utterly still, viewing Mr. Shrig with his dreamy yet watchful eyes.

"So, Shrig, we meet again?" he said at length. "Our last meeting was—"

"A year ago this werry night, sir!"

"A strange coincidence, Shrig, and a very terrible one. By heaven, there seems to be some curse upon this house, some horrible fate that dogs us Glendales!"

"Werry much so indeed, sir!" nodded Mr. Shrig, and his voice sounded so hearty as to be almost jovial.

"And 'ow do you find yourself these days, Mr. Roger, pretty bobbish I 'opes, sir?"

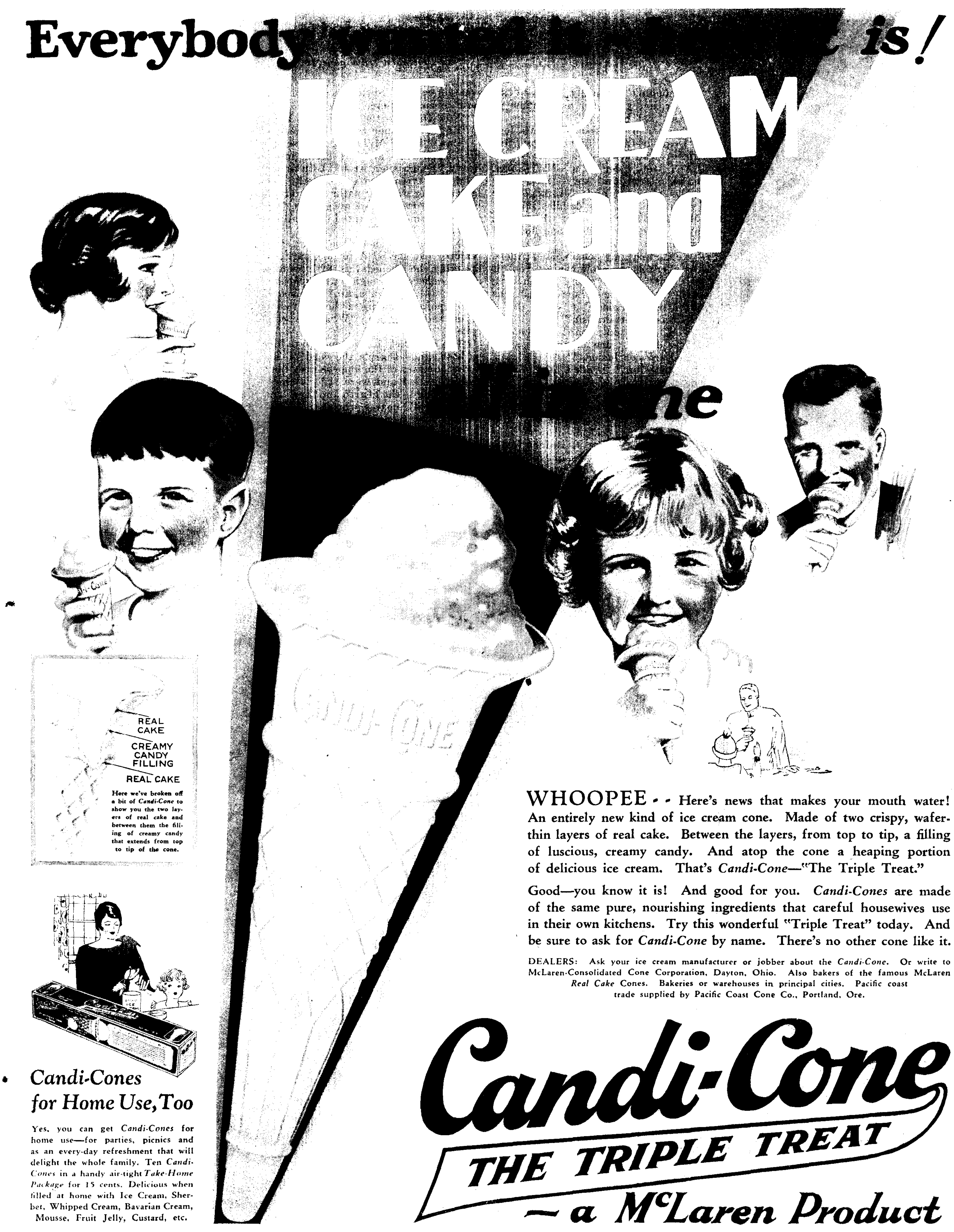
Mr. Roger blenched, throwing up a white, well-cared-for hand:

"An odious, a detestable word, Shrig!" he expostulated.

"Vich, sir?"

"'Bobbish'! A hideous word and most inappropriate as regards myself for—" the sleepy eyes glared suddenly, the pale cheek flushed, the delicate fingers became a knotted fist. "I am the same breathing Impotence! The same useless, helpless Thing, Shrig!"

(*Continued on page 46*)



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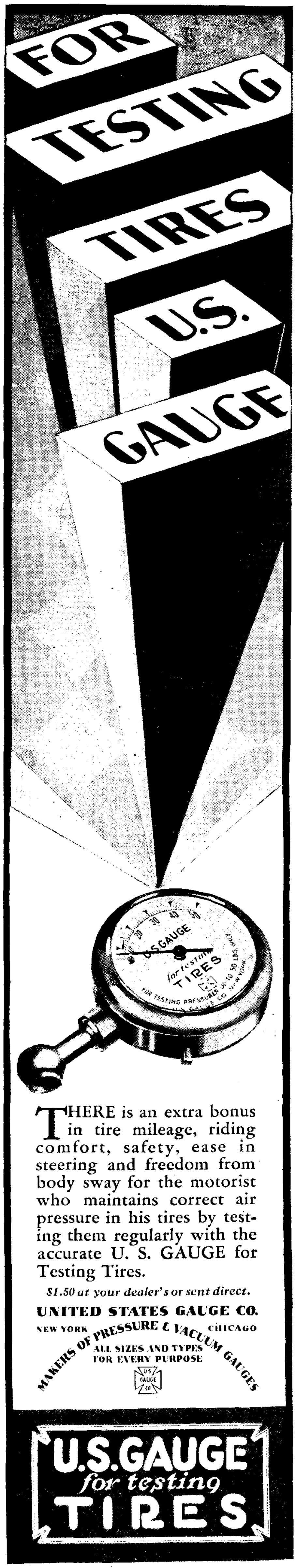

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Footprints

Continued from page 44

"I shouldn't eggsackly call ye 'useless,' sir, nor go so fur as to name ye ''elpless,' not me—no!"

"Then you'd be a fool, for I'm a log! I'm Death-in-Life, a living corpse, live brain in dead body—look at me!"

"And yet," demurred Mr. Shrig, "you're astonishin' spry with your fambles, sir, your 'ands, Mr. Rogers, or as you might say, your daddles, sir!"

Mr. Rogers glanced at the white, shapely hands in question and flickered their fingers delicately.

"Well, Shrig, my cousin, Miss Adele, forestalled me in summoning you, it seems, but you have seen . . . you have looked into this new horror that has smitten us Glendales?"

"Vith both peepers, sir!"

"Well, speak out, man! Have you discovered any trace of the assassin? Formed any conclusions?"

"Oceans, sir!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "The ass-assin is as good as took! Ye see the fax is all too plain, sir! First, the open vinder. Second, by said vinder, the fatal veppin—'ere it is!" and from a capacious pocket he drew an ugly bundle and, unwinding its stained folds, laid the knife before his questioner.

"Very horrid!" said Mr. Roger in hushed accents, viewing the dreadful thing with a very evident disgust. "Anything more, Shrig?"

"Sir, me and my comrade, Corporal Richard Roe, found all as was to be found—this! Number three! A clincher!" And beside that murderous knife he laid the gold seal, beholding which Mr. Roger started in sudden agitation, took it up, stared at it and, dropping it upon the desk, covered his eyes with his two hands.

"Aha, you reckernize it. eh, sir?" asked Mr. Shrig, thrusting it back into his pocket, and wrapping up the knife again. "Yes, I see as you know it, eh, Mr. Rogers?"

"Beyond all doubt . . . to my sorrow! And you found it . . . near . . . the body?"

"Beneath its werry fingers, sir, looked as if it had fell out of its dyin' grasp. Pretty con-clusive, I think. And now sir, 'aving dooly noted and brought along everything in the natur' of evidence, I'll be toddling—no, stop a bit—the cup!"

"Cup, Shrig? Pray, what cup?"

"The coffee-cup used by deceased."

"Why trouble to take that?"

"Well," answered Mr. Shrig dubiously, "I don't 'ardly know except for the fact as 'twere used by deceased aforesaid and might come in as evidence."

"How so, Shrig? Evidence of what?"

"WELL," answered Mr. Shrig, more dubiously than ever, "I don't 'ardly know that either, but I'd better take it along. Ye see, sir, there's some coffee in it as they might like to examine."

"But my poor uncle was stabbed, not poisoned."

"No more 'e wasn't!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "And I ought to get my report in sharp. And then again if the said cup should be wanted I can fetch it tomorrow."

"You locked the door, Shrig?"

"Seein' as the key was a-missin', I did not, sir, but I've took all as is needful and vot I've left ain't a-goin' to run away, no, 'twill stay nice an' quiet till the undertaker—"

"Good night!" said Mr. Roger, ringing the bell at his elbow.

"Sir, good night!" answered Mr. Shrig, and, turning at the opening of the door, he and Corporal Dick followed the pallid butler, who presently let them out into a pitch-black night, whereupon Mr. Shrig became imbued with a sudden fierce energy:

"Now Dick—at the double!"

"Eh, but Jarsper what . . . where—"

"Run!" hissed Mr. Shrig, and seizing his companion's arm, he broke into a heavy, though silent trot . . . In among shadowy trees, across smooth, dim lawns along winding paths to a terrace whence a row of windows glinted down at them; which he counted in breathless whisper:

"Number five should be it . . . At Number five she is! After me, pal! And speaking, he opened this fifth window and clambered through with surprising agility. "Eh—back again?" whispered the corporal, glancing at the great chair before the dying fire. "What now, comrade?"

"The bed, Dick, it's big enough to hide us both, and—sharp's the vord!" The heavy curtains of the huge somber four-poster rustled and were still, a cinder fell tinkling to the hearth and then came the corporal's hoarse whisper:

"What are we waiting for, Jarsper?"

"The murderer."

"Lord!" . . . A distant clock chimed the hour.

Silence, for the great house was very still; the clock chimed the quarter, the dying fire chinked, this room of death grew slowly darker; the clock chimed the half-hour . . . A faint, faint rattle at the door and into the room crept a sound of soft movement with another sound very strange to hear—a crunching rustle that stole across the carpet towards the hearth; a moving, shapeless blot against the feeble fire-glow, a faint tinkle of china and then a voice sudden and harsh and loud:

"In the King's name!" A leap of quick feet, a whirl of sudden movement, a flurry of desperate strife, an inhuman laugh of chuckling triumph, and then Mr. Shrig's gasping voice:

"Ecod, Dick, he's done us! Catch that arm . . . no good! I'm diddled again, by Goles, I am! Get the candles a-goin'—sharp!"

"Lord love us!" gasped Corporal Dick, the lighted candle wavering in his grasp, "Mr. Roger!"

"Ay—but look—look at 'im!"

ROGER GLENDALE lolled in his wheeled chair, his eyes fixed upon the speaker in awful glare, his lips upcurling from white teeth . . . and from these writhen lips issued a wheezing chuckle.

"Right, Shrig . . . you were right . . . I'm not . . . not so helpless . . . as I seemed. I was Master of Life . . . and Death. I'm . . . master still! I'm . . . away, Shrig, away . . . And so . . . Good night!" The proud head swayed aslant, drooped forward—the shapely hands fluttered and were still, and Corporal Dick, setting down the candle, wiped moist brow, staring with horrified eyes.

"Love us all!" he whispered, "Dead —eh?"

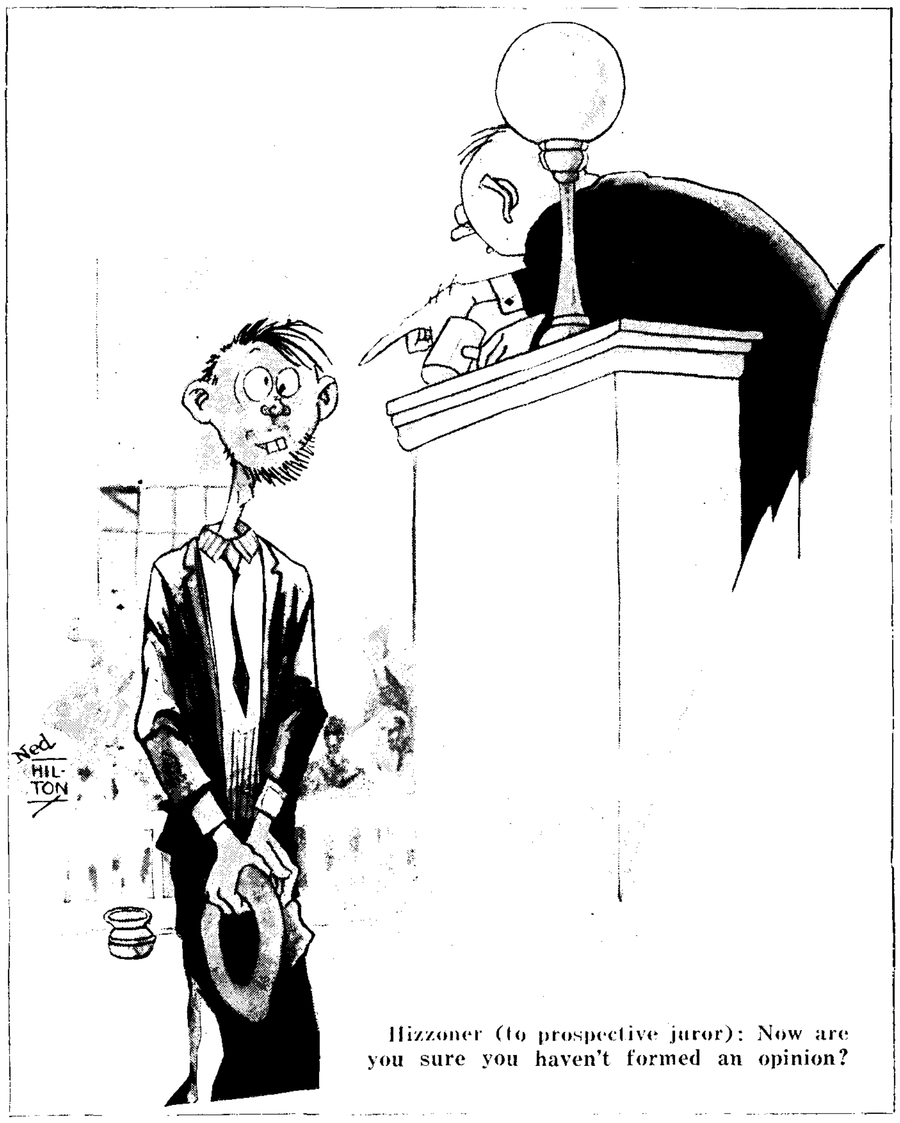
"As any nail, Dick! Pizen, d'ye see?"

"Comrade, how . . . how did ye know him for the killer?"

"'Twas very simple, Dick—in that bit o' cigar-ash as you p'inted out to me, I see the track of a veel, his footprints, so to speak, and—there ye are, pal!"

"Why then . . . what now, comrade?"

"Now Dick, get back to them as is a-vaitin' so werry patient in the coach and tell 'em as Jarsper says the shadder. being only a shadder, is vanished out o' their lives and the sun is rose and a-shinin' for 'em and so—let all be revelry and j'y!"



Hizzoner (to prospective juror): Now are you sure you haven't formed an opinion?

Arizona hunter tracks down big catch . . . *for his pipe!*

Stranded in hot desert, pipe-smoker finds oasis of comfort in this little blue tin

ASK Mr. Kirby, a victim of the stifling heat of the desert, and he'll tell you it's mighty uncomfortable to hunt for your favorite pipe-tobacco and find you've lost your pouch. Unless (as it so happened) one of the boys has a welcome "shot" of Edgeworth to fill the breach.

Mr. Kirby says it certainly did *more* than that for him. For from the moment he packed his pipe with Edgeworth the world seemed pretty good again. And now he's made up his mind he'll never smoke any other brand.

Not all pipe-smokers are brave bold hunters. But nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Pipe-smoking runs to sound, thinking men—not to the nervous, helter-skelter breed. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply *can't* be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.

But you don't have to wait until you're stuck in a desert to try the powers of Edgeworth.

Try this FREE *offer now!*

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 35 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Battle Mountain Sanitarium,
Hot Springs, So. Dakota,
December 5th, 1928

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

One day in the desert, in Arizona, I went out on an all-day shooting trip, and left my pouch at home, and did not discover it until I was miles from town and a mile or more from where we had left our Ford. Well, I was disgusted. The sun was shining hot as the devil that day, and everything was dancing in the heat, and I soon got a headache.

Now a queer thing about these headaches I have is that tobacco relieves them. So I asked one of the boys for a pipe of tobacco, and he handed me a tin of Edgeworth. Well, I thought here was the place where I was going to ruin a perfectly good pipe and get a sore tongue as well. But I packed a handful into the bowl and lit up.

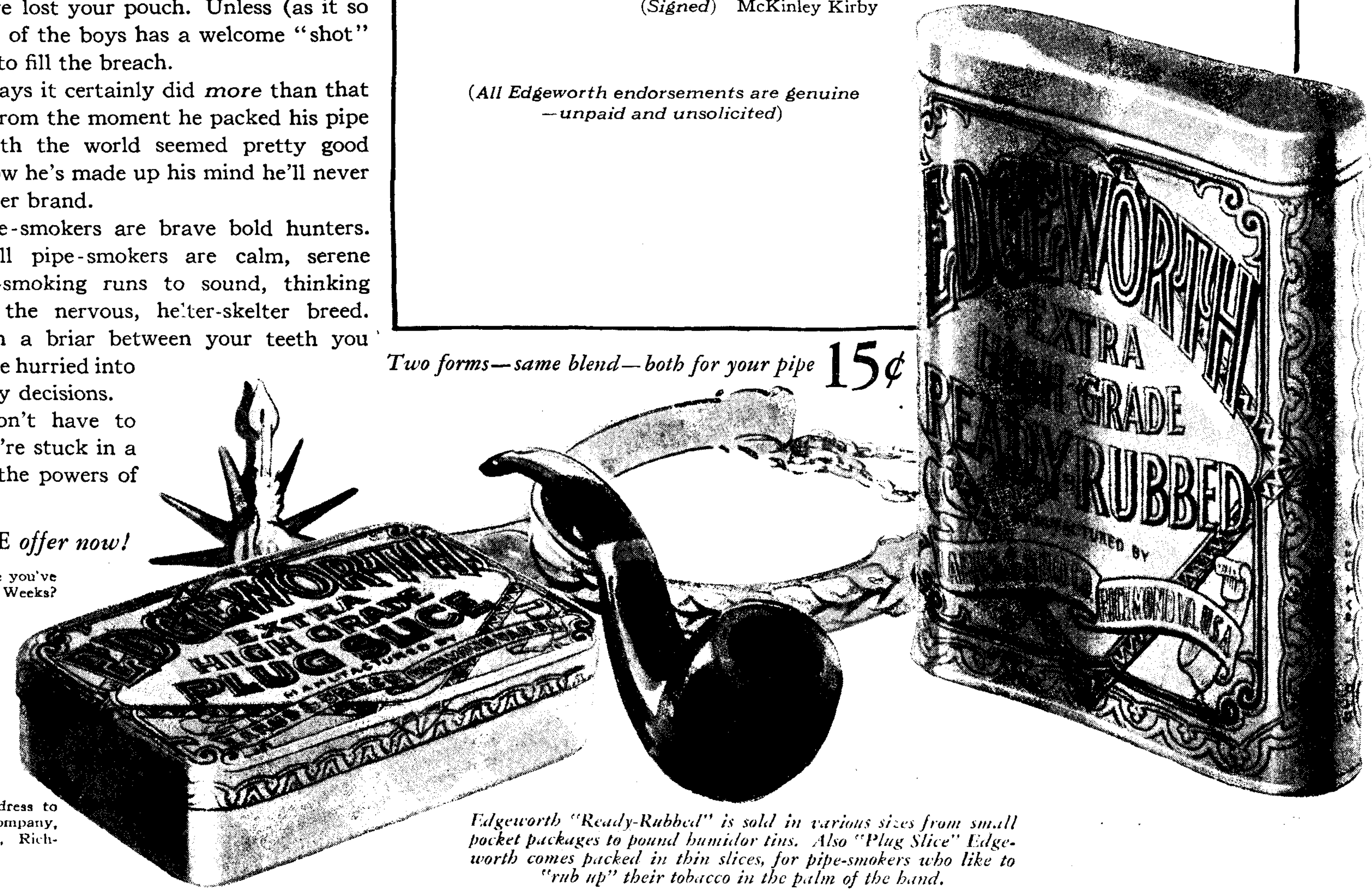
I got the biggest surprise of my smoking experience. For the pipe tasted just as good as it ever had with the other brand, and was quite a bit cooler, too. I smoked three or four pipes before we got through the day's shooting, and when I had finished there was no dryness of mouth and throat, and no unpleasant taste in my mouth.

You can be sure I have never smoked any more imported mixtures since that day, and as long as Edgeworth is what it is I will use no other. I want to thank you for a really fine tobacco, than which there is no greater rarity in this machine-made country.

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) McKinley Kirby

(*All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine —unpaid and unsolicited*)

Two forms—same blend—both for your pipe 15¢



Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

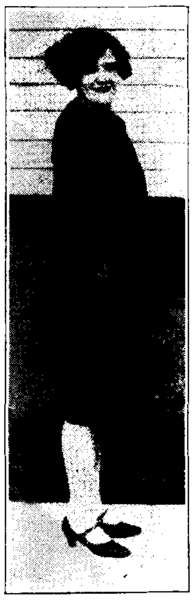
INCLINED TO BE FAT?

Overweight men and women will be interested in Mrs. Houghton's story. She reduced 108 pounds in 16 months and has held her weight steady for 3 years since.

Mrs. Houghton's full address is:

Mrs. R. J. Houghton, 325 Cliff Drive, Logansport, Indiana. These pictures show her before and after reducing by the Delle Ross System. She did it—

- —without starving
- —without giving up the foods she liked
- —without exercising
- —without using drugs, rubber garments or machines.



The Delle Ross System works with Nature simply by teaching you how to eat correctly. Fat people are just as undernourished as thin people, because their food is going into surplus flesh and robbing the *real body* of its rightful nourishment. Most of us eat by guesswork and make mistakes in our menus which we cannot understand. Delle Ross teaches the science of combining foods properly for each individual body machine. Then surplus flesh disappears in a healthy, natural manner, and the benefits are permanent.

You are not required to eat foods that are distasteful to you. Menus are made out to fit your individual case.

* * *

If you will mail the coupon below, Delle Ross will send you a booklet explaining the course more in detail.—No obligation, and your name will be kept confidential.

Delle Ross, Eddy Building,
Bloomington, Illinois.

Your advertisement interests me. Will you send the booklet explaining your System of Reducing?

Name..............................

Street address.......................

City and State.......................

C-2

The Solid Gold Article

Continued from page 7

Miss Agatha. "I've been around long enough to know that all you get in the world is what you pay for and sometimes not that."

"Didn't it ever occur to you," said Mr. West, "that there are still some genuine men left in the world? I mean men who are capable of loving a girl sincerely, and unselfishly, with no thought of exploiting her?"

"Yes and no, but mostly no," said Miss Agatha.

"Perhaps you are so modern you don't believe in love."

"I hope to tell you I do," said Miss Agatha. "I'm not a hard-boiled egg, and at the same time I'm no poached egg on toast, either. I'm all for love—but it has to be the solid gold article. What I want most of all is a flat where I can cook steaks, and raise kids to do something better than work in a bargain basement, and I want to have a man who thinks the sun rises on my account, and I want to be able to think the same of him. Anything else gets no sort of tumble from me, Mr. West, and you can put a red ring around that."

"Miss Agatha?"

"Well?"

"Why do you think I wanted to talk to you tonight?"

"Now comes the bad news," said Miss Agatha. "I don't need twenty guesses—but go ahead and spring your line. I collect 'em."

"I haven't any line," said Mr. West. "I'm a very simple, direct person, really. I can only tell you how I honestly feel. When I saw you in the store today, and spoke with you, something happened to me. It was something I have wanted to have happen to me all my life. I fell in love. I mean it. I knew instantly, as clearly and as surely as I ever knew anything, that I wanted to know you and be with you. I'm even surer about it, now. I think we could be happy together, Agatha. I'd do my best. Will you give me the chance?"

"Thanks for the compliment, Mr. West, and you've got a good selling talk, but I can't give you an order."

"We could go to Paris, Venice, Nice—all the beautiful places in the world—"

"Couldn't you get me in the movies, too? No, Mr. West, it's no use. You'll have to try at another counter. I've got other plans."

"Are you engaged?"

"Practically."

"I see. Well, of course, that's reason enough," said Mr. West. "I hope he's a fine fellow—"

"Sure he is. Of course, Charlie will never be able to take me to Paris and those other towns. A ferry ride to Staten Island will be about our speed. We won't be able to eat at swell places, like this; but we'll have a home, and maybe kids, and I'm betting we'll be happy."

"I sincerely hope you will be, Agatha. But promise me this: If things don't go right, will you let me know? I want you to feel that I'm your friend."

"Thanks," said Miss Agatha. "I'll remember that. You're all right, Mr. West. You've been nice and polite to me and I've had a grand time. Now I think I'd better be going home."

"WHAT was he like?" asked Miss Maude, from her bed, as Miss Agatha cold-creamed her face that night.

"Believe it or not," said Miss Agatha, "he wasn't only a gentleman but he acted like one. Not a bit of rough stuff, and we came home in his sedan, with a chauffeur."

Miss Maude wagged an incredulous head.

"I kind of liked him, Maude," said Miss Agatha. "He didn't snap his fingers at the waiter, or clown with him, the way Charlie does, and he can talk the way they do in books, and the stories he told were funny. Of course, he did pull the one about giving me a free ride to Paris; but he didn't turn nasty when I told him nothing doing."

"Paris, was it?" said Miss Maude. "You must have busted out laughing. I know those fellows. They talk Paris, but they mean Atlantic City."

"He isn't so bad-looking," mused Miss Agatha, "once you get used to his face."

"You'd better drop him right out of your mind," said Miss Maude, "and think up how you're going to smooth down Charlie. He came around here tonight, and I had to tell him you were out with a set of pearl studs and a top hat."

"How did he take it?"

"Like rat poison. He nearly bit the door-knob off."

"Good," said Miss Agatha. "I'm not worrying. It's about time Charlie and I had a show-down."

MR. CHARLES ROOT was in a not very amiable frame of mind when he took Miss Agatha to dinner at a chop house the next night.

"Open your ears, and don't muff this," he said. "Last night you stepped out with one of those silk-lined buzzards I warned you against. Don't do that again. If I catch one of those perfumed tramps hanging around you, I'll bust him wide open and stuff him with his own high hat."

"Oh, you're always talking about busting people," said Miss Agatha. "That sort of stuff doesn't prove anything. And please stop snapping your fingers at the waiter. It isn't refined."

"Huh—so we're being refined," said Charlie. "That's what comes from running around with Mr. Lah-de-dah."

"He has manners, anyhow."

"Yeah? And morals, too, I suppose. What was his bait? A diamond necklace or your name in lights on Broadway?"

"Now, Charlie, be nice. You ought to know I'm straight, and wise, too. Mr. West is a good scout but—"

"Oh, they're all good scouts—at first. That's part of their game. They're clever as sin. Me, I'm not clever. I'm no millionaire or college boy or anything with frills. I'm just an ordinary, hard-working, everyday sort of fellow that doesn't know how to hint around. I guess you know how I feel about you, girlie—"

"You've been telling me," said Miss Agatha, "but it's worth repeating."

"Well," said Charlie, "you've got me backed against the ropes, woozy, and out on my feet. I'm so goofy about you I eat my letters and mail my flapjacks. I've fell for girls before—I'll come clean and admit that—but I never fell so far or so hard. Now, look. You and me have been playing around together for nearly a month. You've pulled an Eskimo act on me, and that's been okeh with me, so far. I never did have much time for the sort of cutie you can kiss as soon as you've finished shaking hands with her. I've waited, because I'm strong for you and I think you're strong for me. Ain't that a fact, baby?"

Miss Agatha looked at him, steadily.

"Yes, Charlie," she said. "It is."

"And now," said Charlie, "the time has come for you and me to stop stalling. I've been looking around and today I found a place; I won't call it an apartment. I don't believe in four-flushing. It's just a room, but it's nice and the furniture is almost new. It's over on West Twenty-second Street. I took it today and it's ready for us. What do you say, dearie?"

"Charlie, do you really want to marry me? Have you thought what it will mean, being tied to one girl, and maybe some babies? You like your freedom. You keep saying so. We could manage on fifty a week. I could, anyhow; but you're in the habit of getting all dressed up and going round to places. Getting married isn't just one big picnic, you know."

"You don't want me—is that it?" said Charlie.

"Charlie, you know I do. I'm just trying to be sensible, that's all. I guess I just want you to persuade me that you don't care what happens so long as we get married."

"I want to be sensible, too," said Charlie. "I'm willing to listen to reason. Fifty a week is no fortune, and even if you kept your job, we'd be pinched. But let's not think of that, just now. Let's hop in a taxi and dash over to West Twenty-second Street—"

"Charlie, listen. Maybe I'm foolish; but ever since I was a little kid I've always had a dream about the right man making love to me, and then getting engaged, with a ring, even if it only cost a dime, and then getting married, in a church, all in white, and going somewhere on a honeymoon. I got four days off coming to me at the store and they can start next Monday, and we can get married Monday morning and—"

"Honey," said Charlie, "you've said your piece about the wedding bells; now let me say mine. Why do we have to get married? Why can't you and me go into one of those companionate marriages we read about in the papers?"

"CHARLIE! What are you trying to put over on me?"

"Nothing. I'm no gold-brick artist like those rich rummies. I'm telling you right out I can't see this marrying game, with a preacher and a license and all the rest of that blah. I love you and you love me and that's all the license we need. Well, what say?"

"Give me a minute to think, Charlie, please," said Miss Agatha. "I'm sort of confused—"

"Never mind the thinking," said Charlie. "You know how you feel."

"Wait. Please wait. I've got to look at it straight. I've got to see it just the way I would if you weren't Charlie, but maybe some rich fellow that had me out to dinner—"

"It's getting late," said Charlie.

"Charlie, when can we get married?"

"I'm off marrying, I tell you."

"Charlie! I know. You're married already!"

"Smart, ain't you? Did I ever say I wasn't?"

"Oh, Charlie. . . ."

"Don't look like you seen a ghost. My squaw ain't apt to pop in here. She and the kids are out in Flatbush. I could of lied to you about her, but I ain't that kind."

"Are you going to get a divorce, Charlie?"

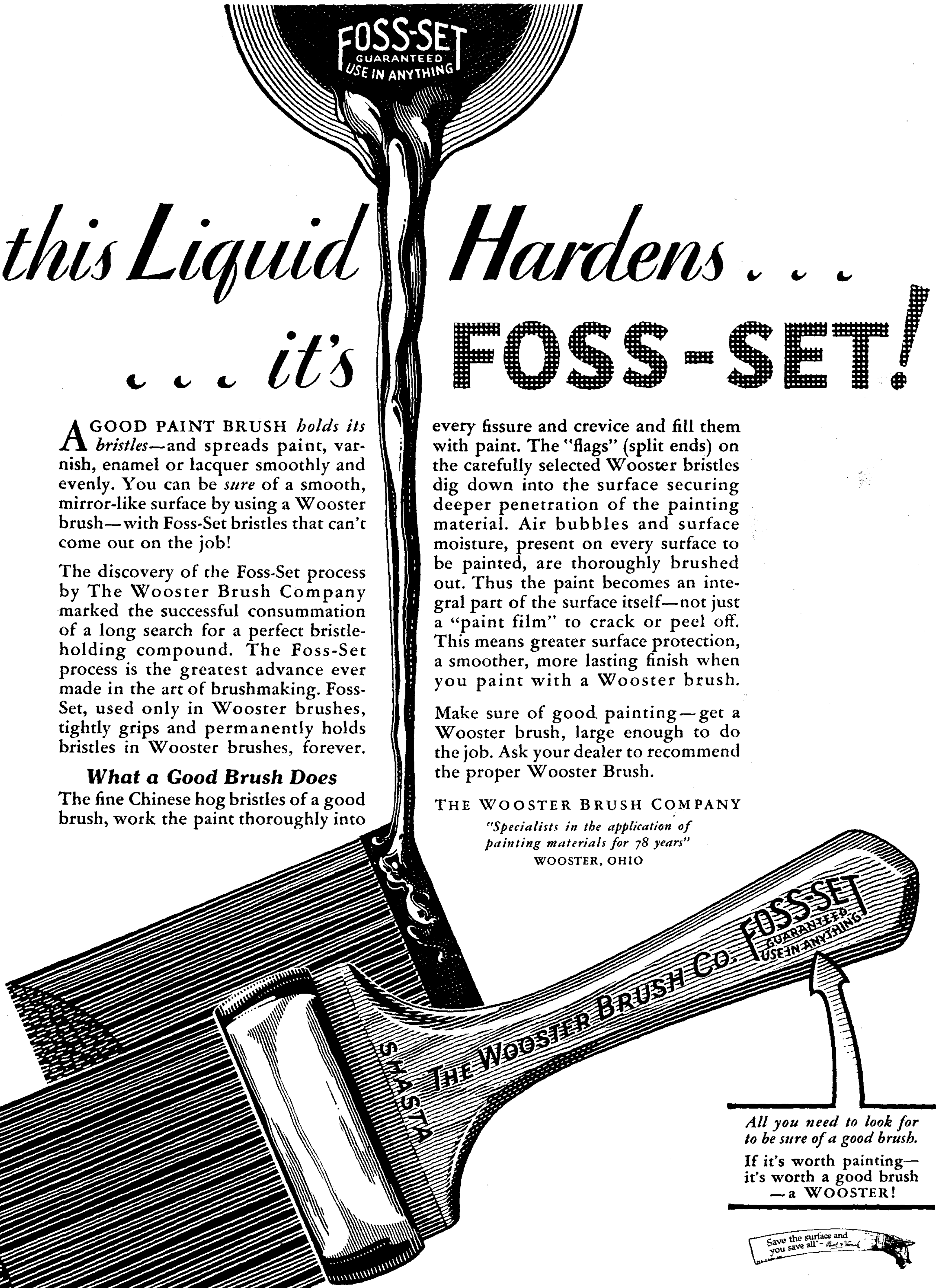
"How can I? She don't want one, and I can't afford to get one. But that don't matter, does it, honey?"

"Yes, Charlie, it does matter."

Miss Agatha stood up. Her face was very white.

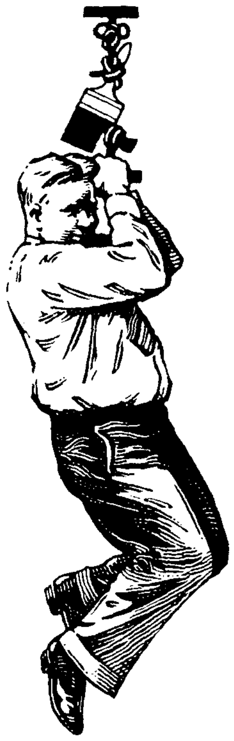
(*Continued on page 50*)

When this Liquid Hardens . . .
. . . it's FOSS-SET!



FOSS-SET BRISTLES
can't come out

"Ted the Tester"—an actual test—188 pounds on a Wooster brush—and not a bristle came loose!



A GOOD PAINT BRUSH *holds its bristles*—and spreads paint, varnish, enamel or lacquer smoothly and evenly. You can be *sure* of a smooth, mirror-like surface by using a Wooster brush—with Foss-Set bristles that can't come out on the job!

The discovery of the Foss-Set process by The Wooster Brush Company marked the successful consummation of a long search for a perfect bristle-holding compound. The Foss-Set process is the greatest advance ever made in the art of brushmaking. Foss-Set, used only in Wooster brushes, tightly grips and permanently holds bristles in Wooster brushes, forever.

What a Good Brush Does

The fine Chinese hog bristles of a good brush, work the paint thoroughly into every fissure and crevice and fill them with paint. The "flags" (split ends) on the carefully selected Wooster bristles dig down into the surface securing deeper penetration of the painting material. Air bubbles and surface moisture, present on every surface to be painted, are thoroughly brushed out. Thus the paint becomes an integral part of the surface itself—not just a "paint film" to crack or peel off. This means greater surface protection, a smoother, more lasting finish when you paint with a Wooster brush.

Make sure of good painting—get a Wooster brush, large enough to do the job. Ask your dealer to recommend the proper Wooster Brush.

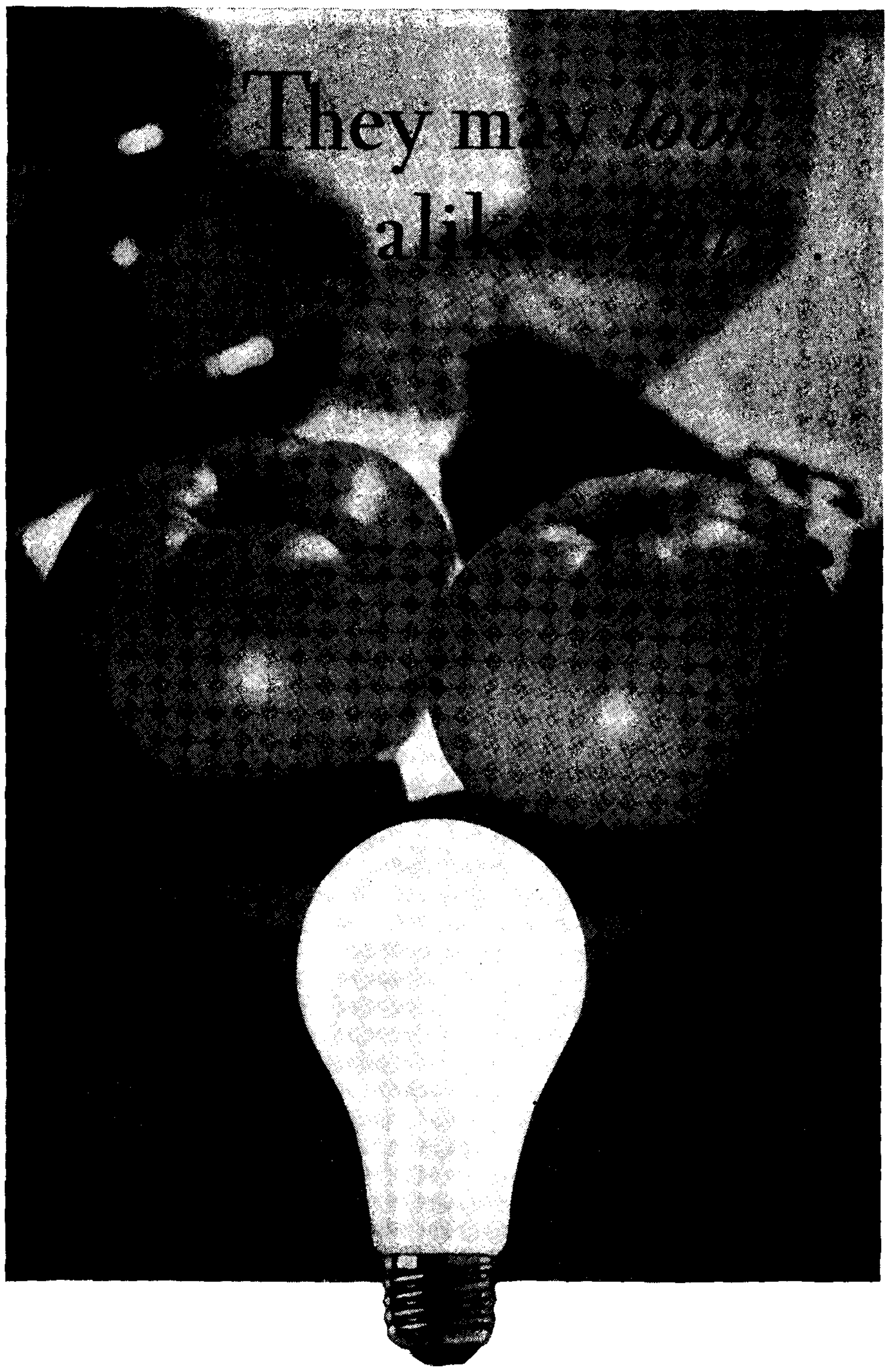
THE WOOSTER BRUSH COMPANY
"Specialists in the application of painting materials for 78 years"
WOOSTER, OHIO

All you need to look for to be sure of a good brush.

If it's worth painting—it's worth a good brush—a WOOSTER!

Save the surface and you save all

WOOSTER BRUSHES
FOR GOOD PAINTING



HOW many times have you bought a basket of tomatoes and found some deliciously juicy and others dry and pulpy and tasteless? Although tomatoes may look alike, there may be vast differences in quality between them.

Just as truly . . . there may be vast differences in quality between lamps that *look alike.* Housewives have this advantage in buying lamps: the name MAZDA is stamped on the bulb of every Edison MAZDA Lamp. This assures high quality and the high quality guarantees *the full value of the current consumed.*

The convenient and logical way to buy Edison MAZDA Lamps is in the carton of six. Safely packed to prevent breakage, a supply of lamps on your shelf will allow you to keep sockets filled . . . will make the risk of *dangerous eyestrain* unnecessary . . . will do away with unsightly empty sockets.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Solid Gold Article

Continued from page 48

"I'm going home," she said.

"You're going with me," said Charlie. He gripped her wrist.

"Let me go," cried Miss Agatha. "I never want to see you again."

MISS MAUDE opened sleepy eyes. "Home kind of early, aren't you, Agatha?"

"Yes. What's it to you?"

Miss Agatha hurled her turban—her best one—into a corner. Miss Maude sat up, wide awake now.

"My goodness," she said, "what's the matter? I hope you don't feel as bad as you look."

"Worse," said Miss Agatha, and began to sob.

"So," said Miss Maude, presently, "that's the sort of dill pickle Charlie turned out to be! Well, the big bum! Never mind, dearie, there are plenty more men. Even if they are all alike."

"That's what I'm crying about," sobbed Miss Agatha.

She stopped crying, suddenly. She went to the mirror and began to remove the tear-stains and restore the complexion. From the corner she rescued her turban and pulled it down over her curls with an air of decision.

"What's the idea?" asked Miss Maude. "Going out again?"

"That's what."

"It's after ten."

"What of it?"

Miss Maude jumped out of bed and caught Miss Agatha's arm.

"Don't be foolish," she said.

"It doesn't pay to be anything else," said Miss Agatha.

"You mustn't go to Charlie—"

"That cheap tin-horn! I'm not that foolish. Let go of me, Maude."

"You mustn't do it," wailed Miss Maude. "You *mustn't*—"

"What mustn't I do?"

"Jump in the river."

"Oh, go back to bed and rest easy. I won't do that while I've got my looks."

"Where are you going then?"

"Paris," said Miss Agatha, and went out, closing the door firmly behind her.

NOW the story should end here. But it doesn't, because it didn't.

Miss Agatha went to the corner drugstore, extracted a nickel from her imitation lizard-skin bag, and called up Mr. West.

"You said if I ever needed a friend I could call you up," she said. "Well, I need one now. I want your advice. When can I see you?"

"Any time," said Mr. West.

"Tonight?"

"If you want to."

"I'll come right up."

Mr. West met her at the door of his apartment. He looked rather grave.

"I hope it isn't anything very serious," he said.

"Oh, nothing's serious, is it?" said Miss Agatha.

He showed her into his living-room. It was brightly lit and quite the handsomest room she had ever been in.

"Please sit down," he said, motioning her to an easy chair. She sat down.

"Now what is it?" said Mr. West.

Miss Agatha said nothing. She only looked at him. Coming up in the subway, she had decided that that would be enough. But he sat regarding her, with a friendly smile, waiting for her to speak.

"Please tell me," he said. "You know I want to help you, if I can."

"Well, I'm here. I mean, here I am," said Miss Agatha.

"So I see," said Mr. West. "You said you wanted my advice. What about?"

This wasn't the way she had pictured the scene at all. She drew in her breath and said:

"About going to Paris."

"Oh, I see. So you and Charlie are going to Paris—"

"Not Charlie," said Miss Agatha. "He's through. He turned out all wrong—"

She had not meant to cry.

"You poor child," said Mr. West—and then, "—Agatha, do you mean—you'll go with me—"

"Yes. That's what I mean." She had stopped crying. "Maybe you don't want to take me," she said.

"But of course I do," said Mr. West. "All evening I've been sitting here, thinking about you. I've been hating Charlie, too. Do you know what I decided?"

"What?"

"That I wasn't going to let him have you. I planned to see you again if I had to buy all the shirts in New York. I planned to do everything I could to make you forget Charlie—and love me, instead—"

"WELL," said Miss Agatha, in a dull voice. "You've got your wish, all right, about forgetting Charlie. I want to. I'm sick and tired of fighting. When Charlie cracked, so did I. I'm going to chuck out a lot of notions I've been carrying around with me all my life. It's a tough world, so I might as well be tough, too. Charlie offered me a furnished room in West Twenty-second Street. Well, I've seen West Twenty-second Street, and it's not so much. From all accounts, I'd have a better time in Paris—"

"Oh, we'll have a marvelous time in Paris," said Mr. West. "It is at its loveliest in the spring—"

"Spring?" said Miss Agatha, wearily. "It won't be spring for three months yet. Oh, well, what does it matter?"

"Agatha?"

"Yes?"

"I don't want us to go to Paris right away," said Mr. West.

"I suppose not."

"I've got a reason," said Mr. West. "I hope you won't think I'm a sentimental old fool; but it's an idea I've always had and I'm going to ask you to help me carry it out—"

"Anything you say," said Miss Agatha.

"This is what I want to do," said Mr. West. "I want you to let me make love to you. You know I love you, but let me tell you so again and again. I want you to let me take you to dinner, and the theater, and send you flowers and court you, just the way old-fashioned people used to do. And then, in maybe a month or so, I want you to let me propose to you, and I want us to be engaged, with a regular ring; and then, just before we start for Paris, I want us to have a real wedding, with a veil, and a big cake, and at least six bridesmaids—"

"You—mean—get married?" said Miss Agatha.

"Certainly. Why, my dear child, what's the matter?"

The matter was that Miss Agatha for the first and last time in her life was having hysterics.

The story could end here. It won't, because I must tell you that one spring day, the sort of mild bright day which comes only to Paris, I saw, in an open car on the Champs Élysées, Mr. and Mrs. West. They didn't see me. I doubt if they even saw Paris.

CHAMPION

National Change Week

May 5th to 11th

CHAMPION
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Save the Price of New Spark Plugs!

CHANGE YOUR SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES . . .

ONCE again Champion reminds you that to enjoy perfect engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

You should renew even Champion Spark Plugs which give much better service for a much longer period than any other spark plug.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of the new improved Champions will restore new car power and speed *and save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.*

Moreover, the far-reaching improvements, the time-tested and exclusive superiorities of the new improved Champions are so great as to warrant immediate equipment with them—no matter what spark plugs you may now be using.

Make Champion National Change Week your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions. It is a proved method of maintaining maximum engine efficiency and economy. Any one of more than 100,000 dealers will be glad to serve you.

Tune in on the Champion Sparkers' special program over a coast-to-coast hook-up on the N. B. C. Blue Network (33 stations) Saturday night May 4th from 11 to 11:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time.

BUY BY NUMBER

A correctly designed Champion for every engine.

Auburn	4
Auburn Hi Comp. Head	21
Buick (Ex '29)	6
Buick (1929)	9
Cadillac	2
Chandler (from '23)	3
Chevrolet 6	9
Chevrolet 4	5
Chrysler	2
Chrysler Red Head	2 Sp.
DeSoto Standard	8
DeSoto Red Head	14
Diana	2
Dodge 4	3
Dodge 6	4
Durant 55 and 65	4
Durant Model 75	14
Elcar (to '28)	6
Elcar (from '28)	4
Erskine (to '29)	3
Erskine (1929)	4
Essex	9
Falcon	1
Ford, Model A	3X
Ford, Model T	X Long
Franklin to Ser. 12	AF-53
Franklin Ser. 12-B	9
Gardner	1
Graham-Paige, 835	8
Graham-Paige, all others	3
Hudson (from '21)	9
Hupmobile 4	2
Hupmobile 8 (to '28)	2
Hupmobile Century 8	8
Hupmobile 6	3
Jordan 8, Model JE	8
Jordan, all others	4
LaSalle	2
Lincoln (to '28)	4
Lincoln (from '28)	3
Lincoln Turbo Hd.	3
Locomobile (to '28)	2
Locomobile (from '28)	8
Marmon 75 and 68	4
Marmon 78	1
Moon 8-80	8
Moon, all others	2
Nash Big and Special 6	6
Nash Light 6	4
Nash New Ser. 400 Sp. and Adv. 6	15
Nash New Ser. 400 Standard 6	8
Oakland (from '24)	3
Oldsmobile (to '27)	6
Oldsmobile (1927)	4
Oldsmobile 6, Model F	8
Overland 4	7
Overland 6	2
Packard (to '26)	2
Packard (from '26)	3
Paige	4
Peerless 81	8
Peerless, all others	4
Pierce-Arrow	2
Plymouth	2
Pontiac	3
Reo (to '27)	7
Reo Flying Cloud (to '28)	1
Reo Flying Cloud ('28)	8
Reo Wolverine (to '28)	1
Reo Wolverine ('28)	8
Rolls-Royce, Model 40-50	8
Rolls-Royce, Model 40-65	9
Star 4	3
Star 6	4
Stearns-Knight	1
Studebaker Dictator (to '29)	1
Studebaker Dictator 1929	4
Studebaker Commander (to '29)	3
Studebaker Commander 1929	4
Studebaker President	4
Studebaker Big 6	3
Stutz 4	1
Stutz 6 and 8	8
Stutz Black Hawk Speedster and Weyman body equipment	14
Velie 66	6
Velie 77 and 88	1
Whippet 6	3
Whippet 4	4
Willys-Knight 4	4
Willys-Knight Great 6	2
Willys-Knight Light 6	1

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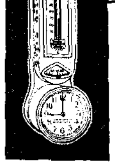
STOP
Look for the signals of overheating in your home



OVERHEATING
always betrays its presence

—can you read the signs?

The more serious results of overheating seldom come without warning. The coal pile seems to melt away almost before the bill is paid. Or you read the handwriting on the wall, in the form of an ugly plaster crack. Or you notice the effects of overheating in the behavior of guests, yawning and nodding when they should be gay.

There are a dozen ways to recognize this unwholesome and costly situation, so common in American homes: Frequent colds in the household; fatigue, in the midst of some simple task; a dull, listless feeling when one is trying to read.

The house suffers, too—especially if it is new. Woodwork warps and walls bulge—or worse yet, a neglected fire seriously damages the heater when it should last years longer. And little as you may like to think of it, there's always the chance of collecting on your fire insurance—poor enough consolation, when your treasures are gone.

Whatever else may happen, overheating is sure to keep you running to the basement to refuel the fire.

Long ago, heating engineers gave up trying to prevent overheating with old-fashioned hand control. A great industry came into existence, just to solve this problem for you and millions of other home owners.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

Now that homes are catching up with business and industry in the new automatic era, *automatic heating is coming into more and more general use. Not only on the newer automatically fired systems burning oil, gas, or coal*—really made possible by the earlier development of automatic control for hand-fired systems using coal or coke—but also on old heating plants burning any fuel.

It is a very simple matter to modernize your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator. A modern finance plan enables you to buy it on easy monthly payments.

The Minneapolis-Honeywell organization and its predecessors have been responsible for practically all of this modern development, from its inception 44 years ago. "Minneapolis-Honeywell" means *"automatic heat control" to millions of home owners,* as well as to industrial engineers responsible for delicate heat processes. Send for our free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

◆ ◆ ◆

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY

Manufacturers of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator and the Jewell Temperature Regulator, applicable to the following types of heating systems: Residential systems burning coal or coke, oil burners, gas-fired boilers and furnaces, conversion gas burners, coal stokers, coal blowers, district steam, unit heaters and individual radiator controls. Also automatic heat controls for industrial processes.

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 20

you doing with yourself today?" Madame Yburg asked.

"I shall be busy all the morning," I replied. "But you would make me very happy if you would join me for tea at the Casino."

She lowered her eyes and bit her lip meditatively. Her pale, clearly chiseled features were Greek in purity; but I thought that the little teeth were terribly white. . . .

"I should love to," she replied. "But if I'm late—after five, I mean—you won't give me up?"

"Certainly not. I may be late myself."

In the office of the management I confirmed the report made by the Prussian watchman. There were polite regrets—masking incredulity, I rather fancied. But the fastenings of my shutter should certainly be looked to.

AT ABOUT half-past ten on a perfect morning I set out. My Zeiss glasses I had stuffed into a pocket of my coat as I had no desire to advertise my intentions. Yet a dreadful sense of futility was growing hourly more oppressive.

The presence of an automatic on my hip no longer gave any feeling of security. One cannot shoot a Voice. I was watched, day and night; the fact was unmistakable. But although the watchers clearly possessed unusual, indeed superhuman powers, I could not afford to suppose that they were infallible. To do so would be to acknowledge defeat. Some, at least, of my enemies were human enough; and I classified the chief suspects thus:

(a) Madame Yburg
(b) Aldous P. Kluster
(c) M. Paul

If the men were victims of the woman or voluntary accomplices, I had yet to learn. But, until more data came into my possession, my only safe course was to look upon all three as active opponents of my mission.

In the lobby of the hotel I was confronted by a dazzling spectacle; a man arrayed in extravagant plus-fours, with really unique stockings. His tie was in harmony with his stockings but in harmony with nothing else. He wore a startling jumper. Black hair, gray at the temples, was brushed straight back from a fine, pale brow. The handsome, clean-shaven face was dominated by laughing but penetrating eyes.

"My *dear* Mr. Woodville!" cried M. Paul—for he it was—"may I hope that you are not engaged?"

"Very sorry," I replied. "But I am afraid I am engaged until dinner time."

"Ah!" cried the Frenchman. "But it is a shame! I am disconsolate. But dinner—yes! You will dine with me?"

"With pleasure."

"Good. Then we meet in the bar at half after six—"

"Say a quarter to seven."

"Half after six to quarter to seven—for cocktails?"

"Delighted."

Presently, I got on my way again. As I came out into the street, I ran into Mr. Kluster, who was standing by the hotel entrance!

"Hullo!" he said, looking me up and down. "All set for a picnic?"

"Not exactly," I answered shortly.

"Exploring the forest?"

"Something of the sort," I called back; for I had scarcely checked my footsteps, so resentful was I of this man's would-be facetious remarks.

But already I had gathered food for reflection. It might be no more than a series of coincidences: yet the fact remained that every suspect on my list had challenged me in some way, regarding my plans for that day!

Taking all things into consideration, I doubted if it were possible for me to cover my tracks. A conviction was growing that I had to do with enemies whose methods of observation left me no means of countering.

The facts underlying all this mystery I had yet to learn. Upon what astounding intrigue had I innocently blundered? But I was now certain that these facts were of a character which would not bear light of day. The winged horror of the cemetery definitely defied conjecture. It was supernormal. The Voice formed a complement to it. But my midnight visitor, who imitated the night watchman, was a tangible opponent with whom one might hope to come to grips. Madame Yburg?

If there were vampires in the Black Forest, then certainly they had human accomplices—and clever ones. But with these, at least, I could deal.

I made several calls in the town, some of them necessary and others mere red herrings. On coming out from each of the offices and shops, I assured myself that none of the suspects—a, b, or c—was in sight. Presently, leaving the bank, I turned sharply right and set out upon the real business of the day.

My plans from this moment onward included avoidance of spots in which I was likely to meet acquaintances. A study of the map had enabled me to lay a safe course. Once clear of the outskirts of the town, I counted myself moderately safe from ordinary espionage.

The byways were very quiet. And as I mounted ever nearer to the forest, it became less and less possible that I should be tracked without my knowledge. I took frequent occasion to pause and glance around me, also back and downward upon the route below.

Not once did I detect a follower—a fact which, in view of what happened later, is noteworthy, being a sidelight upon the methods of a very extraordinary man.

AT a point selected earlier that morning, a car awaited me. I had chosen the man with care. As a result of conversation with the Dutch bookseller and a close study of my map, I had come to the conclusion that there was only one coign of vantage from which I might hope to command a view of Felsenweir. (In this, by the way, I was wrong.) Part of the route was possible by car; the last half-mile merely a forest path.

My purpose was secretly to study the ruins, closely and for a considerable time, with a view to learning if they were inhabited. And at the moment of joining the car at the place appointed, a conviction seized me that my well-laid schemes had gone "a-gley."

Something in the chauffeur's behavior seemed odd. He sprang down with alacrity and opened the door; but his glance was furtive—unfriendly.

Around me was the beautiful silence of woodlands. In this solitude where almost anything could happen and never be heard of in the world of men, I realized that I was dealing with criminals of a unique kind; such as perhaps only medieval laws could reach—with human outcasts—pariahs so far beyond our modern pale that the life of an intruder would mean less to them than the flame of a candle.

By means which I utterly failed to

(*Continued on page 55*)

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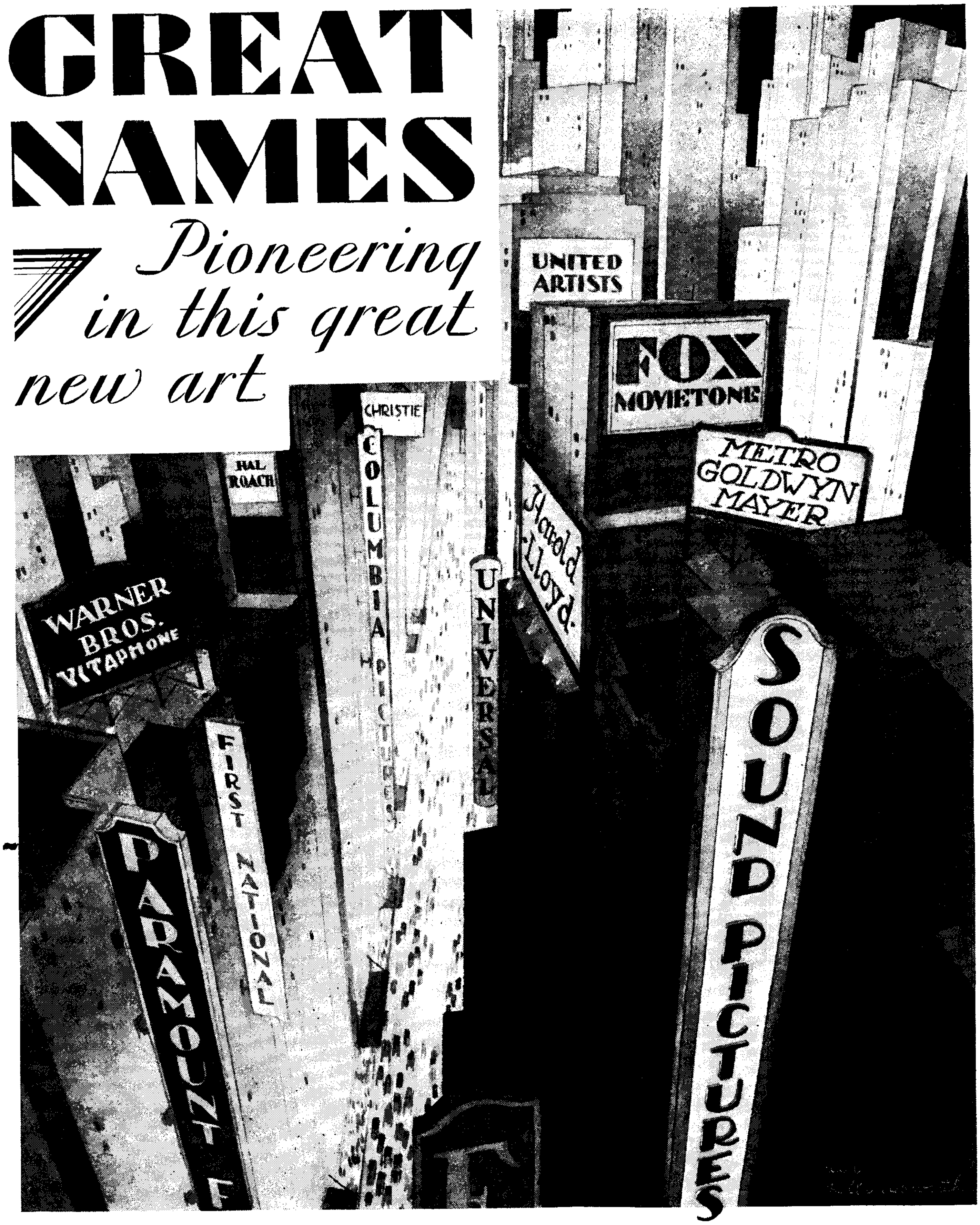
Pioneering in this great new art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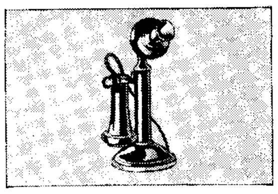

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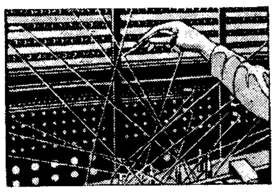

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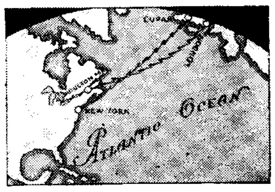
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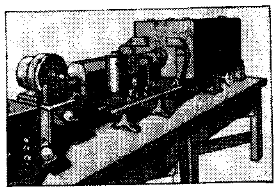

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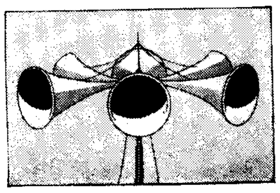

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—Speed to spare in all adding and calculating.

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—The Controlled-Key, to guard not only against error from incomplete key strokes, both up and down, but also from *partial depression of adjacent keys*.

—Time-tested durability that stands the gaff of service.

In this combination the Comptometer offers unsurpassed production of figure work at the minimum of effort and expense.

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If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

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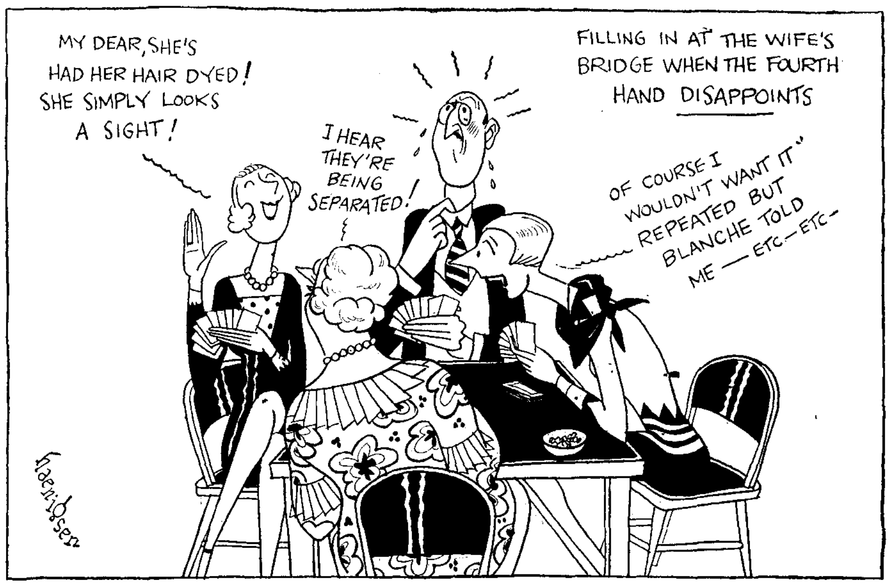

MY DEAR, SHE'S HAD HER HAIR DYED! SHE SIMPLY LOOKS A SIGHT!
I HEAR THEY'RE BEING SEPARATED!
OF COURSE I WOULDN'T WANT IT REPEATED BUT BLANCHE TOLD ME — ETC.—ETC.—
FILLING IN AT THE WIFE'S BRIDGE WHEN THE FOURTH HAND DISAPPOINTS
Haenigsen

Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

CONTINUING the discussion of Contract Bridge, it is well to explain that there are many different views concerning the bidding methods which should be employed. To describe them all would require too great space. Suffice it to say that in my opinion most of the other systems are so difficult that they are beyond the reach of any but experts and in the long run, even in expert hands, no one of them will produce as satisfactory results as the system I favor.

The Auction player taking up Contract should appreciate that he must become far more accurate in his bidding. It may seem strange to hear that underbidding is rated as an error equal with overbidding; but in Contract an underbid may keep a side from going game and thus involve a loss at least as serious as giving the adversaries a heavy penalty. To illustrate; suppose it is rubber game and a Dealer (with a love score) bids one No Trump, his partner jumps him to two, and the Dealer is in doubt whether to bid three. If the combined hands will produce eight tricks and no more, he can gain materially by passing because he will thereby obtain a partial trick-score of 70 which a bid would turn into an undertrick penalty of at least 100 points—200 if adversaries doubled. On the other hand, if the combined hands can make nine tricks, the failure to bid three would cost game and the Declarer would score only 60 for tricks with a premium of 50. If the adversaries win the rubber in the following deal, the surrender of that game-going opportunity will have cost the timid Declarer more than 1,000 points.

Contract players, however, are not obliged to bid blindly; experience has shown exactly what strength makes each one of the ordinary declarations pay.

The object of partners should be, first, to name the declaration best adapted to their combined hands, and next to bid for game if there be game in the combined hands; but to stop short of game when the game is not there.

We will start with No Trumps.

It should be understood that "jump" means to raise a bid made by the partner when the intervening adversary has passed; and "raise" means to advance partner's bid after the intervening adversary has bid.

When a Dealer wishes to bid No Trump, his hand must meet two requirements: the first is having three suits stopped, which means that at least three of the four suits must contain such high cards that if one of them is opened by the initial leader, Declarer surely will take a trick in that suit without assistance from his Dummy and so stop the running of it by the adversaries. The second requisite is that the high cards in the Dealer's hand shall total 13 upon the basis of the count which reckons Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1, and two Tens 1.

This does not mean that Dealer should bid No Trump every time he has three suits stopped and a count of 13. If he happen to have a strong five-card Major suit and one of his other suits be weak the Major would be a better bid; and No Trump should not be named when the hand contains a worthless singleton. In that case Dealer should pass or bid a suit. To illustrate:

	(1)	(2)
Spades:	J-x-x	J-x-x
Hearts:	A-J-x-x	A-J-x-x
Diamonds:	Q-x	Q-J-x
Clubs:	K-Q-x-x	K-J-x

No. 1 has one No Trump requisite, but falls short of the other; it counts 13 but has only two suits safely stopped. If Dummy did not render any assistance in Spades or Diamonds, either suit might be run by the adversaries. One unstopped suit may be risked, but not two.

No. 2 fulfills both requisites. It counts 13 and has three suits safely stopped. And even its unstopped suit contains three cards.

Suppose, however, that Dealer has a stronger hand than either of the above; then it might be that one No Trump would not be his best bid. With four suits safely stopped he should bid two No Trumps when his count is 17; three No Trumps when his count is 21. Hand No. 3 given below would be a sound two No Trump bid, and No. 4 a sound three No Trump bid.

	(3)	(4)
Spades:	A-J-x	A-Q-x
Hearts:	K-J-10-x	A-J-10-x
Diamonds:	K-10-x	K-Q-x
Clubs:	A-x-x	A-10-x

Next week the question of the strength needed by the partner of a No Trump bidder for jumping the No Trump will be explained.

A Free Contract Pamphlet

Mr. Work has prepared a pamphlet describing the Contract count and explaining what is meant by "vulnerability"—a new term for a card game. Address Milton C. Work, in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and a copy will be sent you free. Mr. Work also answers, without charge, any Contract or Auction question.

The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 52

understand, the Voice had learned the object of my visit to the Black Forest. To his—or to *its*—human accomplices had been assigned the task of learning how much I knew.

Now, noting an unmistakable change of demeanor in the man whom I had engaged early that morning outside the Kurhaus, the possibility crashed in on my mind that he might be one of them!

At which moment I observed something that seemed to confirm my unpleasant theories. On the point of entering, I turned and looked at the driver. But he evaded my glance.

"You told me, I think, that you had never been this way before?"

"Never, sir. No one ever comes."

I had given him to understand that I was a geologist; but now:

"It must lead somewhere," I said, "beyond the point to which we are going?"

"It leads to an old ruined monastery," he replied—"but not interesting, and then a mile farther on, it joins the Alt-Eberstein road."

HE PERSISTENTLY avoided meeting my glance, but, nevertheless, I resigned myself to the next stage of the journey. As I dropped back on the cushions and the man returned to the wheel, I wondered why he was lying.

Because, on the finely powdered pine-cones which coated the surface, clearly defined tire-tracks showed as far ahead as I could see!

And they had been made by the same brand of tire as that which shod the car I sat in!

Pursuing a typical Black Forest road, we mounted higher and higher. Sharp bends there were and dangerous corners overhanging tree-clad declivities. I had the map open on my knees; but every-once in a while, where the surface was favorable, I peered ahead . . . and always those car tracks showed, speaking of a former but a recent journey!

I studied the chauffeur's back. He was not tall, but he had a formidable shoulder span and the thick, fleshless neck of a fighter.

Had I walked into a trap?

The man's behavior when we arrived at the selected point—a mound marking the site of a Roman watch-tower—must determine the problem, I argued.

A theory that he would pass the tower and endeavor to carry me on to some unknown destination was shortly disproved. Having passed not one pedestrian on the route, we presently negotiated a hairpin bend overhanging dizzy pine-tops—and a sort of clearing in the woodland came into view not more than twenty yards ahead. There was a bay on the left of the road, occupied by a flat mound. Out of this mound, three tall, very slender trees started, their distant crests overtopping the forest below.

Here, the Roman tower had stood.

We stopped.

I was out before the man had time to get to the door.

"This is the place," said he, coming round and facing me on the roadside.

Here, the surface was hard. I had lost sight of the car tracks below the hairpin bend; but:

"Quite right," I replied. "Turn the car and wait for me."

"Very good, sir."

"I may be gone an hour or more."

"Very good, sir."

His behavior was unexceptionable, if his glance remained evasive.

I set out along the road. My map I had returned to my pocket, but certain essential notes relating to my route from this point to that which I had in mind were penciled on a slip of paper which I carried in my cigarette case. And, just before I reached the spot where my notes told me that there was a footpath, forest swept down and overhung the road; the surface was dusted with pine débris.

A bend concealed my movements from the chauffeur. Where a mountain path—indicated in the map—turned due west, there was a recess.

Sharply marked in this recess were impressions showing that a car had been turned here not very long before. . . .

I pressed on and upward. Presently, where a fallen tree offered a seat, I paused for a rest. Glancing at my notes, I filled and lighted my pipe.

Thus far no sound had reached me from the road below. No sound reached me now. Was the chauffeur stealthily following me? Above and below were the curious blue shadows of the forest. But nothing stirred, bird, beast or man. When presently I started to climb again, my scrambling footsteps broke a perfect silence.

Now the route followed a tiny stream, or rather miniature cataract. It became a natural staircase. I could not be certain if the rocky footholds had been improved by man's handiwork in primitive times, but the ascent was very easy although the gradient was steep.

A grotto which might have sheltered gnomes gave birth to this mountain torrent. My path lay across its brow. Here, going was not so good, for the ground was encumbered with undergrowth.

But I was near to my goal.

Thirty yards saw me on the brink of a sheer precipice—a gaunt crag jutting up out of the forest like a mummy's bone from torn wrappings.

This was "The Devil's Elbow"—so called in my map; and the only point, I believe, from which one might overlook the heights of Felsenweir. I halted, a little breathless. My pipe had gone out, and I relighted it before consulting a pocket compass which I had brought with me.

"A quarter north of north-east by east," was my note.

The naked rock offered no facilities for comfortable observation. But since my purpose was to study the distant ruins at some length, I could not possibly stand upright.

BEING now unpleasantly warm, I removed my coat, folded it to form a cushion, and, having the compass before me, lay prone, my elbows resting on the folded coat. I focused the Zeiss glasses on a hazy blue crest lying north-east by east and a quarter north of the Devil's Elbow.

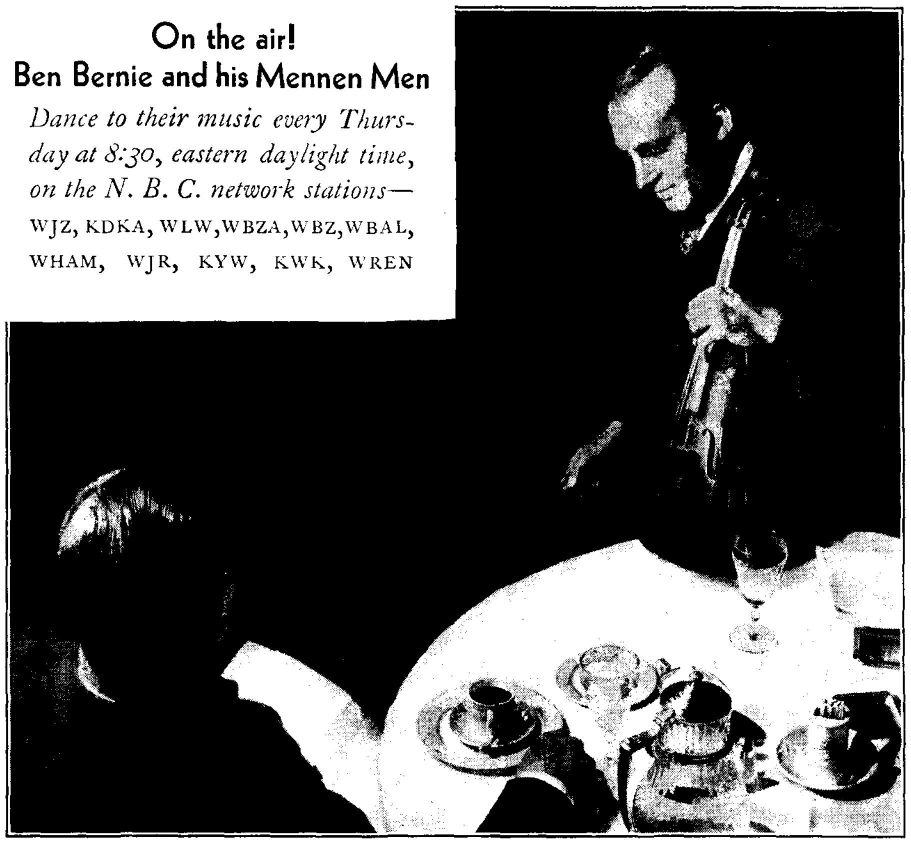
Forest climbed its slopes densely ranked. Gaps there were, here and there, and naked rock jutting out. But the height was warmly clothed almost to its summit.

At one point—as I had calculated—no verdure protected the ruins from observation. I could see the upper walls, and they appeared to be in a fair state of preservation; I could see parts of the main building; and I could see very clearly the high keep, and a tower, like a minaret, which rose above it.

Felsenweir had been a mighty hold in days when marauding barons ruled the Rhineland.

Carefully, I adjusted focuses. That curious blue haze which overhangs the Black Forest dispersed magically

(Continued on page 56)



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Dance to their music every Thursday at 8:30, eastern daylight time, on the N. B. C. network stations—
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Here is Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, talking to Ben Bernie. Mr. Bernie and his orchestra are famous for their animated and witty radio performances, and their tingling dance music.

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"JIM, I play before a 'high-hat' New York audience every night. And believe me, it's hard, hot work to lead a band through 17 jazz numbers! But—when I have started the evening with one of your *cool* Menthol-iced shaves I feel fit as my fiddle at the finale . . . The minute the lather goes on, I can feel my face cool down . . . and my spirits go up. Since I've started using Menthol-iced, there's close harmony between my face, my lather and my razor! . . ."

The menthol, blended into Mennen Menthol-iced by a secret process, does these three things: 1. Tones tired facial nerves. 2. Soothes and heals minute shaving abrasions. 3. Protects the skin after shaving . . .

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream (like its team-mate, Mennen without menthol) has Dermutation—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard and toning the skin. Dermutized shaves are smoother, quicker, easier shaves!

Try this *modern* pep-up shave. Send for free trial tube.

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

COOLNESS—refreshing, invigorating, triple *coolness* — that's what makes Mennen Menthol-iced unique — *different from any shave you've ever had!*

After the shave!

As a finishing touch to a perfect shave, *Mennen Skin Balm*, the modern fragrant freshener for the skin. Removes "face shine." Send for trial tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men, the neutral tint man's powder that doesn't show . . . Great after a bath too!

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SHAVING CREAM

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WITHOUT MENTHOL
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

P. S. Mennen's Shaving Cream is also made without menthol. It comes in the green-striped carton. Use either cream for a smoother, snappier, happier shave! Jim Henry

Free 14 COOL shaves!

Let Jim Henry send you a trial tube of Mennen Menthol-iced—and Mennen Skin Balm. Just write your name and address in the margin below, tear it out and send it to Jim Henry, Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-4.

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CANADA

(*Continued from page 55*)

through ever lighter shades as I turned the threads. At last, I secured a sharp, clear view. Intervening miles were spanned by the lenses. I could count the embrasures on the upper battlements and pick out iron bars of a window, high in the frowning keep.

Except that the place seemed to be in wonderfully good preservation, I was unable at first to detect anything confirming my theory—viz: that Felsenweir was inhabited.

But, with intervals of rest, since the eyestrain of close watching was considerable, I continued to study the distant ruin.

I had hoped for no more than a glimpse of a moving figure. And this was what I presently saw—a moving figure. But never can I forget the figure which came into view. . . .

THE winged horror of the graveyard had turned me cold; I had had a desperate fight with myself to conquer panic on that occasion. The voice in the night would disturb my dreams while memory remained. But the thing I saw now on the battlements of Felsenweir produced an almost sharper dread.

I saw it passing the embrasures of the upper battlements, and I counted, mentally—"*one—two—three—*" and so on. It reached and passed the last one visible to me, and I lowered the glasses.

So clear are recollections of this extraordinary spectacle I can even remember that I closed my eyes for a moment, in an endeavor to concentrate on facts—to arrange my ideas in some sort of harmony with what I had seen. I told myself that I lived in the twentieth century, not in the tenth.

A tall man, encased from head to foot in black armor, and carrying a heavy mace, had slowly patrolled the walls of Felsenweir! . . .

My pipe lay near my hand. I stared down at it dazedly. It seemed to have lost significance—to belong to another age. I raised the glasses again. I became an impersonal intelligence, belonging to no generation, but merely a time-detached spectator, watching—watching. . . .

Heedless, now, of eyestrain, I waited, for five, seven, ten minutes; and then:

A second man-at-arms crossed the battlements!

I think, as I watched him disappear, I was nearer to doubting my own sanity than I had ever been in my life. The giant bat. Had I really seen it? The voice in the night. Had I really heard it? . . . "You have two days. . . ."

Again I dropped the glasses, and:

"Am I mad?" I said aloud.

"Not a bit of it!" a strident voice replied.

Stiff as I was from crouching so long upon the rock, that voice had me on my feet in three seconds. I twisted around.

Not six feet away, an unlighted cigar hanging from his mouth, Aldous P. Kluster stood regarding me!

"Don't get fussed," he went on quietly, "I've got you placed at last. We're together on this."

(*To be continued next week*)

"The Keeper of the Bees"

Continued from page 28

dissimilarity between the patois of one and the other and it is probable that when she thought he was proposing, he was only attempting to borrow a handkerchief. Anyway she replied with the Georgia equivalent of yes and the next thing he knew he was in the stagecoach bound for Americus to meet her family. Even the latter could not understand her dialect and got the impression that she was betrothed to an umpire. They expected Horace to dash up Taylor Hill dressed in a mask and protector and pointing in all directions, and it was a big disappointment when he appeared in the smock frock of a newspaper man with a note book in one hand and a linotype machine in the other. Dr. and the little woman were wed, however, and have gone through the years without a serious quarrel, perhaps because neither can possibly make out what the other is trying to say.

Assigned to cover all the big sporting events of the last two decades with the exception of C. C. Pyle's bunion derby and the finals in the New Hampshire women's state head-butting tournament, Mr. Rice has been nearly everywhere and met every important figure in the athletic world. He is on terms of easy familiarity with such celebrities as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Helen Wills, invariably addressing them by their nicknames— "Hello there, Sultan of Swat!" or "How are you hitting them, Columbia Lou?" or "What do you say, Little Poker Face?" He never leaves home without his autograph album and never comes back with it.

A man like this must needs have a wealth of interesting anecdotes and it is a pity that we hear them through an interpreter. How much more entertaining they would be in the mother tongue! But I believe the one about the Dempsey-Firpo fight will bear repeating even without the delicate shadings and nuances of the original.

As you recall, that battle was crammed with more action than any other pugilistic encounter before or since and the reporters had a terrible time trying to keep up with it. Mr. Rice, always a master of the art of concentration, was more so than ever as the affair waxed hotter and more hot; he was determined to record all those knockdowns while he still remembered them clearly, and everything else was excluded from his mind. But let him tell it himself:

"Ah hed jis' got to duh p'int of de-scriptionin' how dat ol' wil' bull was on duh flo' fo' duh eight' time when suddenly Ah look at mah copy papah an' Ah see dat Ah done wrote duh woids 'FIRPO WENT DOWN AGAIN FROM A LEFT TO THE JAW' all in capital lettahs. Ah look at mah po't-able machine an' Ah see duh shift key am locked. 'Heah!' Ah say to Jack who am nex' to me. 'Has yo-all been foolin' wid mah shift key?' 'Not me,' says Jack. 'But Dempsey was jis' settin' on it.' "

Amiable Fatuity

There is a lot more to this anecdote, and if you ever meet Horace, ask him for the rest of it. It's a yell with the brogue and the facial contortions. And the pokes in the ribs.

Occasionally, though, he gets well along into one of his narratives and abruptly stops and begins speaking of something else, kind of rambling on with a topic that has nothing to do with what has gone before. His eyes glaze and he smiles fatuously, makes queer noises in his throat and cuts a few capers.

Ah, better get mad at a midiron
Or fume over addled approaches
Than chum with the Great of the
Gridiron,
Than mingle too much with them
Coaches!

Summer Lightning

Continued from page 24

Lord Emsworth opened his mouth feebly. "She hasn't got my pig?"

"I've just been talking to Constance," repeated the Hon. Galahad, "and she called me some very unpleasant names."

"She does, sometimes. Even as a child, I remember. . . ."

"Most unpleasant names. A senile mischief-maker, among others, and a meddling old penguin. And all because I told her that the man who had stolen Empress of Blandings was young Gregory Parsloe."

"Parsloe!"

"Parsloe. Surely it's obvious! I should have thought it would have been clear to the meanest intelligence."

FROM boyhood up, Lord Emsworth had possessed an intelligence about as mean as an intelligence can be without actually being placed under restraint. Nevertheless, he found his brother's theory incredible.

"Parsloe?"

"Don't keep saying 'Parsloe.'"

"But, my dear Galahad . . . !"

"It stands to reason."

"You don't really think so?"

"Of course I think so. Have you forgotten what I told you the other day?"

"Yes," said Lord Emsworth. He always forgot what people told him the other day.

"About young Parsloe," said the Hon. Galahad impatiently. "About his nobbling my dog Towser."

Lord Emsworth started. It all came back to him. A hard expression crept into the eyes behind the pince-nez, which emotion had just jerked crooked again.

"To be sure. Towser. Your dog. I remember."

"He nobbled Towser, and he's nobbled the Empress. Dash it, Clarence, use your intelligence. Who else except young Parsloe had any interest in getting the Empress out of the way? And, if he hadn't known there was some dirty work being planned, would that pig-man of his, Brotherhood or whatever his name is, have been going about offering three to one on Pride of Matchingham? I told you at the time it was fishy."

The evidence was damning, and yet Lord Emsworth found himself once more a prey to doubt. Of the blackness of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe's soul he had, of course, long been aware. But could the man actually be capable of the Crime of the Century? A fellow-landowner? A justice of the peace? A man who grew pumpkins? A baronet?

"But, Galahad . . . A man in Parsloe's position . . . ?"

"What do you mean—a man in his position? Do you suppose a fellow changes his nature just because a cousin of his dies and he comes into a baronetcy? Haven't I told you a dozen times that I've known young Parsloe all his life? Known him intimately. He was always as hot as mustard and as wide as Leicester Square.

"Ask anybody who used to go around town in those days. When they saw young Parsloe coming, strong men winced and hid their valuables. He hadn't a penny except what he could get by telling the tale, and he always did himself like a prince. When I knew him first, he was living down on the river at Shepperton. His old father, the Dean, had made an arrangement with the keeper of the pub there to give him breakfast and bed and nothing else. 'If he wants dinner, he must earn it,' the old boy said. And do you know how he used to earn it? He trained that mongrel of his, Bango, to go and do tricks in front of parties that come to the place in steam launches. And then he would stroll up and hope his dog was not annoying them and stand talking till they went in to dinner and then go in with them and pick up the wine-list, and before they knew what was happening he would be bursting with their champagne and cigars."

"But even so . . ."

"I remember him running up to me outside that pub one afternoon—the Jolly Miller it was called—his face shining with positive ecstasy. 'Come in, quick!' he said. 'There's a new barmaid, and she hasn't found out yet I'm not allowed credit.'"

"But, Galahad . . ."

"And if young Parsloe thinks I've forgotten a certain incident that occurred in the early summer of the year '95, he's very much mistaken. He met me in the Haymarket and took me into the Two Goslings for a drink—there's a hat-shop now where it used to be—and after we'd had it he pulls a sort of dashed little top affair out of his pocket, a thing with numbers written round it. Said he'd found it and wondered who thought of these ingenious little toys and insisted on our spinning it for half-crowns.

"'You take the odd numbers, I'll take the even,' says young Parsloe. And before I could fight my way out into the fresh air, I was ten pounds seven and sixpence in the hole. And I discovered next morning that they make those beastly things so that if you push the stem through and spin them the wrong way up you're bound to get an even number. And when I asked him the following afternoon to show me that top again, he said he'd lost it.

"That's the sort of fellow young Parsloe was. And you expect me to believe that inheriting a baronetcy and settling down in the country has made him so dashed pure and high-minded that he wouldn't stoop to nobbling a pig."

Lord Emsworth uncoiled himself. Cumulative evidence had done its work. His eyes glittered.

"The scoundrel!"

"Tough nut, always was."

"What shall I do?"

"Look him squarely in the eye and tax him with his crime."

"I will! Immediately."

"I'll come with you."

"Look him squarely in the eye!"

"And tax him!"

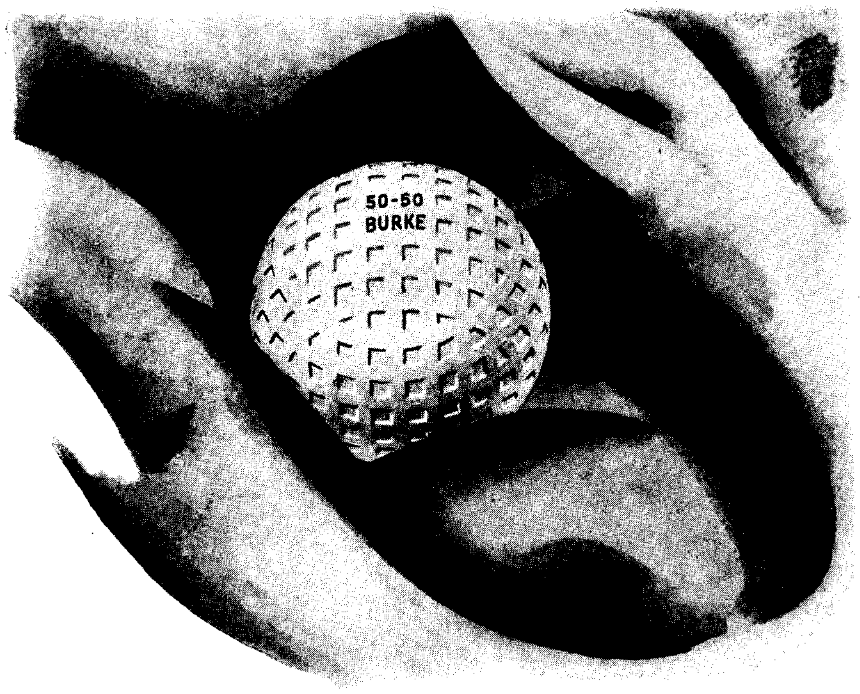
"And tax him." Lord Emsworth had reached the hall and was peering agitatedly to right and left. "Where the devil's my hat?"

"You don't need a hat to tax a man with stealing a pig," said the Hon. Galahad.

IN HIS study at Matchingham Hall in the neighboring village of Much Matchingham, Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe sat gazing at the current number of a weekly paper. We have seen that weekly paper before. On that occasion it was in the plump hands of Beach. And, oddly enough, what had attracted Sir Gregory's attention was the very item which had interested the butler:

> The Hon. Galahad Threepwood, brother of the Earl of Emsworth. A little bird tells us that 'Gally' is at Blandings Castle, Shropshire, the ancestral seat of the family, busily engaged in writing his Reminiscences. As every member of the Old Brigade will testify, they ought to be as warm as the weather, if not warmer!

(*Continued on page 58*)



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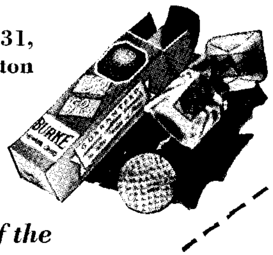

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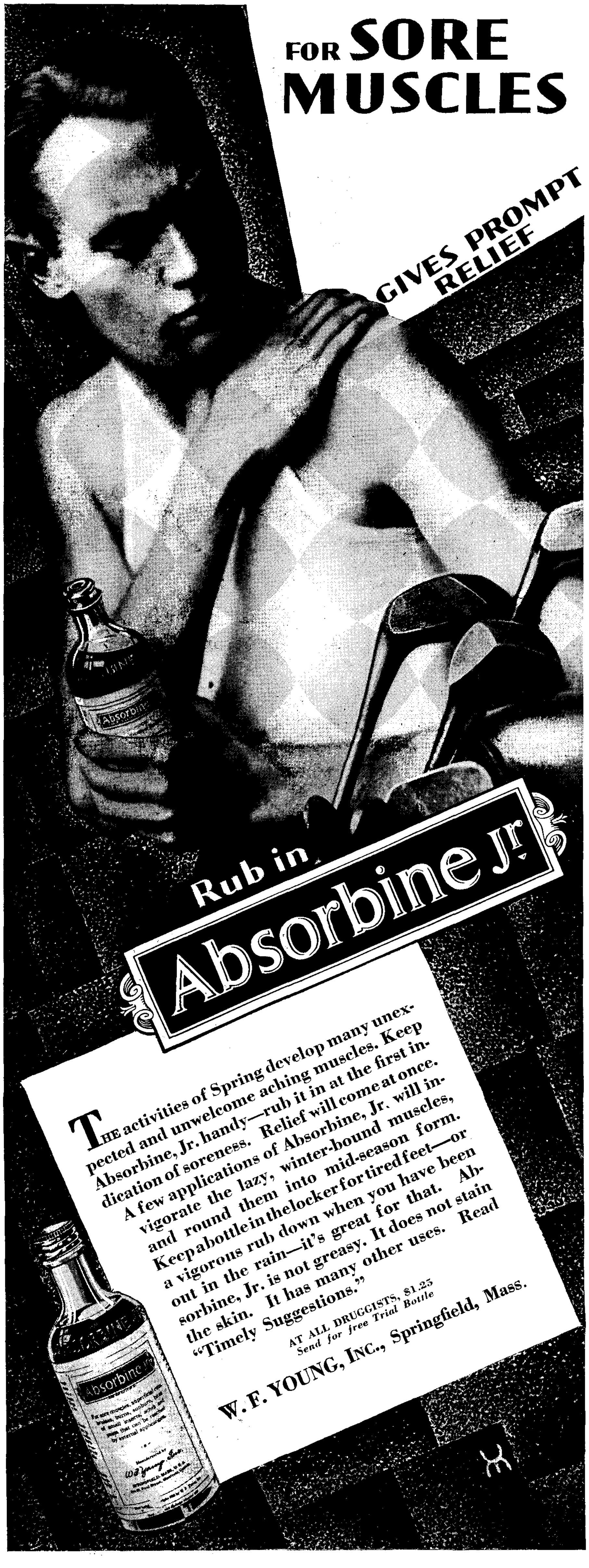

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS, $1.25
Send for free Trial Bottle

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(*Continued from page 57*)

But whereas Beach, perusing this, had chuckled, Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe shivered, like one who on a country ramble suddenly perceives a snake in his path.

Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Matchingham Hall, seventh baronet of his line, was one of those men who start their lives well, skid for awhile, and then slide back onto the straight-and-narrow path and stay there. That is to say, he had been, up to the age of twenty, a blameless boy and from the age of thirty-one, when he had succeeded to the title, a practically blameless Bart. So much so that now, in his fifty-second year, he was on the eve of being accepted by the local Unionist Committee as their accredited candidate for the forthcoming by-election in the Bridgeford and Shifley Parliamentary Division of Shropshire.

THE years had turned Sir Gregory into a man of portly habit, and, as portly men do in moments of stress, he puffed. But, puff he ever so shrewdly, he could not blow away that paragraph. It was still there, looking up at him, when the door opened and the butler announced Lord Emsworth and Mr. Galahad Threepwood.

Sir Gregory's first emotion on seeing the taxing party file into the room was one of pardonable surprise. Aware of the hard feelings which George Cyril Wellbeloved's tranference of his allegiance had aroused in the bosom of that gifted pig-man's former employer, he had not expected to receive a morning call from the Earl of Emsworth. As for the Hon. Galahad, he had ceased to be on cordial terms with him as long ago as the winter of the year nineteen hundred and six.

Then, following quickly on the heels of surprise, came indignation. That the author of the Reminiscences should be writing scurrilous stories about him with one hand and strolling calmly into his private study with, so to speak, the other, occasioned him the keenest resentment. He drew himself up and was in the very act of staring haughtily, when the Hon. Galahad broke the silence.

"Young Parsloe," said the Hon. Galahad, speaking in a sharp, unpleasant voice, "your sins have found you out!"

It has been the baronet's intention to inquire to what he was indebted for the pleasure of this visit, and to inquire it icily; but at this remarkable speech the words halted on his lips.

"Eh?" he said blankly.

The Hon. Galahad was regarding him through his monocle rather as a cook eyes a black beetle on discovering it in the kitchen sink. It was a look which would have aroused pique in a slug, and once more the Squire of Matchingham's bewilderment gave way to wrath.

"What the devil do you mean?" he demanded.

"See his face?" asked the Hon. Galahad in a rasping aside.

"I'm *looking* at it now," said Lord Emsworth.

"Guilt written upon it."

"Plainly," agreed Lord Emsworth.

The Hon. Galahad, who had folded his arms in a menacing manner, unfolded them and struck the desk a smart blow.

"Be very careful, Parsloe! Think before you speak. And, when you speak, speak the truth. I may say, by way of a start, that we know all."

How low an estimate Sir Gregory Parsloe had formed of his visitors' collective sanity was revealed by the fact that it was actually to Lord Emsworth that he now turned as the more intelligent one of the pair.

"Emsworth! Explain! What the deuce are you doing here? And what the devil is that old image talking about?"

Lord Emsworth had been watching his brother with growing admiration. The latter's spirited opening of the case for the prosecution had won his hearty approval.

"You know," he said curtly.

"I should say he dashed well does know," said the Hon. Galahad. "Parsloe, produce that pig."

Sir Gregory pushed his eyes back into their sockets a split second before they would have bulged out of his head beyond recovery. He did his best to think calm, soothing thoughts. He had just remembered that he was a man who had to be careful about blood pressure.

"Pig?"

"Pig."

"Did you say pig?"

"Pig."

"What pig?"

"He says 'What pig?' "

"I heard him," said Lord Emsworth.

Sir Gregory Parsloe again had trouble with his eyes.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

The Hon. Galahad unfolded his arms again and smote the desk a blow which unshipped the cover of the ink-pot.

"Parsloe," he cried, "you sheep-faced, shambling exile from Hell. Disgorge that pig immediately!"

"My Empress," added Lord Emsworth.

"Precisely. Empress of Blandings. The pig you stole last night."

Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe rose slowly from his chair. The Hon. Galahad pointed an imperious finger at him, but he ignored the gesture. His blood-pressure was now hovering around the hundred-and-fifty mark.

"Do you mean to tell me that you seriously accuse. . . ."

"Parsloe, sit down!"

Sir Gregory choked.

"I always knew, Emsworth, that you were as mad as a coot."

"As a what?" whispered his lordship.

"Coot," said the Hon. Galahad curtly. "Sort of duck." He turned to the defendant again. "Vituperation will do you no good, young Parsloe. We *know* you have stolen that pig."

"I haven't stolen any damned pig. What would I want to steal a pig for?"

The Hon. Galahad snorted.

"What did you want to nobble my dog Towser for in the back room of the Black Footman in the spring of the year '97? he said. "To queer the favorite, that's why you did it. And that's what you're after now, trying to queer the favorite again. Oh, we can see through you all right, young Parsloe. We read you like a book."

SIR GREGORY had stopped worrying about his blood-pressure. No amount of calm, soothing thoughts could do it any good now.

"You're crazy! Both of you. Stark, staring mad."

"Parsloe, will you or will you not cough up that pig?"

"I have *not* got your pig."

"That is your last word, is it?"

"I haven't seen the creature."

"Why a coot?" asked Lord Emsworth, who had been brooding for some time in silence.

"Very well," said the Hon. Galahad. "If that is the attitude you propose to adopt, there is no course before me but to take steps. And I'll tell you the steps I'm going to take, young Parsloe. I see now that I have been foolishly indulgent. I have allowed my kind heart to get the better of me. Often and often, when I've been sitting at my desk, I've remembered a good story that simply cried out to be put into my Reminiscences, and every time I've said to myself, 'No,' I've said; 'that would wound young Parsloe. Good as it is, I can't use it. I must respect young Parsloe's feelings.'

"Well, from now on there will be no more forbearance. Unless you restore that pig, I shall insert in my book every dashed thing I can remember about you—starting with our first meeting, when I came into Romano's and was introduced to you while you were walking round the supper-table with a soup-tureen on your head and stick of celery in your hand, saying that you were a sentry outside Buckingham Palace. The world shall know you for what you are—the only man who was ever thrown out of the Café de l'Europe for trying to raise the price of a bottle of champagne by raffling his trousers at the main bar. And, what's more, I'll tell the full story of the prawns."

A SHARP cry escaped Sir Gregory. His face had turned a deep magenta. In these affluent days of his middle age, he always looked rather like a Regency buck who had done himself well for years among the flesh-pots. He now resembled a Regency buck who, in addition to being on the verge of apoplexy, has been stung in the leg by a hornet.

"I will," said the Hon. Galahad firmly. "The full, true and complete story of the prawns, omitting nothing."

"What was the story of the prawns, my dear fellow?" asked Lord Emsworth.

"Never mind. I know. And young Parsloe knows. And if Empress of Blandings is not back in her sty this afternoon, you will find it in my book."

"But I keep telling you," cried the suffering baronet, "that I know nothing whatever about your pig."

"Ha!"

"I've not seen the animal since last year's agricultural show."

"Ho!"

"I didn't know it had disappeared till you told me."

The Hon. Galahad stared fixedly at him through the black-rimmed monocle. Then, with a gesture of loathing, he turned to the door.

"Come, Clarence!" he said.

"Are we going?"

"Yes," said the Hon. Galahad with quiet dignity. "There is nothing more that we can do here. Let us get away from this house before it is struck by a thunderbolt."

THE gentlemanly office-boy who sat in the outer room of the Argus Inquiry Agency read the card which the stout visitor had handed to him and gazed at the stout visitor with respect and admiration. He tapped on the door of the inner office.

"A gentleman to see me?" asked Percy Pilbeam.

"A *baronet* to see you, sir," corrected the office-boy. "Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, Matchingham Hall, Salop."

"Show him in immediately," said Pilbeam with enthusiasm.

He rose and pulled down the lapels of his coat. Things, he felt, were looking up. He remembered Sir Gregory Parsloe. One of his first cases. He had been able to recover for him some letters which had fallen into the wrong hands. He wondered, as he heard the footsteps outside, if his client had been indulging in correspondence again.

From the baronet's sandbagged expression, as he entered, such might well have been the case. It is the fate of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe to come into this chronicle puffing and looking purple. He puffed and looked purple now.

"I have called to see you, Mr. Pilbeam," he said, after the preliminary civilities had been exchanged and he had lowered his impressive bulk into a chair, "because I am in a position of serious difficulty."

"If there is any way in which I can assist you, Sir Gregory . . . Perhaps you will tell me the facts from the beginning?"

"The beginning?" Sir Gregory pondered. "Well, let me put it this way. At one time, Mr. Pilbeam, I was younger than I am today."

"Quite."

"Poorer."

"No doubt."

"And less respectable. And during that period of my life I unfortunately went about a good deal with a man named Threepwood."

"Galahad Threepwood?"

"YOU know him?" said Sir Gregory, surprised.

Pilbeam chuckled reminiscently.

"I know his name. I wrote an article about him once, when I was editing a paper called Society Spice. Number One of the Thriftless Aristocrats series. The snappiest thing I ever did in my life. They tell me he called twice at the office with a horsewhip, wanting to see me."

Sir Gregory exhibited concern.

"You have met him, then?"

"I have not."

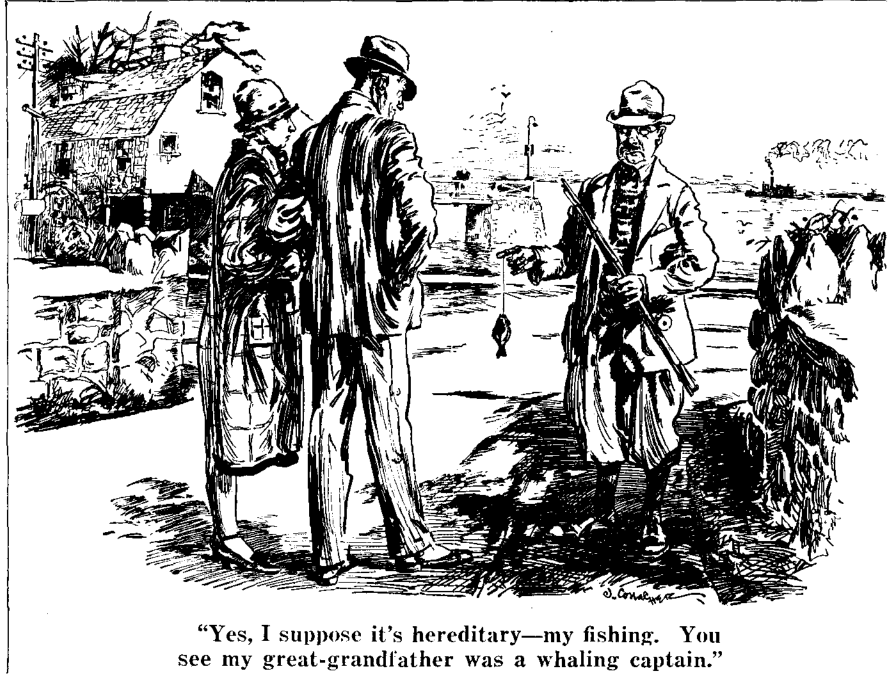
"Would he have heard your name?"

"No. There was a very strict rule in the Spice office that the names of the editorial staff were not to be divulged."

"Ah!" said Sir Gregory, relieved.

His relief gave place to indignation. There was an inconsistency about the

(*Continued on page 60*)



"Yes, I suppose it's hereditary—my fishing. You see my great-grandfather was a whaling captain."

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Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

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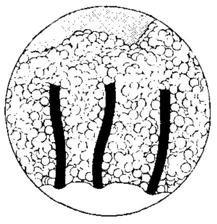

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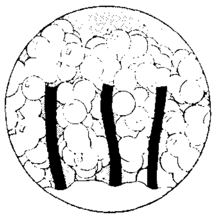

ORDINARY LATHER

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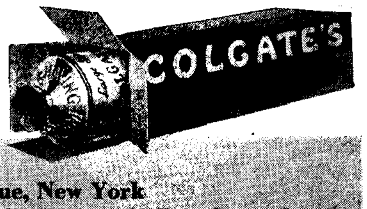

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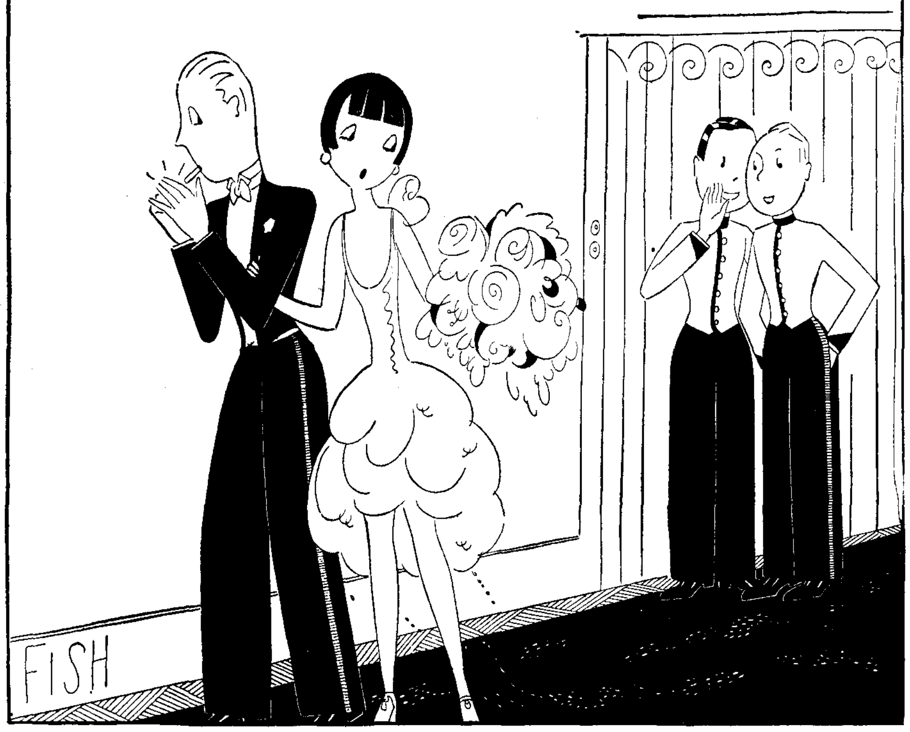

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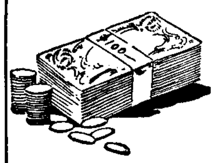

For a number of years, Mr. F. G. Persun of New Jersey, a bank employee, has used his spare time to increase his income and now he plans to get a good share of the NEW BANK NOTES! He says in regard to our money making plan, "As a spare time worker at the subscription business, I find that around $800.00 a year comes in handy—and, in addition, the meeting of a good class of people is an incentive to continue in the good work."

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(*Continued from page 59*)

Hon. Galahad's behavior which he found revolting.

"He cut up rough, did he, because you wrote things about him in your paper? And yet he doesn't seem to mind writing things himself about other people, damn him. That's quite another matter. A different thing altogether. Oh, yes!"

"Does he write? I didn't know."

"He's writing his Reminiscences at this very moment. He's down at Blandings Castle, finishing them now. And the book's going to be full of stories about me. That's why I've come to see you. Dashed, infernal, damaging stories, which'll ruin my reputation in the county. There's one about some prawns. . . ."

Words failed Sir Gregory. He sat puffing. Pilbeam nodded gravely. He understood the position now. As to what his client expected him to do about it, however, he remained hazy.

"But if these stories you speak of are libelous . . ."

"What has that got to do with it? They're true."

"The greater the truth, the greater the . . ."

"Oh, I know all about that," interrupted Sir Gregory impatiently. "And a lot of help it's going to be to me. A jury could give me the heaviest damages on record and it wouldn't do me a bit of good. I may tell you, Mr. Pilbeam, apart from any other consideration, that I am on the point of being accepted by our local Unionist Committee as their candidate at the next election. And if that old pest's book is published, they will drop me like a hot coal. Now do you understand?"

Pilbeam picked up a pen, and with it scratched his chin thoughtfully. He liked to take an optimistic view with regard to his clients' affairs, but he could not conceal from himself that Sir Gregory appeared to be out of luck.

"H'm!" he said. "Well, in the circumstances, I really don't see what is to be done except . . ."

". . . get hold of the manuscript and destroy it, you were about to say? Exactly. That's precisely what I've come to ask you to do for me."

Pilbeam opened his mouth, startled. He had not been about to say anything of the kind.

"Steal the manuscript?"

"Only possible way."

"But that's rather a tall order, isn't it, Sir Gregory?"

"Not," replied the baronet ingratiatingly, "for a clever young fellow like you."

The flattery left Pilbeam cold. His distant, unenthusiastic manner underwent no change.

"How could I get into the place?"

"I should have thought you would have found a dozen ways."

"Not even one," Pilbeam assured him.

"Why couldn't you go there as a butler or something?"

Percy Pilbeam's only reply to this was a tolerant smile. He raised the pen and scratched his head with it.

"Scarcely feasible," he said. And again that rather pitying smile flitted across his face.

The sight of it brought Sir Gregory to the boil. He felt an irresistible desire to say something to wipe it away. It reminded him of the smiles he had seen on the faces of bookmakers in his younger days when he had suggested backing horses with them on credit.

"Well, have it your own way," he snapped. "But it may interest you to know that to get that manuscript into my possession I am willing to pay five hundred pounds. And five hundred pounds is a lot of money, Mr. Pilbeam."

The point was one which he had no need to stress. Percy Pilbeam had grasped it without assistance, and his face grew wan with thought. The day might come when the proprietor of the Argus Inquiry Agency would remain unmoved by the prospect of adding five hundred pounds to his bank balance, but it had not come yet.

"A check for five hundred the moment that old weasel's manuscript is in my hands," said Sir Gregory, insinuatingly.

A moment before, Pilbeam's mind had been an inert mass. Now, abruptly, it began to function like a dynamo.

Get into Blandings Castle? Why, of course he could get into Blandings Castle. And not sneak in, either, with a trousers-seat itching in apprehension of the kick that should send him out again, but bowl proudly up to the front door in his two-seater and hand his suitcase to the butler and be welcomed as the honored guest.

Until now he had forgotten, for he had deliberately set himself to forget, the outrageous suggestion of that young idiot whose name escaped him that he should come to Blandings and hunt about for lost pigs. It had wounded his self-respect so deeply at the time that he had driven it from his thoughts. Now it all came back to him. And the young man's parting words, he recalled, had been that if ever he changed his mind the commission would still be open.

"I will take this case, Sir Gregory," he said.

"Woof?"

"You may rely on my being at Blandings Castle by tomorrow evening at the latest. I have thought of a way of getting there. I have a plan."

"Woof!" said Sir Gregory.

"When you arrive home, I want you to invite Mr. Galahad Threepwood to dinner tomorrow night."

The baronet shook like a jelly. Wrath and amazement fought within him. Ask the man to dinner? After what had occurred?

"As many others of the Blandings Castle party as you think fit, of course, but Mr. Threepwood without fail. Once he is out of the house, my path will be clear."

Wrath and amazement died away. The baronet had grasped the idea. The beauty and simplicity of the stratagem stirred his admiration. But was it not, he felt, a simpler matter to issue such an invitation than to get it accepted? A vivid picture rose before his eyes of the Hon. Galahad as he had last seen him.

Then there came to him the blessed, healing thought of Lady Constance Keeble. He would send the invitation to her and—yes, dash it!—he would tell her the full facts, put his cards on the table and trust to her sympathy and proper feeling to enlist her in the cause. He had long been aware that her attitude towards the Reminiscences resembled his own. He could rely on her to help him. He could also rely on her somehow—by what strange feminine modes of coercion he, being a bachelor, could only guess at—to deliver the Hon. Galahad Threepwood at Matchingham Hall in time for dinner. Women, he knew, had this strange power over their near relations.

"Splendid!" he said. "Excellent! Capital! Woof! I'll see it's done."

"Then you can leave the rest to me."

"You think, if I can get him out of the house, you will be able to secure the manuscript?"

"Certainly."

Sir Gregory rose and extended a trembling hand.

"Mr. Pilbeam," he said, with deep feeling, "coming to see you was the wisest thing I ever did in my life."

"Quite," said Percy Pilbeam.

(*To be continued next week*)

What's Honesty?

Continued from page 9

Another Mr. Smith, who manufactures Smith's Salt, which is to be found in most kitchens of the land, objects.

"What," roars Pepper Smith. "You mean to say that I have no right to attach my own name to my own pepper!"

A "Nice Point" in Law

Salt Smith asks the Government to reply. The Federal Trade Commission suggests to Pepper Smith that he is trading on the good name and good-will of Salt Smith and it is in the best interests of the public for him not to do so. Pepper Smith would doubtless respond that it is true that he is getting something that he did not pay for, but that, on the other hand, he is taking nothing away from Salt Smith. Whereat Salt Smith retorts that this might be true if the Smith pepper was of a quality with Smith salt. He has no guarantee that when the housewife has come to associate the two Smiths as one, she might not become disgusted with the quality of the pepper and allow that antipathy to carry over to the salt. So, we might have a case where Smith, the pepper man, would be ordered to rename his produce.

Similar cases have been carried to the courts. A Justice of the Supreme Court has stated that these cases furnish a "nice point" in law. Wherever there has been an attempt to poach upon the good-will of the original Smith, Pepper Smith has been found guilty of an unfair trade practice. In some instances the point has turned on the territory. The United States Supreme Court has said that when the two Smiths operate in "separate markets, wholly remote the one from the other, the question of prior appropriation is legally insignificant," unless it appear that Pepper Smith has selected his market with some design inimical to the interests of Salt Smith, such as to take the benefit of the reputation of his goods, to forestall the extension of his trade, or the like.

If you were Pepper Smith, what would you think about it?

If you were Salt Smith, what would you think about it?

Then, there was the man who made buttermilk soap. The Government said, "You should not call your soap Buttermilk Soap: it has no buttermilk in it."

"True," he replied, "but I have studied the effect of buttermilk on the skin and have found a synthetic which I have put in my soap and which has the same effect on the skin as pure buttermilk."

But the Government was obdurate.

"Well," retorted the soap man, "how many pinfeathers are there in Swansdown Flour?"

A mattress manufacturer, advertising with a picture which showed that before the mattress was compressed it was several feet thick, was warned by the Government that this was misleading; that the readers of the advertisement would naturally think that if the mattress were cut open, the cotton would gush forth like water. The mattress people insisted that this was not the intention, but the Trade Commission still objected.

Which raises the question: How literal should we be in describing and selling our wares? Should we speak of milk from contented cows, when one of the herd might very well be unhappy?

Voluntary Regulation

When an industry awakes to the need of establishing standards of practice, its representatives voluntarily assemble in Washington with the Federal Trade Commission. The Government deals with the industry as a unit. It is concerned solely with practices and methods, not with individual offenders. It regards the industry as occupying a position comparable to that of "friend of the court" and not as one of the accused. It wipes out on a given date all unfair methods condemned at the conference and thus places all competitors on an equally fair competitive basis.

Business is attempting to preserve its economic freedom by cleaning up archaic practices instead of waiting for an aroused public opinion to call upon the Government for drastic regulation. Business has taken to heart the admonition of a former Secretary of Commerce, who said: "Regulation must come from the bottom up or the top down." In other words, if business doesn't, Government will.

The Magic Spade

Papa Hawley played golf. He played it by request and with diffidence. But that was before he discovered that he owned the Magic Spade, and before Mollie Ortman discovered him. What happened after that constitutes a remarkable instance of black art on the golf course.

By
FRANK CONDON

IN
NEXT WEEK'S
COLLIER'S

Mi Choice

Mother's Day
/ *Sunday May 12th* \

Mother's eyes will sparkle with pride in your discriminating good taste if you send her the Gift of Gifts . . . The famous Mi Choice package. The dainty package . . . the smooth chocolate coatings . . . the surprise fillings . . . each proves the perfection of the whole. ℂ Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package packed with pieces that have made Mi Choice world-famous.

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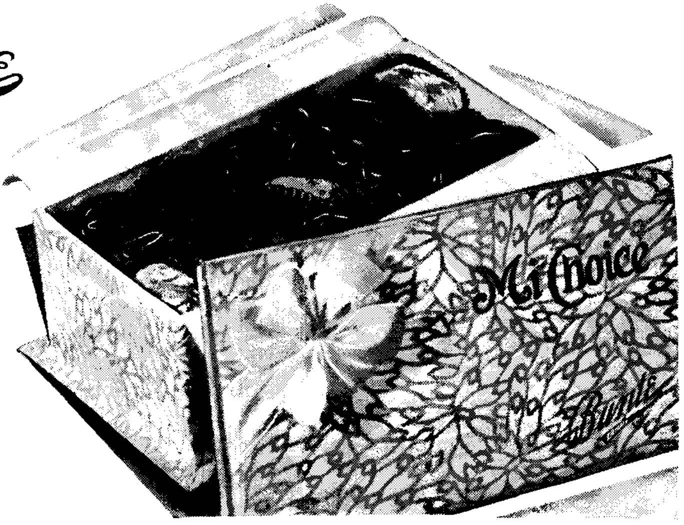

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25¢
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Address.. *City*....................

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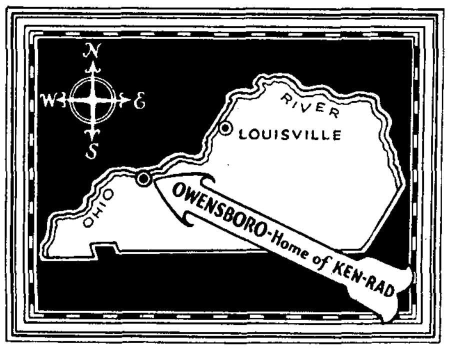

FROM

Old Kentucky

The Land of Quality

KEN-RAD tubes uphold the traditions of Old Kentucky—a state renowned for the quality of its products.

Amid ideal surroundings, under constant urge to excel, the Ken-Rad organization sets a standard of tube quality not surpassed by anyone.

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KEN-RAD
RADIO TUBES

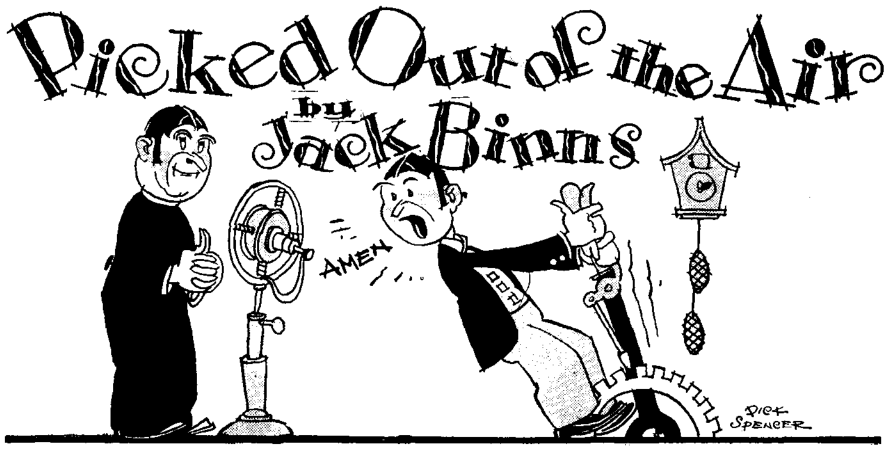
KEN-RAD BROADCASTING

Ken-Rad is planning a series of unique radio programs that will reflect the spirit and traditions of Old Kentucky—the Land of Quality—where Ken-Rad tubes are made

Watch this publication for the details

Picked Out of the Air

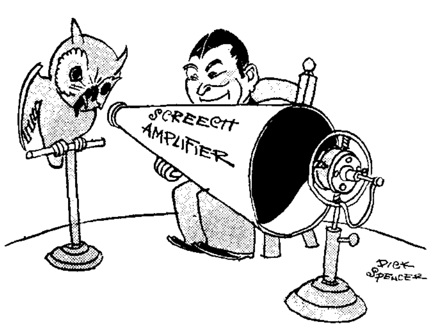
by Jack Binns



The Broken Prayer

THERE are some critics unkind enough to state that announcers are merely necessary encumbrances without any compensating degree of intelligence. Morris Hepler, a worthy scribe of Denver, rushes to the defense of the species with this little yarn:

Recently a religious program was scheduled to precede a chain feature over KOA. The preacher was warned to keep his eye on the clock. He promised to do so, but in the fervor of his exhortation he forgot. In fact he was in the midst of an earnest prayer when the chain program went on the transcontinental telephone wire. The announcer, with a nervous finger on the switch, mopped his brow. A moment later the preacher paused for breath, and in that brief second the announcer, with his mouth close to the microphone, uttered a most soul-relieving "Amen" and then threw the switch.



It Sounds That Way

MANY broadcast stations point with pride to the excellence of their equipment, especially that part of it known as the "speech amplifier." This is the portion that amplifies what the microphone picks up before it is put on the carrier wave for transmission to our radio receivers.

After listening to many of the stations who loudly demand a place in local ether I am convinced all they have is a "screech amplifier."

Vital Symbols

FIFTY-FOUR years ago the famous British physicist, Clerk Maxwell, published his mathematical treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. At that time there were probably very few men in the world who understood Professor Maxwell's paper, but it stirred scientists into new activity, especially to prove or disprove the theory disclosed. Among those who undertook the task was Professor Heinrich Hertz of Germany—whose researches culminated in a demonstration of "Hertzian waves" which subsequently led to the discovery of wireless telegraphy by Marconi, and then step by step to modern radio with all its wonders, including broadcasting.

Now comes Professor Einstein with his latest mathematical treatise contained in five pages of symbols charged with scientific dynamite. Here again but few men can comprehend the treatise.

Whatever it may mean, there is no doubt it has stirred scientific minds all over the world as very few scientific works have. Who can tell what important discovery it may lead to, or what new utility may evolve out of it to make human life just so much better than it was in the past or is now?

Musical Notices

THE village of Boonville, N. Y., has adopted an ordinance prohibiting, within the village limits, the use of any electrical device liable to cause preventable interference with radio reception. The very reliable Associated Press, reporting this event, states: "The ordinance particularly listed such devices as flashing electric signs not equipped with condensers and electric pianos."

Let's hope the city fathers of New York do not see this. I hate to think of walking up the Great White Way when every flashing electric sign is equipped with an electric piano.

In Fact Quite Potent

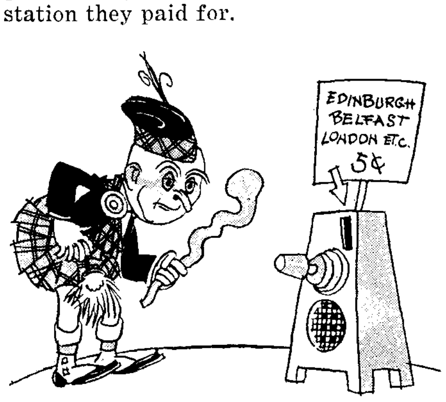
A FAIR reader of Waldron, Ark., realizing how difficult is my weekly chore, sends along this little item: "G. C. A. announcing over station KTHS: 'The fur market is given through the courtesy of ——. The price of furs is holding up well. Skunk has shown unusual strength!'"

Ah! now, Mr. Arnoux, remember the slogan of your station. Really that announcement is no inducement for us to "Kum to Hot Springs."

It's a True One

THIS is the latest Scotch story: As you may know every radio fan in Great Britain has to pay the government an annual fee for the privilege of listening to radio programs. Recently the government changed the wave length of the station at Edinburgh. Consequently the Scottish fans had to buy new coils before they could get that station.

Now a lot of canny Scots have put in a claim against the government for a rebate of their listeners' fees on the ground they can no longer listen to the station they paid for.



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Relieved in 3 seconds

JUST smooth this fragrant, ivory-white vanishing cream on your swollen, aching, burning feet—and all the fire and pain is drawn out in 3 seconds.

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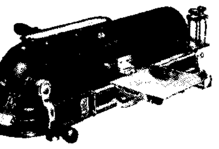

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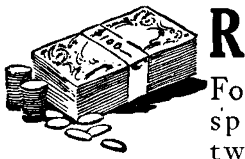

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Chief of Subscription Staff
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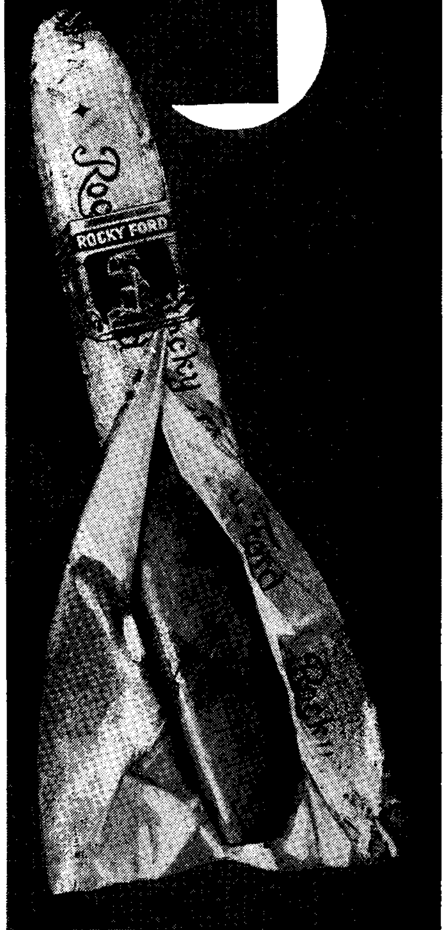
Rocky Ford 5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

TO DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

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Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 13

bandaged my hands as carefully as he could. Big Jim held me, for I was still too weak to stand alone. My head was dizzy. Somehow I couldn't connect the precipice with the train. I had lost a link in the chain of events.

"Who fired the gun?" I asked, rubbing my forehead with a bandaged hand.

"Jim," Shorty explained. "Took a crack at the 'shack.'"

"Only wanted to frighten the big stiff," growled Jim.

"You're too fresh with that gun of yours," snapped his pal. "One of these days you'll swing for your foolishness."

"I didn't try to hit him," said Jim sulkily.

"You've queered the game," said Shorty. "We've got to drop off at the next grade and leg it into town."

A Leap in the Dark

"Train's going too fast for me," I said.

"It'll slow up when we hit a hill," said Shorty.

At the first grade, however, instead of slowing down, the speed increased. Shorty guessed the reason. "They're going to keep us on and pinch us at Davenport," he explained.

Sure enough, at the next town we saw the conductor toss a message to the station agent.

"That's to hold us up," said Shorty. "They'll telegraph the bulls at Davenport. We'll have to jump at the next grade sure."

I was afraid. I was only a youngster of fifteen, toughened and hardened, to be sure, by the life I had led since running away from home. But I was a boy, nevertheless, with all of a boy's emotions. The brutal attack of the brakeman had unnerved me, and I did not dare jump in the darkness. My hands throbbed with pain and my whole body ached.

"Buck up, old man," said Shorty. "We'll stick together."

The engineer must have let the throttle out another peg when we hit the second grade, for the three of us at once sensed the increase in speed.

"Twenty-five if she's going one," said Shorty. "But we've got to make it. Look there!" He pointed off to the right.

We were taking a long curve as he spoke, and far away we could see the clustered lights of a city.

"Davenport," he added. "You jump first, kid."

I hesitated.

"Go on—you won't hurt yourself." I climbed down onto the brake beam. "Don't be afraid," Shorty called. "I've got hold of you."

His voice seemed miles away, for the roar of the wheels and the infernal clatter of rods and chains deafened my ears.

"Lean back," said the voice, and it sounded very far away and detached.

"Swing out." I let go with one hand and swung out until it seemed as if I were lying on my back just above the earth, which I could feel rushing under me like a swift black flood.

"Let go!"

I struck the sand and rolled over and over down the bank. As I scrambled to my feet, Shorty and Big Jim plunged down to see if I was hurt. Shorty said that we were about three miles outside of Davenport. We struck off through a cornfield, and after an hour's tramping reached town. In a saloon we heard a story of two men and a boy holding up a freight train. We did not linger in the saloon, or in the city, but made our way into the country, broke into a barn and climbed into the hayloft.

I was awakened by Big Jim's heavy voice heaving curses at somebody. This was before daylight; the owner of the barn had stuck a pitchfork into Big Jim while getting hay for the cattle. I believe that the big fellow would have killed the man if Shorty had not quieted him and squared things with the farmer. We went back to sleep again and did not awake until the farmer came in and invited us to breakfast.

"I guess we'll go now, neighbor," said Shorty after the meal.

"I reckon you won't go!" retorted the farmer, starting for the door.

Shorty had crooked, sneering lips and when he smiled his mouth gave an odd twist to the left. It was not a good thing to see, that smile, although it fitted in with the general plan of his face, the bony forehead, the sunken cheeks, the beak of a nose, and the steely eyes. He smiled now as he asked civilly enough why he could not go.

"Because you can't!" answered the farmer, slamming the door.

We followed him outside. A big bell was ringing at one of the farmhouses near by, and some men were hurrying down the road. Our host stood at the gate with a shotgun.

"Put up your hands." He waved the gun so as to cover the three of us. Neither Shorty nor Big Jim paid any attention to the command, and, of course, I followed their example.

"You wouldn't shoot a man, neighbor!" Shorty remonstrated mildly.

"Put up your hands!" said the farmer, drawing a bead on Shorty and cocking both barrels.

But Shorty never winked. He walked unconcernedly up to the man, grabbed the shotgun, discharged both barrels in the air, and then jerked the farmer bodily over the gate. It was all done more quickly than it takes to tell it. Leaping the fence we started on a run down the road.

Then the battle began. The farmers opened fire on us with shotguns, rifles, pistols and with ancient muskets, to judge from the sound and the way the buckshot scattered. The bullets kicked up the dust at our heels, and sang around our ears like bees. Suddenly Shorty slackened.

The Last Stand

"They've got me," he said coolly. His left arm hung limp at his side, but he kept on running. The farmers gave a great shout when they saw this and began shooting faster than ever. I was a good runner for my age, but I couldn't keep up with Shorty and Big Jim. Shorty reached back, caught my hand, and pulled me ahead of him.

"Let the kid go first," he called to Jim.

The big fellow slowed down and he and Shorty closed in behind me so as to protect me from the bullets. We ran on until we came to a fork in the road. Then we discovered that we were in a trap. Following us were a dozen men shooting at us every foot of the way. Coming toward us on the main road were several men on horseback. Up the road that forked to the left a buggy was coming, the horse at a gallop and the driver shouting and flourishing a whip. In the field on the right was a big stone pile.

"That's our only chance," said Shorty.

(*Continued on page 64*)

POINTS
THAT MARK THE MAN

IT'S not only clothes that mark the man. The well-groomed man knows the value of little attentions—gleaming shoes, crisp linen, and a fresh, clean-shaven face.

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BY SQUIBB

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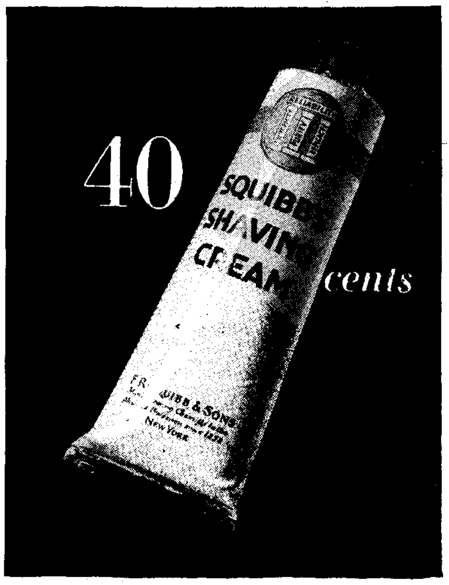

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(*Continued from page 63*)

We climbed over the fence and scuttled for cover like rabbits. At the stone pile two big Colts suddenly appeared in Shorty's hands. He held one of them out to me.

"Here, kid, you may need this. Get away if you can. Don't shoot unless you have to."

I had never had much experience with revolvers and hardly knew how to handle one. But I felt a strange sensation as my fingers closed about the butt and I was as light-hearted as if I were on a lark instead of facing death.

"No gunplay if you can help it," Shorty said. "And don't either one of you shoot until I give the word."

The End of Big Jim

One of the farmers, an old man with long gray whiskers, climbed over the fence and advanced toward the stone pile. He was unarmed, but there were fifty men behind him armed with all kinds of weapons.

"Surrender in the name of the law!"

Shorty stepped out, gun in hand.

"We're willing to go on our way peaceable," he said coolly, "but we ain't done nothing and we don't give up our guns."

"I'm a justice of the peace," replied the old man. "Surrender or we fire." I was peeking over the top of the stone pile and it seemed as if every man was pointing his gun at me.

"If there's any shootin' goin' on," Shorty said, looking the man straight in the eye, "I know one man that'll go to hell first." And as he covered the justice with his gun we heard the clang of a heavy gong, and down the road, lurching in a swirling cloud of dust, came the patrol wagon. Shorty jerked the gun out of my hand. Then he went out to meet the police.

"Glad you came," he said coolly. "These fools were going to kill us." He handed over his guns and motioned Big Jim to do the same. Then, suddenly, the police had handcuffs on them both. Shorty protested.

"We ain't done nothing," he said.

"You ain't!" said a beefy, red-faced man in plain clothes, who was directing things. "I'd know that mug of yours in Jericho. As for you," he added, turning to Big Jim, "that saloon-keeper you shot in St. Louis last week died two days ago. You'll swing this time sure." Big Jim made no reply.

Shorty pointed to me. "The kid wasn't with us. Let him go."

"The kid was with you when you held up the train," said the detective.

"Held up nothing," retorted Shorty with scorn. "The kid was beating his way from Oskaloosa. That's on the square."

"That's right," growled Big Jim.

At that moment the farmer at whose house we had breakfasted came forward.

"I'll answer for the boy," he said, "and produce him any time you want him."

"All right," said the detective. "Come on."

They started for the patrol wagon. As he passed, Shorty took my hand and shook it, and to this day I believe there was a trace of tears in those hard eyes.

"Good-by, kid; take care of yourself," was all he said.

The farmer and his wife were tolerably kind to me, but the monotony of the life was unendurable. So one night I took French leave and within a week was back in St. Louis peddling papers in front of the Planters Hotel. While I was there Big Jim was brought from Davenport and tried on the charge of murder. As he had neither friends nor money he was sent to the gallows. I could not endure the thought of being in the city when Big Jim was hanged, so a day or two before the execution I hit the "rattlers" again for the South. I joined the races and helped exercise the horses.

Then I caught a freight for Denison, Texas, where I met my old pal, Leggy, who had been working a "wheel of fortune" with the races.

Leggy and I set out for New Orleans where we joined the races and made a great deal of money selling programs. We followed this business in the South in winter and in the East and Middle West in spring and summer. I was sixteen years old now, and sold the official programs for the circuit, a privilege that cost me from $150 to $300 in each city.

When we reached Cincinnati I decided to chance the House of Correction and go home.

I had not been home long before the old love for magic returned stronger than ever, and almost all that winter I was in the house practicing sleight-of-hand. I think it was that as much as anything that brought mother and me together so closely. She was my audience and, as she had a quick, shrewd eye, was a capable critic. She enjoyed my tricks, largely, I suspect, because they kept me in the house with her.

I was happy that winter. Like Aladdin I possessed a lamp, only in my case the lamp was a book. It was called Modern Magic and for the first time, I, too, traveled in the realms of gold. Dear old "Professor Hoffman!" Years afterward, in London, I knew him, a serious, kindly-faced British barrister, white-haired and a bit bent with age, but in his eyes twinkled the unquenchable light of youth. I wonder how many of the friends and professional associates of Angelo Lewis knew of the different life he led under the pen name of "Professor Hoffman."

In the spring the races opened in Cleveland, and much against my mother's wishes I joined them and sold programs on the Eastern circuit. In Hoboken I became sick and the races went on to New Orleans, leaving me in New York. I had but little money. So I left my hotel and rented a cheap room in a Bowery lodging house.

There, a chance acquaintance brought me to the attention of Mr. W. M. F. Round, a noted philanthropist, who befriended me. Through him I joined the Mission Club and within a month after leaving the races, I was preaching from soapbox pulpits in the slums of New York. Of course, my mother was overjoyed. I wrote her daily during the early summer of 1886 and received loving letters from her in return. But on my seventeenth birthday, the 20th of July, she died. That was the first great sorrow of my life.

A Trick of Fate

In September, I entered the Mt. Hermon School, intending to become a medical missionary. For three years I was vice president of my class and secretary of the athletic club. I taught Indian-club swinging and being somewhat proficient at barbering I cut hair and shaved the boys on Saturday afternoons. Thus I earned enough to buy clothes.

I also applied myself to magic. I talked it, dreamed it and devoted every spare minute of my time to it.

In my fourth year at Mt. Hermon, I prepared myself to take the examination for the University of Pennsylvania.

I come now to the strangest incident in my life and the one that had the largest influence upon my career. Indeed, in looking back I realized how much I have been in the hands of Fate.

At Albany I saw a lithograph of Herrmann the Great; its appeal was irresistible. I left the train and rushed to the Hermanus Bleecker Hall, where Herrmann was playing.

As I sat in the balcony I felt the thrills of enchantment that had captivated me in Columbus. I waited at the stage door, and followed my idol to the hotel, just as I had done when a boy of seven in Columbus, upon that other wonderful night.

Next day I suddenly thrilled to see Herrmann and Madame Herrmann at the train gate. I walked as near to the great magician as possible to take a last look. He was wearing a great fur coat and a slouch hat, with a big diamond pin in his shirt front, and carried a gold-headed cane.

I heard the guard say to Herrmann: "Syracuse—eight-twenty."

My train left for Philadelphia about the same time.

I went to the ticket window, laid down a twenty-dollar bill, and asked for a ticket to Philadelphia. I placed the ticket in my pocket and counted the change.

"You've made a mistake," I said to the agent. "The fare to Philadelphia is five dollars and twenty cents, and you have charged me only two dollars and eighty cents."

"You said Syracuse!" he replied.

I looked at the ticket—then at Herrmann, and said:

"All right, *I'll* go to Syracuse!"

In the Master's Presence

The conductor told me Herrmann was in a Pullman car, so I spent a dollar for a Pullman seat. Herrmann was in the smoking compartment puffing incessantly at cigarettes, lighting one from another.

Probably it was a dull ride for the great magician. But I was rolling through an enchanted country that morning.

That night I sat in the front row next to the run-board, hoping that Herrmann would pull a rabbit from my coat or use me as an assistant in some trick on the stage. But the magician did not even look my way throughout the performance.

Fate had thrown the die for me, and I felt it would be of no avail to try to thwart destiny. So I bought a ticket for Detroit, purposing to spend the winter with my father, and in the meantime prepare myself for a career of magic.

I practiced morning, noon and night, applying myself to the magic of small objects such as coins, cards and billiard balls, until I became skillful in the routine branches of the art. In the house or on the street I was eternally at it. My step-mother did not look with favor upon my magic. The more I practiced, the more strained our relations became. As I walked downtown one morning I formed acquaintance with a man selling potato peelers. He told me he averaged between five and six dollars a day. Instantly there flashed into my mind that I would combine conjuring with trade, to be merchant and magician too. Before night I had visited a hardware store and had begun making a hundred potato peelers. When they were finished I packed them in a satchel, along with a pack of cards and some rubber balls, all the magic apparatus I possessed, and went to my father. I told him that I had made up my mind to become a professional magician, and asked him to advance enough money to start me on my life's work.

He looked at me whimsically, not thinking that I really meant to go, and said:

"Here, my boy. Never let it be said your father didn't give you a start."

He handed me a quarter.

(*To be continued next week*)

Consider the Lily

Continued from page 11

wouldn't delude you! Full of pep and no control and a serious menace to the peace of mind of the red-blooded Nordics, my appetizing young in-law *knew* she had a lot on the ball and that was what would be her downfall in my opinion. Just out of high school, where in these speedy days the scholars seems to learn far more than botany, for instance, Lily was getting a cold, wise look in her eyes and a hard-boiled edge to her chatter.

Now get me right, good people—the kid was as level as a pool table, mind you, but the raw books, plays, complexes and whatnot she talked about in open forum would of got *me* shipped to a reform school should I of mentioned 'em when *I* was a tot!

The next day Alex was going to rush Lily downtown in his new bus to seek a job, so I allowed him the pleasure of hauling me to the ball park at the same time. The fair Lily's routine was to get up at ten o'clock, shove off at eleven to look for work and be back in ample time for lunch at noon. Then she'd stake herself to a beauty sleep for the balance of the day, so's to be in shape for her nightly social activities.

After we delivered Lily outside a real estate office which craved a stenographer, Alex tells me his brand-new heap is speedway broke and guaranteed to do eighty miles per hour. To prove it, he steps on the gas, as soon as we're on Long Island. We hadn't gone two miles before John Law tailed us. Alex slowed down to about a mile a minute and the copper grimly uncorked his cannon. That argument won, colleagues, and in another half hour we're before His Honor.

"He was doin' sixty-five!" says the burly motorcycle constable.

"Sir," bellers Alex, "the man's crazy! I never took my eye off the speedometer and at no time did we exceed forty miles an hour."

"Humph!" remarks the bench. "You swear you were only doing forty?"

"Yes, sir," answers Alex firmly, holding up his hand, "I swear it!"

"Well I, for one, believe you," says the judge laughingly. "Therefore, I'm going to fine you one hundred dollars or thirty days—the limit in that zone is twenty-five miles an hour!"

I liked to got throwed in the hoosegow myself for hee-hawing!

All the way home I indulged in a luxury which I seldom get a taste of, to wit, a chance to get giggles at the expense of Mr. Alexander Hanley. I hope to tell you by the time we reached our domicile this lad was fit to be incarcerated and only the excitement inside prevented a open clash. As usual, Lily was the theme of the excitement. It seems that this real estate office job called for her appearance there from nine to three and only paid the meager wage of forty bucks the week, so Lily couldn't be annoyed.

WHEN she come home the whole three of the girls had went to one of them ritzy fortune tellers, just for the ducks. "Of course, we don't *believe* in them, but—" Heh, heh, heh! The reader of palms told Eve she was going to take a journey and Eve exclaims that's wonderful forecasting as she really had to go downtown the next morning, a voyage of ten blocks. Alice asked how my ball team would finish the season and was gave the cheering information that we'd positively win every game we played in Detroit. Detroit's in the other league. But the pay-off was Lily—Lily was going to become a great author, according to this dizzy delver in the future. Oo la la!

"I'll bet Lily will write a best seller before the month's over!" says Eve.

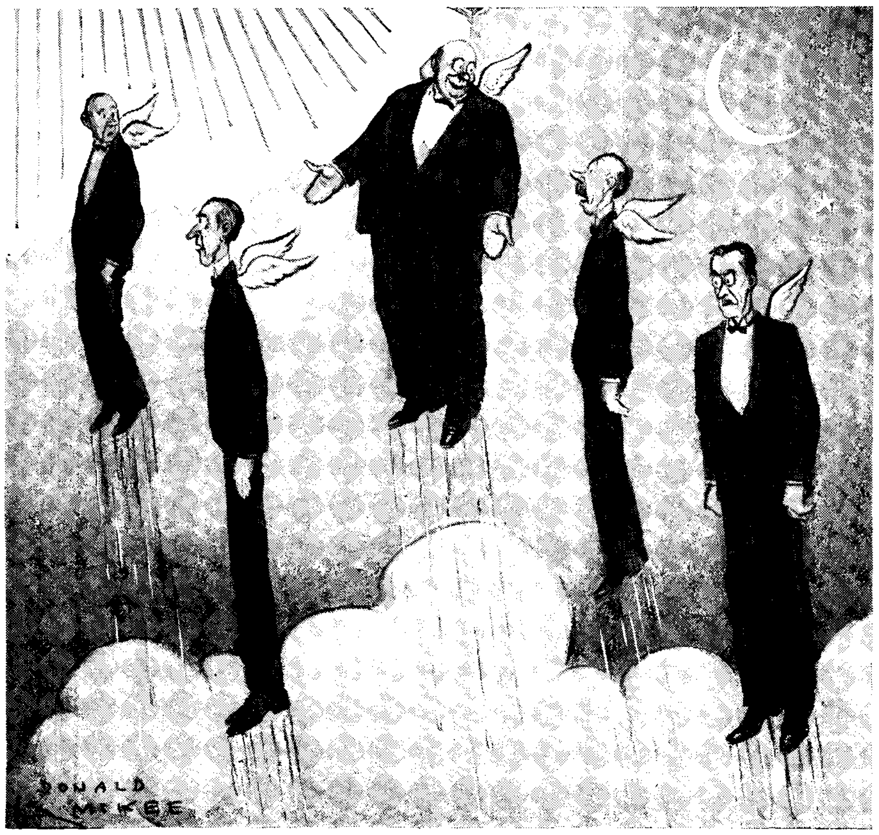
"Absolutely!" agrees Alice. "I'll chase Joe out after dinner for a typewriter and paper and she can write a few chapters tonight."

"Yes—I suppose I might as well get started," murmurs Lily, like all they was to matters now was the manual labor.

"Well, Alex," I barks. "Here's a job for *you!* D'ye think you can turn her into a author?"

"If that's her gift—yes!" answers

(*Continued on page 67*)



"Some party! But the liquor tasted a bit queer, I thought."

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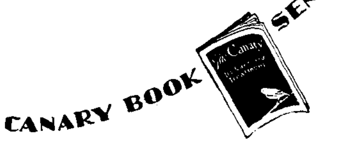

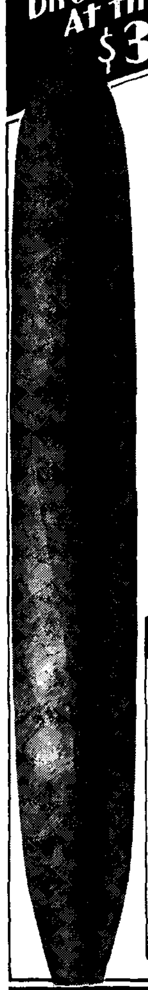
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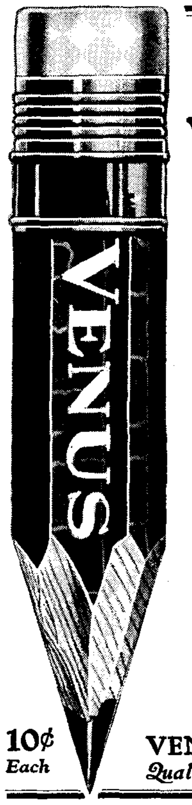

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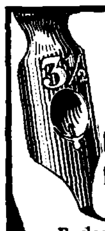

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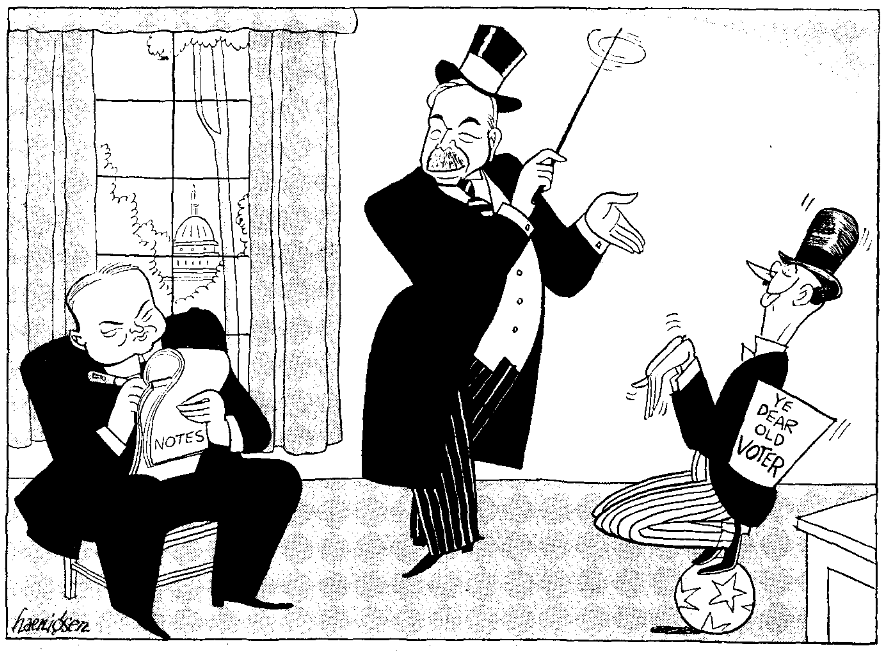

Hoover's Politician

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

JIM GOOD, Secretary of War, will be the political chief of the Hoover Administration. It may sadden Dr. Work, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to know that the President has another adviser at hand closer than he is and one who enjoys the confidence of the White House more than he does, but the fact is that the good doctor is, as they say in the college catalogues, emeritus.

Politically, the next Adminstration is Jim Good.

Now this is significant in the present Administration. Maybe when we write about the Administration we ought to rate Jim Good first in the Cabinet as Secretary extraordinary, outranking all the other high-ups because Jim Good is not only Secretary of War, a nice job in itself, but the political brains of the White House.

A Misspent Youth

Mr. Hoover is not a politician. I know that I differ with many admirers of the President when I deny him the gift of divining how the people will jump. But all the same he isn't a politician. He is a great engineer, a great organizer, a great humanitarian, a man of marvelous vision, but just set him down beside a good ward boss and he is a child.

For a knowledge of politics is something that you don't pick up at fifty. You learn it, as you learn anything else, in the flexible years of youth. It is not anything against Mr. Hoover that he is not a politician. Someone said that skill in billiards was evidence of a misspent youth. So skill in politics may be evidence of a misspent youth.

Now it would not be important if a politician were a member of the Cabinet of a Theodore Roosevelt or an Al Smith, if Al had been elected. But the politician in the Administration of Herbert Hoover is important. So what kind of man is Jim Good?

Well, one might as well begin by admitting that he is not one of those heaven-sent geniuses in politics, few and far between. Even Tammany, looking for a leader, cannot find one. If Jim Good were one, he probably would not be another man's adviser. Jim is a perfectly good political mechanic.

He has learned the trade and learned it thoroughly. He is a slow, sure man, about as brilliant as highly polished lead. He knows the rules, knows them so that they are a part of his very nature. But he is not one of those who was born superior to all rules. He does what has always been done, not what no one ever thought of doing before.

The key to his nature is his industry. He works twice as hard as anyone else who is drawing a public salary, which is three times as hard as necessary. For example, he reads every letter that comes to him and answers every such letter himself. You can't conceive of his knowing intuitively what a letter contained by a glance at the paper, the postmark and the address. He lives in dread of betrayal by the wastebasket.

He brings to the Hoover Cabinet what nobody else brings to it: perfect understanding of the small town and the farm that elected Mr. Hoover, from moron up to—well, however high it goes.

Walter Brown, the other politician in the Hoover Cabinet, comes from a city, and what, pray, are the cities entitled to say about this Administration?

Good is the average man of the small town, with his wits sharpened to politics. He is the perfect barometer of that section of America which proved once more in November that in spite of the growth of cities and the industrialization of the country it remains dominant politically.

He was born at the corner of Main Street and Metropolis Avenue. Metropolis Avenue reminds one of the C. Z. and G. Railway (the Chicago, Ziegler and Gulf), which started at Ziegler and was to go to Chicago in one direction and to the Gulf in the other. It never went more than a few miles from Ziegler in either direction. It is a great advantage politically to have been born on so noble a street.

The Perfect Republican

And he is a Republican in whom there is no guile. I use this phrase in the same complimentary way in which it was used originally of something other than a Republican. There is not anything halfway about Jim Good politically. The greatest pleasure of his life is circumventing and circumscribing Democrats.

The way to get that way is to go to Congress, where Jim had a long and important career. That is where partisans are bred in this age of spinelessness. The little triumphs buried in the Congressional Record are worth a thousand Crécys and Agincourts. Well, that is Jim, swift and sure in his practiced offense and defense, as perfect as second nature can make a man.

Consider the Lily

Continued from page 65

the master mind. "She'll begin, of course, on a newspaper, as that's the best possible school for a future author. There she'll quickly learn what's interesting news to the majority of people—and after all, news, even when true, is simply fiction armed with affidavits."

"I suppose all Lily's got to do now is to scamper down to Park Row and get right in the line-up of some big daily, hey?" I sneers. "They're all crying their eyes out down there for a young hotsy-totsy which knows as much about the newspaper game as I do about Hindu cookery. Wait till she tries to crash *that* racket, Sap, and you can bet all the chili in Mexico she'll get over her attack of writing in less than a inning. It ain't like learning golf!"

"Placing Lily shall be *my* function," returns Alex, calmly.

"Hurray!" yells Alice, giving him a kiss—the big stiff. "Lily, what paper are you going to work for? Now, *I* think the Morning Whirl is—"

"Oh, no, the Evening Sphere is so nice and gossipy," interrupts Eve. "I'd just love to see your name over those front page murders and divorce suits, Lily!"

"Well, why don't *you* say something?" inquires my beautiful helpmeet, frowning at me.

"They's a reporter here," I snarls, pointing to Lily, "and I'm always close-mouthed for publication. Alex, I'll bet you a grand you can't kid a New York newspaper into putting Lily on their payroll. What d'ye think of *them* oysters?"

"Why, you've made a wager," smiles Alex, "and I've made a thousand dollars!"

"You're always craving a thrill—only last week you had a massage!" storms Alice at me. "Somebody will be selling you a team in the League of Nations next!"

"You ain't mad at me, are you?" I inquires, slightly steamed. "Suppose Alex don't put Lily on a paper?"

"Be your age!" snorts Alice. "Suppose the Statue of Liberty turned out to be made of candy?"

That's the way them girls looked on Mr. Hanley. What that tomato couldn't cope with had yet to be invented. Can you tie it?

WELL, at the end of a week, my masters, Lily's phone number was in a few more male hands as she'd left it at every newspaper office in the five boroughs of Pleasure Island. As a net result she had two opportunities to solicit subscriptions, one chance to pilot a typewriter in a want-ad department, and the first refusal of a job as telephone operator for a news service bureau. Not so startling. So Lily and Alex went in a huddle and her next play was to join the School of Journalism at Columbia. The second day there she won herself a prize and brung it home with her one evening to show that her studies was not interfering with her technic.

Lily's newest trophy made a clean breast of being Elmer Meggs and I'd scarcely believed him if he'd of claimed his name was anything else. Elmer couldn't of walked under Brooklyn Bridge without stooping—which might of been how he got them round shoulders—and he was thinner than a anemic needle, which he could of passed for with ease should he of took off one lens of his tortoise-shell cheaters. When he grinned I figured roughly he had at least two thousand teeth.

This boy scout was also studying the mysteries of being a full-blooded newspaper man and he sat next to Lily in class, so you can get a rough idea of how much his mind was on his lessons. It seems they both went faint when they first pegged each other, in spite of the fact that Mr. Meggs was no replica of Jack Gilbert. Lily give us a knock-down to her find, which, like all the rest of 'em, squirmed and twisted the brim of his hat out of shape under the inventory-taking glances of her cold-turkey relatives. In each and every hostile eye was "What are your plans with regards to our Lily, young-feller-me-lad?" But Elmer just squatted and stared at Lily like a wreck survivor on a raft in the Atlantic would stare at the Leviathan coming up.

HOWEVER, Alex viewed the stranger with his usual interest, as everything was fish which come into his net. When he learned that Elmer hailed from a hick slab the same as him, he warmed right up to Lily's boy friend and was soon drawing him out about this and that.

"I've tried my hand at everything," Elmer suddenly busts out gloomily, "and I've been a failure all my life!"

"Well, then," returns Alex briskly, "maybe you haven't sounded yourself yet for your *real* gifts. If you don't succeed at first—"

"Try playing second!" I butts in, hoping to shut off the cloudburst of banana oil I knew was en route. "What give you this reporter rash, Elmer?"

"Ah—the romance, the glamour, the thrill of the newspaper profession!" exclaims my tête-à-tête. "To have daily access to the dramatic, humorous and tragic happenings of the world before anyone else. To be the lowly cub reporter who scoops the town! To meet on common ground the kings of business, finance, science, the arts and professions. To be an honored and welcome guest in high places. To brush through police and fire lines while obsequious officers hold back the less fortunate to allow you passage. Oh, for the life of a reporter!"

"Isn't that simply gorgeous?" gasps Lily, all agog.

"I think a little aspirin will fix him up," I remarks.

"Is what you've just—eh—sketched for us the only reason you want to become a journalist?" asks Alex dryly.

"Isn't it enough?" demands Elmer.

"I'm afraid not," answers Alex. "You seem to regard entering the newspaper profession as you'd regard going to the theater. That's a serious error! You'll find immediately that it's a calling that will drain your mental and physical resources to the last drop, in return for the pay of a union bricklayer, if you're competent. By the way, Elmer, have you a hobby?"

"Why—eh—yes, Mr. Hanley," stammers Elmer. "But if I told you what it was you'd only laugh at me."

"Nonsense," says Alex. "Your hobby may be your fortune if properly developed. What is it?"

"Well, I—I collect newspaper accounts and photographs of great disasters and other events which rock the universe," Elmer confesses. "I have probably the finest accumulation in the world—huge books full of 'em! And I add to my stock daily."

This killed Alice and Eve, which lifted eyebrows at each other and shook their heads, while Lily blushed, faking a sudden cough. Alex, however, looked thoughtful and never cracked a smile.

"Mr. Meggs," he says, "that odd

(*Continued on page 68*)

No time for YALE
took college home

"*Fifteen Minutes a Day is indeed a valuable adjunct to The Harvard Classics and I constantly consult it with profit and delight. Here is a college education within the reach of everyone—knowledge stripped of its dull components and presented with attractive succinctness. The Reading Guide may be opened at random, a subject heading selected by chance, and an enchanting quarter of an hour is the reader's who will add to his education and pleasure.*

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—says H. C. Witwer

H. C. WITWER, popular short story writer, confessed that he had acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

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In response to further inquiries, Witwer said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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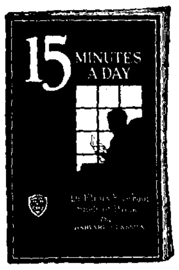

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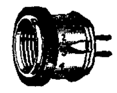

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WIRT COMPANY
5221 Greene Street Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from page 67)

fancy of yours may yet be the making of you. I'll prepare a chart on you within a few days and—"

"Elmer, you're made!" explodes Lily, jumping up so fast she upset her chair.

"No question!" Eve cries. "It was certainly a great day for you, Mr. Meggs, when Alex took you under his wing!"

"How strange indeed is Fate!" murmurs Alice.

Elmer's oversized Adam's apple bobbed up and down frantically and this fool for luck gazed from one to the other of us kind of dazed. This sudden introduction to success had all but floored him and he didn't seem to grasp what it was all about.

"Will you come over tomorrow and see my clippings, Mr. Hanley?" he finally managed to gulp faintly.

"I certainly will," nods Alex, "and we'll discuss your future career."

"While you're putting Elmer over, don't forget to remember that thousand dollars I extract from you if you don't make Lily a lady of the press," I reminds Alex.

"A detail," he sniffs, waving his hand airily. "Mere routine. I'll have 'em both in their proper niches and your thousand in the bank in jig time!"

Well, kiddies, the next Sabbath Alice frames a old-fashioned picnic over in the land of New Jersey. That whimsical idea of hers liked to be the death of us all, cost me a five-grand automobile, a thousand dollars cash, tuned Lily in on a newspaper and scored Elmer Meggs. It also allowed Mr. Alex Hanley to hit another four-bagger off me and if Alfred Emmanuel Smith got the breaks Alex does, Al would of made Herbie like it last fall!

We took off on the ferry to the spot Alice had hand-picked for this gay afternoon's pleasure. Lily and Elmer brung along their notebooks and pencils to jot down all the news they stumbled into for their next lessons in the school of journalism and their comical ideas of what was front-page material simply ruined me! Lily thought something should be wrote about the strange fish in the Battery Aquarium, but Elmer claimed he had a faint memory of seeing that somewheres before, so he suggested writing a couple of columns about the New York sky-line as it looks from the river, as that would be new. So would fishing.

"I was told that if a dog bites a man it's of no importance," declares Lily, "but if a man bites a dog, that's real news!"

"Good!" I says. "We'll go to the nearest hot-dog stand and you people can get out a whole newspaper!"

That retired the side.

THE less said about this picnic the better for all concerned and the only ones which got a kick out of it was the ants, flies and birds of a feather which declared themselves in when we spread out the eats on the grass. When we went to cover the delicatessen with newspapers we brung along just in case, we found that Elmer had hacked 'em to pieces clipping out for his collection the accounts of a big hanging. Lily sprayed us with a few selections on her uke, Elmer warbled Sonny Boy and escaped unscathed, and the fun waxed fast and furious till it begin to rain, sending us scampering back to the car. A motion to go home was carried by acclamation.

By the time we rolled aboard the ferry again the fog was as thick as a bush-league pitcher's skull—in books—and them ships' horns which sounds like cows being murdered by inches was having a field day. You couldn't see the end of your cigarette, mark you, as we crept slowly and carefully out of the slip and as the rain eased up the haze got worse. Other ferries, barges, excursion boats, scows and game in season passed us so close we could of changed ships at any time, if in the mood. We was all in a cuddle in the car, trying to make sport of matters, when— Crash! Crunch! Bam!

A lumbering oil tanker looming suddenly out of the murk, cut right through the side of Mr. Ferryboat and the panic was on!

Well, friends of radioland, I been in some wicked jams since they throwed me out of grammar school as a total loss, but this one come pretty near leading the league. Instantly, people was screaming and milling madly back and forth around the decks, crashing into each other in the fog, cursing, crying and trampling them which slipped down in the rush for life preservers. Horns and whistles was screeching like all get out, fist fights was as common as Frenchmen in Paris, and as the ferry slowly begin to tilt over on one side I seen some guys leaping overboard. Here was a sixty-four-carat shipwreck with all the trimmings, not away on the roaring Atlantic, but right within sight of New York's towering skyscrapers!

OTHER craft was swiftly coming up now to the rescue and a puffing police boat made fast to the side of our punch-drunk ferry, the crew hoarsely trying to shout instructions over the fearful din. Me and Alex had managed to keep our party fairly calm, though Lily had long ago swooned away and Eve was just a scant inch from the hystericals. Elmer was pale, but quiet, and Alice was only worried about our auto which same was going down to Davy Jones' locker, covered by water but not by insurance, as the premium had fell due two days before and we'd forgot it. We went through everything but college before the boys on the police boat hauled us all aboard safely and the first thing Alex done was to whirl on Lily, which had just come back to life.

"Lily!" he snaps. "Here's the chance of a lifetime to get on a newspaper. This is a big catastrophe—a story that will get out extras—and you're the first reporter on the job! Do you understand? *You* were actually *in* the wreck, you saw everything, felt everything. Sit down and write a survivor's graphic account of the collision and tomorrow morning you'll be a full-fledged newspaper woman!"

"But—but I'm too upset," gasps Lily. "This has been pretty awful and I'm —Oh, I'm still too terrified, Alex. Honestly, I couldn't write my own name!"

"Very well!" barks Alex grimly, giving her a odd look. "Then it's up to you, Elmer. Snap into it!"

"Why, the idea!" exclaims the white-faced Elmer. "How can any one write, or even *think* coherently with all this excitement about him? All *I* recall is that horrible crash and the mad confusion that followed. Why, my nerves are all shot to pieces!"

"So you two want to be reporters, eh?" snarls Alex, glaring from one to the other of 'em. "Here you have one of the biggest stories of the year breaking right in your faces and you can't pull yourselves together to write it! Don't you know that all great newspaper stories of disasters such as this are swiftly composed under similar conditions—the same terrific mental strain and turmoil? Don't you know that even every-day news events are written amid the din of a score of busy typewriters, clanging telephones, ticking telegraph instruments and yells of 'Copy boy!' Do you think the roaring presses wait while you go home and lock yourself in the quiet of your room to get some thrilling news event on paper?"

"Where did *you* get all this inside dope?" I asks, amazed.

"In a newspaper office!" says Alex. "I once had a weakness for that strange profession, myself. But that's beside the point. We're going to get this story in the papers before any one else! Lily will write it from the standpoint of a rescued victim. We'll all supply the details she forgets—unlock your imaginations and make it snappy! Keep that life-preserver on you, Lily, for they'll photograph you for the later editions as soon as we get ashore. Then I'll rush you to a city editor and if your story of this calamity doesn't land you a job, I'll—"

"And I'll clip Lily's account of the wreck and put it in a place of honor in my collection!" butts in Elmer.

"Ah!" Alex shouts, clapping his hands together. "Elmer, I've got you placed *now!* Your future is clear to me. You'll open a press-clipping bureau—selling famous personages throughout the world newspaper items about themselves. We'll get up a snappy contract-pulling circular tomorrow and see what happens!"

"Now why didn't I think of that, Lily?" exclaims Elmer.

"Don't bother me!" snorts Lily, scribbling madly in her notebook. "How's this, Alex—'While thousands of Sunday pleasure-seekers were bemoaning today's downpour, grim tragedy stalked the muddy waters of the Hudson when a huge Salamander Oil Company tanker crashed into—' "

"Cross out the name of the oil company, the business office won't stand for the free ad!" interrupts Alex. "Otherwise, okay!"

See you all of a sudden.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
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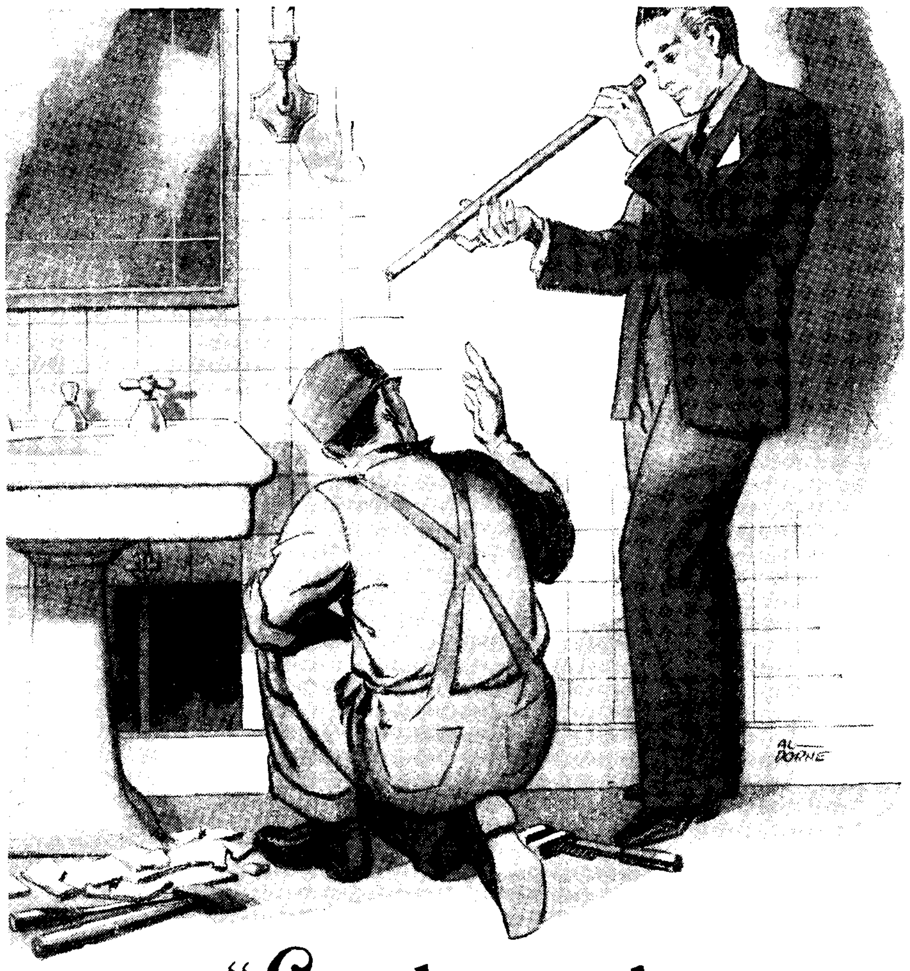
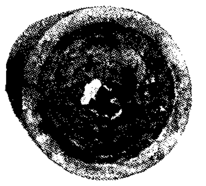


"Look at the rust *inside* of that pipe!



You'll see why you got only a trickle of water"

Perhaps you have been wondering why the water in your house no longer flows as abundantly as it once did . . . . why it so frequently takes on that unpleasant reddish tinge.

It is not a question of water pressure or supply. Rust is clogging the pipe, retarding the flow and discoloring the water. Some day there may be damaging pipe leaks, with all the inconvenience and expense they involve.

But such pipe failures are avoidable. Install pipe that *cannot rust*—Anaconda Brass Pipe. Then you will get a full flow of water, as pure and clear as it leaves the city mains—even after a generation of service.

Anaconda Brass Pipe costs somewhat more than rustable pipe, if installed when the house is built, but actually saves an average of $31 in upkeep annually over a period of years.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Stand Up and Luck's With You

THERE are two ways to regard luck—as fate or as fortune. Fate is the destiny of the man or woman, and fortune the caprice of circumstances. If that sounds like nothing but a rich diet of words it may be permissible to season it with slang; you may be born with two strikes on you, which is fate, and you may be awarded a base on balls, which is fortune.

Really, it is baffling to consider the paradox of man's place in the world where, from birth to death, everything seems to hinge on accident. Yet he can change all things by an act of will dictated by his own intelligence and nothing else. At one moment he seems to be the helpless and hopeless victim of conditions about which he has not been consulted and which are utterly beyond his control; and at the next moment he asserts himself as the captain of his soul and the master of his fate.

Philosophers from the earliest twilight of history to this day of Millikans and Einsteins have searched for an answer to this puzzle — with instruments as crude as touchstones and as complicated as the most delicate balances of the physics and chemistry laboratories. They have never found and will never find the answer: and that explains the need of religion or the recourse to it—depending upon whether you view religion as an opiate or as an obligation.

Alexander the Great was the luckiest of warriors. He failed in nothing save in the most important thing. His armies always met their enemies when their enemies were weakest. He stormed out of Macedonia, flung his armies over the Grecian plains and conquered Persia. Then, at the most glorious moment of conquest, in imperial treachery he killed his closest friend. That ended Alexander.

Henry the Eighth when Prince of Wales was known as Bluff Prince Hal—handsome, lucky, brave and generous. Yet, absolute monarch of Merrie England, and spiritual sovereign as well, he complained after the execution of his sixth wife that he had no luck in life.

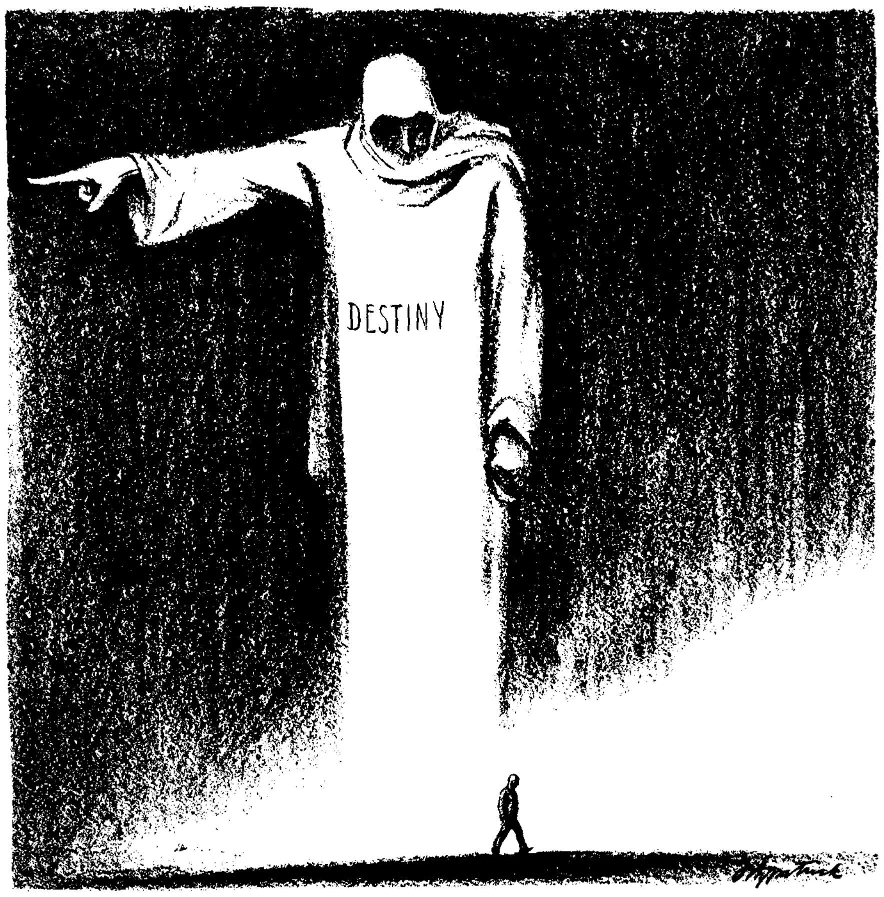
His present-day successor—Edward of Wales, envied of most men and admired of all women, can be properly described as the luckiest of mortals. But Edward of Wales doesn't think so. He remarked once that where other men's lives are measured by milestones, he has to count his by cornerstones. His career, from cradle to grave, is an unending parade. In our own land Calvin Coolidge has been called the luckiest of men. Events in his life were so ordered that he always gained with ease what other, and sometimes abler, men failed to obtain by the most strenuous effort and tireless intrigue.

Run over the roster of all those men and women whose enormous success in life resulted from endowment rather than effort, and you'll find that at some time they expressed a sense of sorrow for their lot, however brilliant it may have appeared to others. A child of fortune is often spoiled by it, and finds it harder to tolerate an occasional pinch of adversity than he who is made a stoic by reverses.

It is an unalterable fact of life that accident favors some and injures others; but beneath all forms of luck, good or bad, human character dominates for better or worse. The press called one prominent young American "Lucky Lindy," and with good reason, until the application became mildly impudent when its wearer displayed solid and consistent character.

Failure is not always the issue of bad luck, nor is success always the crown of good luck. If character and quality are lacking, mere luck is no asset to progress; it is even a liability to happiness.

Fortune, it is true, favors the brave, but that is because the brave are uncowed by the prospect or presence of misfortune.



Keep on Learning

MRS. ETTA ADAIR, lately graduated from the University of Chicago at the age of seventy-one, plans to return later to study for an advanced degree. A week before she got her diploma Mrs. Alice Garrett, in the same city, marked her eighty-first year by finishing a grade-school course.

A few months ago the president of a large oil-refining company went back to the classroom to master more economics and law.

These are incidents in a trend. Peek into library nooks some evening. Look over the enrollments of night schools and extension curricula. You'll find the gray-haired there by the side of ambitious youth.

Brain-cell polishing occupies an increasingly large number of adults. They are the ones that know perspectives must be kept up to date, if they are to continue efficient. Mental lagging isn't an inevitable product of a lengthening life span. It's the individual's attitude that counts.

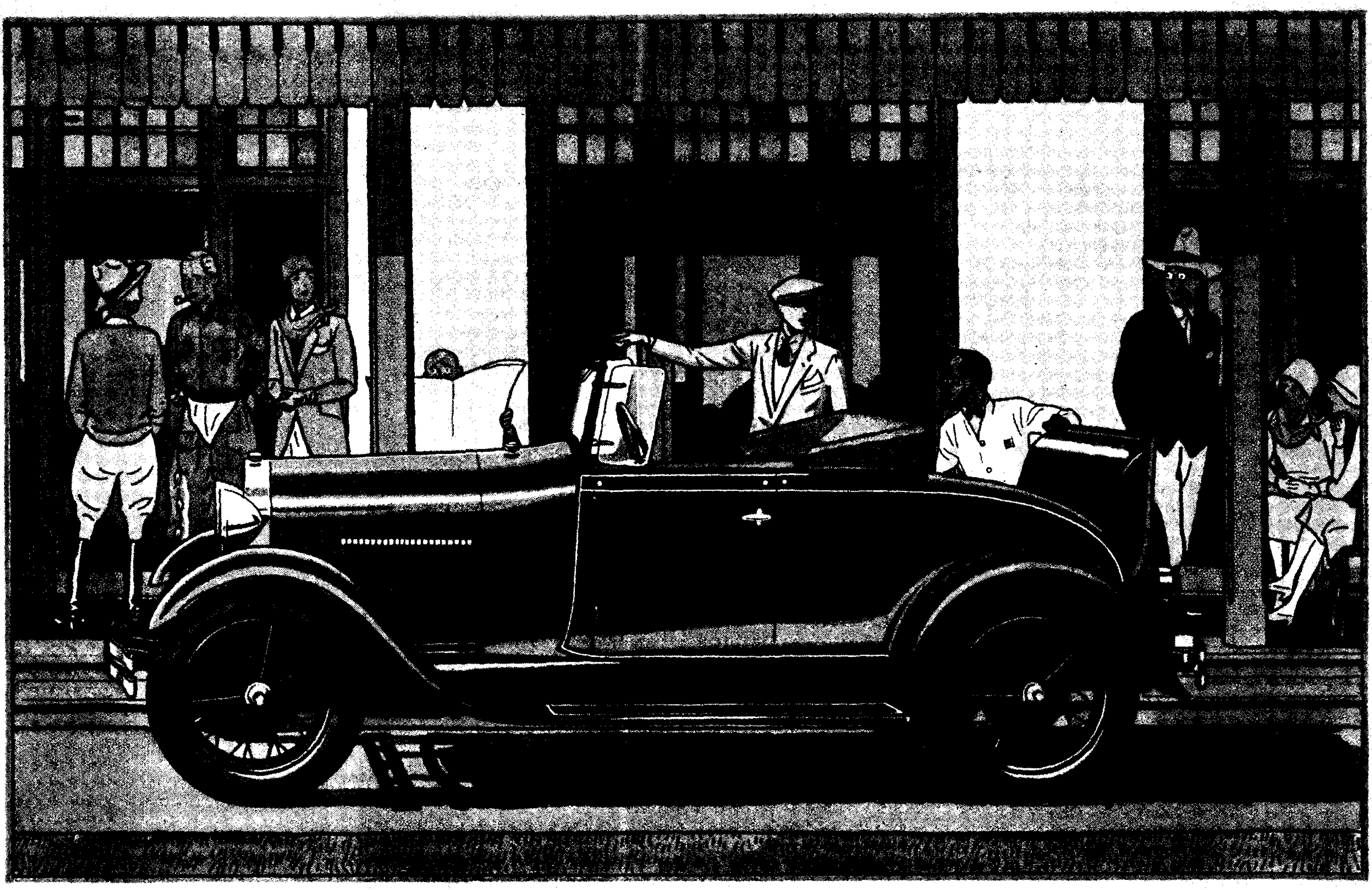
Night Walkers

EVER since automobile lights were invented observant drivers have clung fast to a secret. They have known, but seldom admitted, that a person in dark clothes walking at the side of an unlighted road at night is invisible, under ordinary conditions, until the car is dangerously close upon him.

The burden of escape is on the pedestrian. If he happens to be an experienced motorist, he knows this and gathers himself for action when lights appear. If he is not familiar with the limitations of automobile lights, instinct alone saves him from injury.

Industrial engineers recently discovered that a white handkerchief tied about the arm of a night pedestrian in dark clothes does the trick. It gives the lights something to work on.

This discovery should be noted in every safety creed. It will save lives and relieve night motoring of the anxiety which is the only flaw in an otherwise delightful experience.



Fresh and relaxed at the journey's end

ONE of the fine things about driving the new Ford is the way it takes you over the miles without fuss or fatigue.

Mentally you are at ease because you are sure of the mechanical performance of the car. No matter how long the trip, or rough or devious the roadway, you know it will bring you safely, quickly to the journey's end.

Through thickest traffic, up steepest hills, along the open road, you will drive with security and confidence because the new Ford is so alert and capable and so easy to operate and control.

The steering wheel responds readily to a light touch. Gears shift smoothly and silently. The brakes take hold quickly and firmly even on rain-swept pavements.

Unusual acceleration, speed and power are especially appreciated in emergencies. A space little longer than the car itself is all you need for parking.

These features simplify the mechanics of driving and, together with reliability, add a great deal to the mental comfort of motoring.

Physically, too, you will feel fresh and relaxed in the new Ford because it is such a roomy, easy-riding car. The restfully tilted seats are made generously wide and are deeply cushioned, with coil springs of both straight and hour-glass type. The backs are carefully designed to conform to the curves of the body.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the new Ford is found in its riding comfort. Somehow it seems to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. The rough spots are there, just as they have always been, but you do not feel them. It is almost as if a giant hand had smoothed the way before you. Even bad stretches may be taken at a reasonably fast pace without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

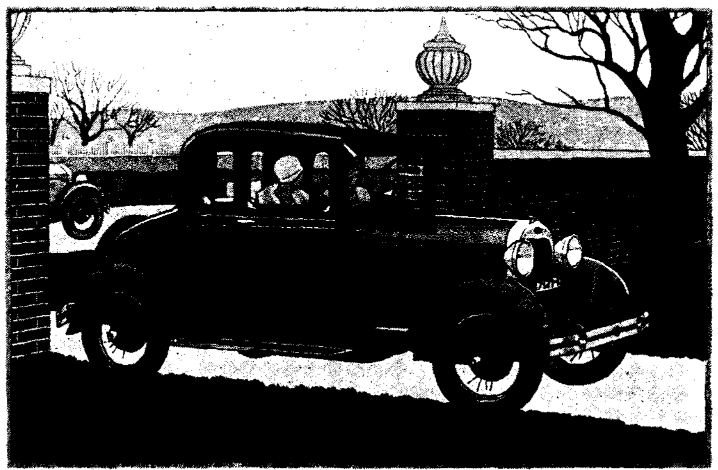
One reason, of course, is the use of four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers—two in the front and two in the rear. Of even greater importance, however, are the low center of gravity, the carefully planned balance of the car, and the many advantages of the transverse or crosswise springs.

These springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. Thus the very weight of the springs receives the benefit of spring action instead of hanging below as dead weight and increasing the hammer-like blows of road impacts.

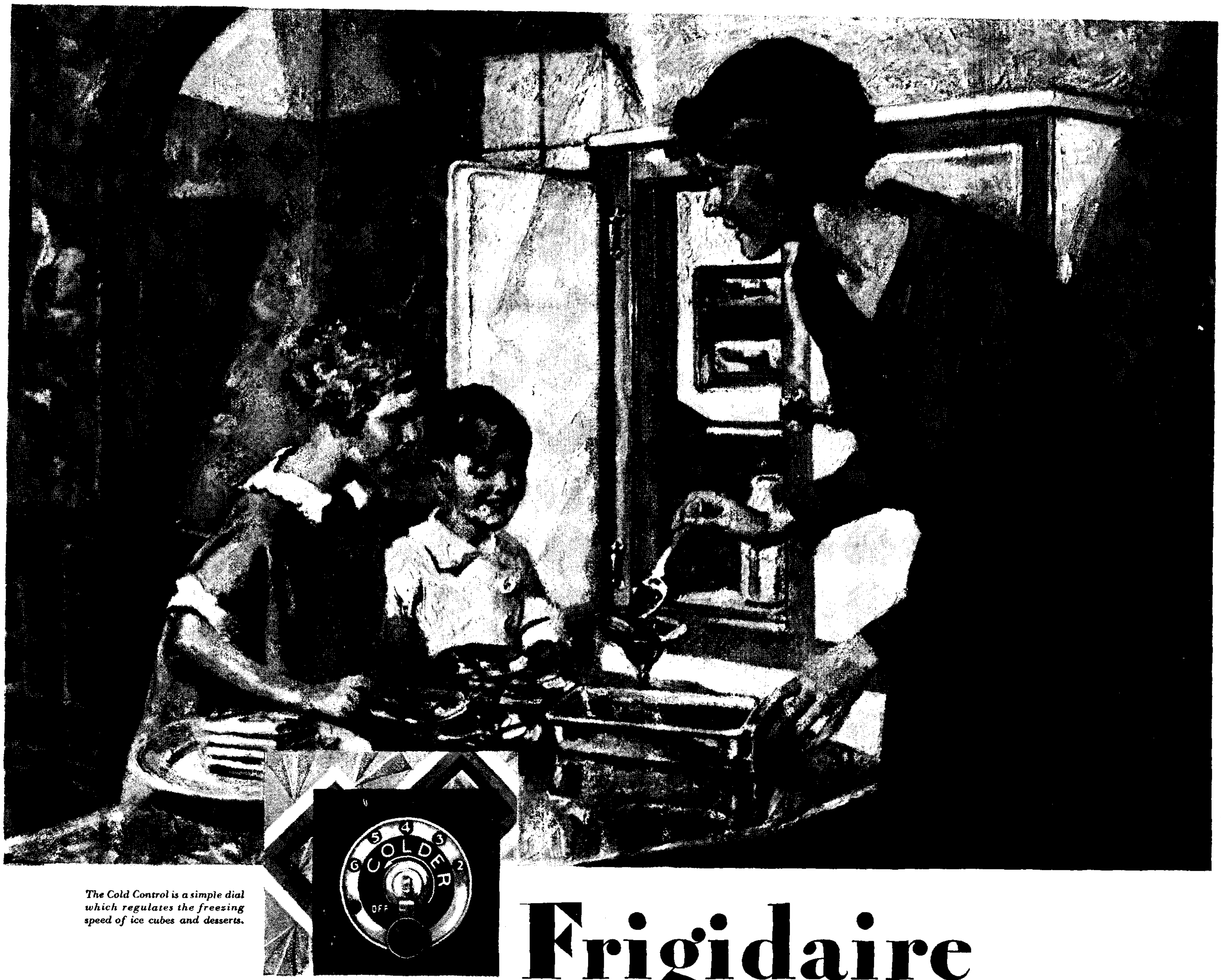
Another element in decreasing unsprung weight (weight below the flexible ends of the springs) is the design and construction of the front axle and rear axle housing. Through the use of fine steel and electric welding, they are made of exceptional strength, yet kept comparatively light in weight. All of these factors combine to reduce the force of every unevenness in the road before it reaches the frame, chassis and body of the car. This means more comfort for you personally and also contributes to better performance and longer life for every mechanical part

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



Attractive colors give added charm to the trim, graceful lines of the new Ford. Shown above is the new Ford Roadster in Bonnie Gray. On the left, the new Ford Coupe in Andalusite Blue.



The Cold Control is a simple dial which regulates the freezing speed of ice cubes and desserts.

Frigidaire
alone *offers the new Cold Control*

Turn the lever . . . and delicious new desserts freeze quickly . . . perfectly

Once again Frigidaire has developed a new way to make refrigeration simpler, more convenient, and more truly automatic.

The new Frigidaire Cold Control is a simple dial with six freezing speeds. It enables you to *control* the time required to make sparkling full-size ice cubes . . . and to tap Frigidaire's surplus power for freezing unusual salads and desserts easily and quickly.

Now you can make entertaining simpler, easier, pleasanter. No longer need your party menus cause you worry and doubt. No longer need you be at a loss for an unusual salad . . . a new dessert. Frigidaire, with the Cold Control, with its surplus ice freezing power and its many exclusive conveniences will simplify, immeasurably, the planning and preparation of your meals.

Frigidaire is so quiet, you don't hear it start, stop, or run. There is no other electric refrigerator which offers the Cold Control. And, there is no other which can give you the dependable, trouble-free service assured by more than 750,000 successful installations.

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